

WOMEN EAST AND WEST

WOMAN

**An Historical, Gynæcological, and
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DR. HIRSCHFELD LECTURING IN OSAKA, WITH PROFESSOR WADA A
TRANSLATOR

Frontispiece.

WOMEN EAST AND WEST

IMPRESSIONS OF A SEX EXPERT

BY
MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD



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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is the record of a leisurely lecturing tour round the world by the famous expert, Magnus Hirschfeld, who, next to our own Havelock Ellis, ranks as the greatest pioneer in the scientific elucidation of the problems of sex.

He started the tour in 1930 because in his old age his country had become unsafe for men of his race owing to the Nazi terror. Originally he had intended only to go as far as New York to lecture. But whilst there, another wave of Anti-Semitism broke over Germany; and he was advised, therefore, to prolong the tour indefinitely. Hence these records and impressions of Japan, the Philippines, China, the Dutch East Indies, India, Egypt and Palestine.

Wherever he went in the Far East he found the might of England dominant; and it is part of the pathos of these memories that, although his own country had repudiated him, yet as a loyal German he felt irked by this dominance. We can forgive him, therefore, some of his unfair inferences, and possibly profit by seeing our mistakes through alien eyes—especially as the India Act of 1935 attempts to remedy some of these mistakes.

MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD was born at Kolberg, on the Baltic, on May 14th, 1868. His father, Hermann Hirschfeld, was a doctor, and the boy Magnus was the seventh of eight children. "It was fortunate for me," he writes, in the preface to his *Sex in Human Relationship* (John Lane, 1935), "that people had not yet begun to think about birth control, otherwise I should not at this moment be enjoying the pleasure of telling you about my life and work."

After qualifying in medicine at Strasburg, he travelled round the world before settling down to general practice at Magdeburg in 1894. Two years later, however, he moved to Charlottenberg, outside Berlin.

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Already his interest in sex problems had been aroused, and his first book on the subject appeared pseudonymously in 1895. It was entitled *Socrates and Sappho*, and was built round the story of a young officer, a patient of his, who shot himself on his wedding night. This work appeared at the time when Oscar Wilde was standing his trial in London, and the book caused a sensation in Germany, for Hirschfeld claimed that people with sexual aberrations were not criminals but patients whose sex balance had gone wrong. In this work he hazarded the opinion that each sex partook of the characteristics of the other, and that it was only the preponderance of one set of characteristics that fixed the sex. If then, for any cause, a man deviated away from masculinity it was because he had too much of the female in his constitution, and so could not help feeling and behaving as a female in spite of his apparent sex. The same, reversed, also applied to a woman, turning her into a mental male.

This was a new and startling theory, utterly opposed to the stern ethics of the Prussian and English Penal Codes. No one at that time, of course, knew anything definite about the glands of internal secretion, or that sex was determined by the balance of the hormones. Now the researches of Steinach and others have shown that sex can be altered experimentally, and it is possible to state categorically that a male invert is an invert because he has too much female hormone-producing substances in his make-up.

All scientifically minded people now accept this view, but at the time it was without experimental proof, and startlingly unorthodox. Hirschfeld accordingly soon found himself busily engaged in treating these unfortunate inverts, and doing his best to defend them in the criminal courts.

In 1910, therefore, he moved to Berlin and started practising as a sex expert, dedicating the rest of his life to this speciality—collecting, tabulating, examining data relating to the subject, acquiring objects of art, drawings, carvings, fetishes, photographic records and life histories bearing on the biology, sociology, pathology and ethnology of sex.

Gradually his materials accumulated, until after twenty-five years he had to find a home more convenient for them than his own apartments. For this purpose in 1918 he bought the palace

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of Prince Hatzfeld in Berlin, and in this great building he founded "The Institute of Sexual Science." Here he was able to house his special library of 20,000 books, his 35,000 photographs, his ethnological collections, and the private records of many thousand cases. In 1919 he endowed the Institute, and handed it over to the Prussian Government as the "Magnus Hirschfeld Foundation."

It was the crowning glory of his life, and if he had died then he would have been happy, for as a centre "of instruction and research it was used by thousands of doctors and scientists from every quarter of the globe."

Jew-baiting was not then the sport it later became in Germany, but two years afterwards, in 1921, he was attacked by Anti-Semites in the streets of Munich, his skull was fractured, and he was left for dead. Fortunately he recovered.

Previously, in 1913, associated with Iwan Bloch, he had founded "The Medical Society for Sexual Science." Later, in conjunction with Havelock Ellis and Auguste Forel, he formed the "World League for Sexual Reform"; and he attended the last International Congress of this League at Brünn in 1932, after his return from the world tour, described in this book, *Women East and West*.

It was obvious then that as a sick old man suffering from recurrent attacks of malaria it would have been madness to go back to Germany under the Nazi régime; so he wrote the last pages of the book in Vienna and Switzerland.

Then came the final blow.

On May 6th, 1933, the Nazis broke into his beloved Institute in Berlin, sacked the place, tore up drawings, pictures and photographs, piled more than half of the library and the case records into lorries, and publicly burnt them in one great funeral pyre in the Opera Square.

That must have broken his heart. All his life work was scattered; and so an exile, he crossed into France on his sixty-sixth birthday, May 14th, 1933. Paris, however, proved too bleak for his enfeebled constitution, and eventually he went to live at Nice. Here he again began to collect, with indomitable spirit, for a new and greater Institute.

But it was too late. He died on his birthday, May 14th, 1935, attended at the last by his faithful Chinese disciple, Li Shiu Tong.

PREFACE

SEXUAL FOLKLORE

I SHOULD like to begin this book with a modest saying of Goethe's, which might well be taken as a rule of conduct by students of humanity, who are often inclined to carry theorizing and criticizing to the point of exaggeration. Goethe's advice in the *Marienbader Elegie*, which he composed in 1823 under the influence of his great love for Ulrike von Levetzow, reads :

*“ Observe, probe,
Details unfold,
Let nature's secret
Be stammeringly retold.”*

The first object of study in sex ethnology is the position of woman in relation to man, which even to-day ranges from one extreme to the other, from the pronounced rule of women as, for example, in Formosa, in Tibet, on the west coast of Sumatra and among certain African tribes, to the complete segregation and enslavement of women, which has very strict adherents, especially among the peoples of Islam.

The struggle between the sexes is far from being at an end. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes when, at the foot of the Himalayas, I first observed women living in matriarchy at the market of Darjeeling : their pipes in their mouths, magnificent in their confident stride and followed by from three to five husbands, all loaded down with heavy burdens.

An equally deep impression was made upon me by the women in Bombay, who laid siege to my room at the hotel from early morning till late at night, asking me for advice about how to prevent—not pregnancy—but sterility. Even though I was a doctor, those of them who were Mohammedan would never let me see their faces, much less permit an internal examination. According to their morality that would have been immoral.

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The second object of sexological research is marriage customs, the wedding ceremonies as well as the forms of marriage and divorce, all of which display an astonishing variety.* The line extends all the way from marriage by purchase, where the man who courts a woman must also earn her, to marriage by dowry, where, on the contrary, he receives a more or less substantial bonus ; from polygamy, which is the rule among more than fifty per cent. of mankind, to monogamy, of which the burning of widows was the most extreme expression (the last took place about a quarter of a century ago, in 1906, in Bali) ; from the institution of child marriage, experimental marriages and marriages for a limited period of time, to our modern companionate marriage ; from the ancient institution of the Govokan in Java—which consists of a body of respectable women with whom young men prior to marriage must undergo a formal test of potency, to the modern bureaux for premarital advice.

Blood relationships and the structure of family and kin are the third consideration of sexological research ; the fourth is the question of the limitation and increase of the family.

Even to-day infanticide, the killing of the new-born child, is widespread, especially among the great Asiatic peoples, who until now have had no census of births and deaths, no record in registrars' offices. It is most often girl-children who are destroyed, and the weaker of pairs of twins, which in many countries outside of Europe are regarded as monstrosities or unfortunates. Indeed, twins are, in such countries, regarded in the same way as Europeans regard freaks.

In addition to infanticide, which the mothers do not as a rule undertake directly after the birth, but several days later, and usually so cleverly (most commonly by suffocation) that discovery is practically out of the question, the chief means of limiting the family are the exposure of children and artificial interference with pregnancy (abortion). The humanitarian and hygienically irreproachable methods of contraception are practically unknown among most of the peoples of Asia and Africa.

Sexologically, customs pertaining to fertility have as much importance as those pertaining to sterility, especially all super-

* Cf. Ploss Bartels : *Woman*, Vol. II., Chapter VII. (Wm. Heinemann (Medical Books) Ltd. : London, 1935.)

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stitutions regarding fertility, which vary in form from amulets and charms of every sort to the cults of Yonilingam, which are still very widespread, although they are chiefly practised to-day in a sublimated form.

The subject of the uninhibited worship of the genitals leads us to that of the phenomenon of shame. The portions of the body which we Europeans designate as private parts are by no means those of which people everywhere feel they need be ashamed. Even modesty concerning intercourse is not to be found everywhere. There are peoples who have a special modesty regarding the face, the hair, the legs, the functions of nourishment or excretion. Nakedness in particular is not looked upon or looked down upon in the same manner everywhere.

On my world tour I travelled on the train from Assuan to Luxor with a British official who was returning from the Sudan, where he had lived for fifteen years. He told me that sexual assaults, and especially rape, had not occurred among the natives until the British, a few years before, forbade them to go naked, as they had long been accustomed to do.

The subject of exposure brings us to a second interesting branch of sexual folklore: the hundreds of alterations of the body (usually rooted in fetichism), decorations of the body and more often disfigurements of it, which people undertake in order to become erotically more attractive, and sometimes, too, erotically more repugnant (for the purpose of assuring faithfulness in marriage). The line of observation here leads from cutting and shaving the hair on the head, beard, body and genitals, to tying up the buttocks, feet or head; from piercing the nostrils, lips and ears for the purpose of putting rings through them, to blackening and filing the teeth; from painting and tattooing the skin to decking it with fashionable clothes.

Alterations of the genitals of either sex probably originate more frequently in cults than in fetiches, and include circumcision, incision, subscision (the Mika operation), castration and infibulation.

The quest for sex attraction through personal adornment soon leads to more or less purposeful and conscious erotic stimulation through motion. Without question the dance is of all human love-play and love preliminaries, the first. Of the erotic-exhibi-

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tionistic expressions of mankind it must be by far the oldest and the most widespread.

Dancing in pairs in the European manner is at the present day still much looked down upon by many races, as is, for that matter, every contact with the surface of the body except actual intercourse. Screen censorship in Japan permits kisses of no more than three feet of film in duration. Even mere handshaking is regarded by some peoples as a definitely erotic contact and is therefore avoided in public.

Extra-marital relations between the sexes, and especially prostitution, are another source of sexological material. In many countries the borderline between marital and extra-marital relationships is extremely vague, and sometimes non-existent. In such places, when a sex relation is fruitful, it is regarded as a marriage, independently of any accompanying ceremony.

Peoples are also said to exist—so I am told by travellers thoroughly acquainted with Burma whom I met in India—to whom the concept of marriage in our sense has up to now remained completely strange.

The great writers of antiquity—not only Herodotus, but Tacitus as well—accepted the view that, among the peoples whom they designated as barbarians, marriage was preceded by a state of unmarried cohabitation, or so-called promiscuity. Adherents of this opinion consider prostitution to be a survival of this sexual promiscuity where a woman has intercourse with many men and a man with many women. It offers the sex expert an extensive field for observation, reaching all the way from sacred prostitution, which has even now not entirely died out (we see it, for example, among the Devadasi or temple girls in Southern India) to the modern movement for abolition which began in England.

The attitude toward those unfitted for marriage varies even more than the attitude toward unmarried mothers and children born out of wedlock. From an ethnological point of view, the reaction to intersexuality ranges from the highest respect to the deepest scorn.

Among the strangest phenomena of intersexuality is *male childbed*, or the *couvade*. It is amazing that this almost grotesque custom, according to which the man completely assumes, for as long as forty days, the *rôle* of the confined woman and even puts

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on her clothes, should be found in the most widely separated portions of the earth. The traveller Marco Polo described it in the thirteenth century as existing in Chinese Turkestan. In antiquity, Diodorus of Sicily, Apollonius of Rhodes, and Strabo, gave accounts of it, and it has subsequently been discovered among some Indian tribes of California, Central and South America, as well as on the shores of the Black Sea, in Asia Minor and in Corsica.

Was the custom transmitted from one people to another—which would indicate that there were ways of communication scarce known up to now—or did peoples without contact with one another arrive independently at so strange a birth ritual, possibly with the object of deceiving or frightening away evil spirits?

Most peoples take a very different view of transvestitic, homosexual, and bisexual variations of sex than they do of such anomalies of sex as rape and attacks of a sadistic character, or the various phenomena of masturbation, which are regarded as fairly harmless outside of the sphere of Christian European influence.

Criminal law as applied to sex provides the most marked illustration of the opposing views of sex entertained by the various peoples of the world. The multiplicity of contrary views shows on what uncertain ground the stony forest of legal statutes has been reared. Often one has only to step across a border, a narrow brook between California and Mexico, for instance, or between the individual cantons of Switzerland, in order to do with impunity what on the near side one would be prosecuted and punished for as a serious crime. So great is man's uncertainty as to what, in sex, is biologically right and wrong, sociologically good and bad.

Let us touch briefly upon three other important subjects of ethnological sex research—education and sex, art and sex, religion and sex.

To the field of sex education belong the birth legends (the child brought by the stork, or found in a brook). In our modern civilization we cannot but regard it as a serious error in education to continue the circulation of such folklore, for it causes children, upon whom truth dawns early, to doubt not only the love of truth but also the "moral" behaviour of their parents.

Still more disastrous is that kind of concealment which encourages the idea that procreation, birth, and love between the sexes

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belongs not to the noblest and most significant side of human affairs, but to the lowest and most repulsive, so that merely to mention them is to run the risk of being considered "unmoral."

A critical study of sexual folklore shows more clearly than anything else that the relation between art and sex is the closest possible. An unbiased study of the spirit of a work of art and of the artist, distinctly reveals that the aural and visual arts are more or less sublimated projections of sex, more often unconscious or subconscious than conscious. Sex and art are not sisters, but rather bear to one another the relation of parent and progeny.

Finally we come to religion and sex. Although we cannot without further consideration subscribe to the psychoanalytic doctrine, "religion is a sublimation of the sex urge," there can be no doubt that religion has been influenced by sex to as great an extent as the prevailing standard of morality has been regulated by religion.

This is why no religion has failed to take under its care life's chief sexual events : birth, puberty and marriage.

We must make a definite distinction between religions which are opposed to sex and to the things of this world (religions which speak of "sinful" lust of the flesh, and feed mankind on hopes of a better beyond), and those religions which are sympathetic to sex, such as the Islamic, whose Koran says (Sura II, verse 22) : "Women are your fields ; enter your fields as you will."

I would like to ask my readers to read and keep in mind the following ; it is a summation of the best knowledge on sex possible to us to-day ; and it will clarify for the reader almost everything he will encounter in this book :

1. No two countries or peoples in the world have identical sex institutions.
2. This dissimilarity is in no way based on differences in sex tendencies, which, taken as a whole, are absolutely alike in all peoples and races, and show only individual differences.
3. The variation in sex customs is determined only by the multiplicity of modes of sex expression, and of attempts at adjustment.
4. The sex expert ought to avoid the term "savages" with

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reference to peoples on a low plane of culture, for the sex life of highly cultivated peoples is in many respects freer and more unrestrained than that of primitives.

5. The origin of sex customs is everywhere of a completely *real* nature, though frequently governed by superstitious fear of ghosts and spirits. Symbolic and idealistic interpretations are explanations *after* the fact.
6. Every people (and every religion) is convinced that its own morals constitute morality in the *objective* sense. Consequently there is a universal tendency to dismiss all other morals as more or less immoral.
7. Mankind has not as yet succeeded in arriving at a uniform solution of sex and love morality which will correspond with the findings of biological and of sociological sex research.
8. Only an objective scientific study of mankind, and of sex, can prepare the way for the complete realization of human sex rights.

PART I
THE FAR EAST

PART I
THE FAR EAST

ON March 1st, 1931, I left the fabulously beautiful harbour of San Francisco on the Japanese steamer *Asamu Maru*. Twenty-three people came to see me off, among them the German Consul General, Von Heutig, known for his daring ride during the World War from Kabul in Afghanistan to the Chinese coast. As a farewell present he brought me several books he had written, and expressed his thanks for what I had done for Germany's reputation by championing German scholarship in America.

While the bright streamers were tearing (Americans throw these to their friends from the deck, to preserve contact with them as long as possible) I thought upon what had made the deepest impression on me during my fifteen-week trip across the United States.

I came to the following conclusion : It was not the incomparably magnificent skyline of New York, it was not the work of the human machines at the running belt of Ford's factory in Detroit or the slaughter-houses in Chicago, nor was it the Grand Canyon or the vast prairies with their Indian settlements, the opulence of nature in California or the film studios of Hollywood—it was the grandiose way in which America has become the second home of millions and millions of people who no longer felt happy in Europe, who had suffered in their lives a shipwreck, or feared to suffer it.

Everywhere, from Brooklyn to Los Angeles, one meets men and women who have come over and settled here since the World War, joining the great ranks of their countrymen who landed here centuries ago.

New York alone numbers more Germans than Hamburg, more Italians than Rome, more Poles than Warsaw ; with its two million Jews it is the largest Jewish settlement that has ever

existed, just as its three hundred thousand Negroes make it the largest Negro city in the world.

The same thing, although on a smaller scale, holds true of Chicago and of the whole country. Most of the newcomers with whom I spoke are contented, although many of them, even though they were anything but well off in their homeland and knew that they would now certainly be worse off in Europe than in America, cannot overcome the physiological longing that binds them to the country of their birth.

And what I liked least about the United States? Unquestionably "Prohibition," which was, at that time, doing serious harm, not only as regards the alcohol question, but also in sexual and other fields. Even to send articles on birth control through the mails was prohibited, and how minor a matter (although not an unimportant one) this is compared with other prohibitions, for hundreds of thousands of people have been stamped as criminals who are not criminals at all. Just because of this they are put at the mercy of real criminals whose extortions keep them in continual fear. This corruption became a cancerous growth in America, and has had a shattering effect upon people with a sense of freedom and honour.

In spite of this blemish on the countenance of America, it seemed to me that Europe had definitely lost to America her old supremacy. Just as the known history of the world in antiquity unfolded around the Indian Ocean, then later around the Mediterranean, and during the Middle Ages around the Atlantic Ocean, so its centre of gravity seems now to be shifting more and more toward the Pacific.

From its shores, America on the one side, Japan and China on the other, will come the decision whether an organic world-union of man is, after all, to develop—a panhumanistic economically planned world organism—or whether mankind is to remain for ever in a condition of self-destruction.

2

Five days after leaving California we sighted the volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands. Here one is still on American soil, almost as far from the United States as Europe.

As soon as we landed in Honolulu I looked up the two German-speaking physicians, Dr. Fennel and Dr. Straub, who have long been in practice there. They occupy a most important position, chiefly because they were the founders of a diagnostic and therapeutic clinic of a high scientific order, which is known throughout the Hawaiian Islands simply as "the Clinic."

Everyone welcomed me in the most friendly manner and there was ample opportunity for a lively exchange of information. My share consisted of reporting the progress of sexology, theirs in recounting valuable experiences among the island population. The latter is a mixture of the most varied components. The largest element is Japanese: 143,000 out of a total population of 375,000, to the apparent displeasure of the North American rulers of the country, who fear a peaceful conquest by the Japanese, a people far more fertile than they, and not a whit less tenacious. The 66,000 Filipinos constitute the second largest section of the population. The Malay-Hawaiians and fairly numerous Chinese come next, then the 28,000 Portuguese, and smaller groups of almost every European and American strain. The first picture-postcard and newspaper vendor whom I addressed in my best English promptly answered me in German. He came from the vicinity of Cuxhaven and had been living in Honolulu more than twenty years.

These Europeans overseas are often adventurers who originally came into port as sailors and then "jumped ship" for the experience. Many were at first held there by some native girl. Later they usually had neither the money, the courage nor the desire to go back home.

In almost all the places where I stayed for any length of time I came to know these not unlovable people. As a rule, they belong to that fairly sizeable group of *Weltenbummlern* who never feel happy abroad until they discover a bit of home wherever they may be. If they are Germans, the first thing they do is to find out where they can get the best Munich or Pilsener beer, then where the German baker and butcher live, and soon in every quarter of the globe and on the remotest islands they sit at their habitual tables and play skittles or skat exactly as they used to "at home" in Angermünde or Neckergemünd.

My hosts in Honolulu drove me in their car through the

incredibly beautiful countryside of the island, which was then in full bloom, between extinct craters and endless fields of pineapple. I saw flowers of a luxuriance, fragrance and deep colour of which I had had no conception. At the end of the drive we dined on the broad terrace of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel (one of the most magnificent in the world) on the bay of Waikiki, where the bright sand and dark water were filled with hundreds of people, bathing and sunning themselves.

My friends, who were familiar with the island, told me that its many nationalities live peacefully together and frequently produce children who in no way bear out the current theories of the supposed physical and mental inferiority of the descendants of mixed races, known to us as "mixed breeds," "half-breeds," "half-castes" or "Eurasians" (an expression aptly formed from the words *Europe* and *Asia*). Very shortly afterwards I was enabled to confirm this observation from my own experience in Japan, where I was at great pains to obtain an insight into marriages between Japanese and Germans and the children of such unions.

Most frequently it is the German man who marries a Japanese woman, but I also had occasion to meet Japanese men, principally physicians and lawyers, who had chosen German women as wives. There were, for example, Dr. Takaki and his wife Minna, of Salzwedel near Magdeburg, who for twenty-five years have been leading a happy married life on the island of Formosa (a Japanese possession since 1895). On my journey around the world I tried to investigate impartially the problem of mixed marriages, for I was anxious to determine whether and to what degree there is any justification for the contempt implicit in the word "half-breed," which is commonly intended and received as an insult.

My acquaintances proudly boasted that there are practically no illiterates in the Hawaiian Islands. They are of the opinion that the uniform mildness of the climate, as well as the accessibility of the basic means of subsistence, the native fruits, the heavenly landscape and the intoxicating fragrance of the flowers, induce a state of happiness which permits white, yellow and brown races to live together in peace and harmony.

Untamed Eros alone makes trouble now and then. For instance, when the passions of sailors on leave are too much inflamed by

the beautiful girls of Hawaii. During my stay at Honolulu there was no trace of the race hatred between Americans and Hawaiians which was stirred up a few months later because of a serious criminal case, the sensational Massey drama. Such feelings were at that time in a latent stage. A peculiar tone was lent the incident by the fact that Cook, the discoverer of the islands, had been killed at Honolulu in 1778 on account of sexual offences committed upon native women.¹

Now the girls of Hawaii are again dancing the hula-hula for the foreigners, whose skins are more deeply tanned by the unaccustomed sun than those of their own Malayan countrymen. They are twining chains of flowers around the necks of Americans and Europeans and playing—until the next catastrophe—with the erotic fires kindled by the fetich of racial attraction and repulsion.

As we sailed away the amiable Hawaiians, according to native tradition, had called out “aloha,” an untranslatable expression. The way it is accented is said to embody a whole philosophy of life. Then, after a rather stormy voyage, scarcely justifying the name of the Pacific Ocean, we again sighted a narrow strip of land rising on the horizon: Japan, called Nippon by its inhabitants.

We made a delayed landing at Yokohama in the pouring rain and in pitch darkness. The Bund was swarming with thousands of Japanese, there to meet the more than eight hundred steerage passengers of the *Asama Maru*. Among the rickshaw coolies and cab drivers, standing under their broad Japanese umbrellas, each trying to outshout the other, I wandered about in the crowd like a lost child, except that there was no one to come and look for me. I therefore only reached my destination, Tokyo, some hours later, with the help of an American who, like myself, wanted to go to the Imperial Hotel.

At the hotel, to be sure, I recovered my luggage and met the delegate who, in the darkness and confusion of our landing, had had as little success in finding me as I in finding him, and I was

¹ Another version of the death of Cook is that the natives thought he was a God, and killed him so that his spirit might remain with them.—Tr.

also welcomed by our Japanese friend Professor Ishiwara. To my surprise the genial and always helpful Thomas Handforth, whom I had known in New York, was likewise standing in the lobby. He had arrived just a short time before me, having made the voyage directly from New York *via* the Panama Canal. With his thorough acquaintance with Tokyo and his knowledge of art, he was of the greatest service to me, especially during the first part of my stay.

On the day following my arrival I looked up Professor Keijo Dohi, who, while I was still in America, had sent me an invitation to lecture at the Japanese Dermatological Congress on *The Present Status of Sex Pathology*. During my stay in Japan, Dohi looked after me in a truly hospitable manner. He is chairman and founder of the Japanese Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, and of the Society of Dermatology and Urology, Director Emeritus of the Skin Clinic of the Imperial University, disciple and friend for many years of Albert Neisser of Breslau. Dohi's younger brother, with whom I also had some contact, is likewise a dermatologist, and assisted Neisser in Java with his experiments upon the transmission of syphilis to apes. Dohi has written many excellent Japanese text-books on venereal and skin diseases (his most recent work concerns the origin of syphilis, in which he agrees with Iwan Bloch that it originated in America) and has published the first Japanese sexological journal, entitled *Sex*, and is, above all, a person of the greatest distinction and the keenest sensibility.

Dohi's foresighted attentions did not stop at my departure from Tokyo but extended far beyond it. He saw to it that in Osaka I was taken care of by Professor Sata, in Kobe by Dr. Yamamoto, in Nagasaki by Professor Komaya, and colleagues everywhere who had previously received letters from Dohi, surrounded me with an atmosphere of the kindest hospitality.

It was also at Dohi's instigation that, a few days after my arrival in Tokyo, the Society of Dermatology, along with the Society of Psychiatry and Hygiene, gave a huge banquet for me, attended by almost all the university professors of medicine in Tokyo. I sat between S. Hata (now head of the Kitasato Institute), the famous collaborator of Ehrlich, and Professor Irisaya, a grand old man who is physician to the Emperor. Koichi Myaki,

Professor of Psychiatry, spoke in Japanese, and Dohi in German, of my life-work, which they described as the founding of a "new and vitally important science."

During the next six weeks of my stay in Tokyo this banquet was succeeded by a great many others, which made considerable demands on me not only as official speaker, but also as official drinker (the pleasant taste of the warm rice-wine must not deceive one as to its potency), and official eater (the dishes forbidden by my diet unfortunately tasted particularly good). I got off most easily at the University Professors' Club, where I was an almost daily guest for breakfast during the first half of my stay. This club is in the centre of the university grounds in a prettily situated wooden structure, such as those which have, to a great extent, replaced the stone buildings disturbed by the great earthquake of September 1st, 1923.

The hospitality extended to me at the Professors' Club was all the pleasanter for me because from March 21st until the beginning of April, I spent my mornings in the various departments of the University, where everyone was eager to show me something in his special field. At the newly built University Library, which contains half a million books, they brought out a great quantity of their hidden store of ancient Japanese erotic prints (pillow-books), of which our own Berlin Institute also owns good examples. These were once much employed by young married couples as text-books on the art of love.

Then I visited the Department of Anatomy, where they presented me with a tattooed human skin. At the ward for the insane in Matzuzawa Hospital, they handed me mussel shells which the patients had embellished with drawings of the sexual act; at the dermatological clinic a colleague showed me his collection of three hundred prints illustrating the history of prostitution in Japan, which were also most remarkable from the point of view of costume.

I also inspected the pathological institute, at the head of which is Professor Ogata; the military academy of medicine, planned on the model of our one-time "Pépinière," with a large hospital attached to it, where I had my first opportunity to observe the peculiarly Asiatic disease, beri-beri (or ka-ke). Of the many other institutions that I visited I will mention only Kosuge

prison, an inaccessible, thoroughly modern structure built along American lines.

Next to Dohi, Koichi Myaki, the Professor Emeritus of psychiatry, was most anxious to acquaint me with Japanese science and culture in a sympathetic manner. He took me to the house of General Nogi, where he showed me the room in which Nogi and his wife committed harakiri in the year 1912 after the funeral of their old Emperor Mutsuhito (called Meiji Tenno after his death); they stabbed themselves to the heart with a dagger in order to set for the people of modern Japan, in their opinion far too "westernized," an example of ancient Japanese loyalty—"Bushido" or self-renunciation. Professor Myaki also told off his young assistant, Dr. Susome Hayashi, and Dr. Sawada, who is well versed in this particular question, to take me to distant villages so that I might have an opportunity of studying the ancient phallic cult in its original state.

The afternoon of April 2nd was set aside for two special events at the Dermatological Congress: the first was an address by the well-known Japanese diplomat, Viscount Ishi, who introduced himself to me as a friend of Stresemann, whose death he said had been as great a loss to the world as it was to Germany. Ishi spoke on the work of the League of Nations for the prevention of prostitution and venereal disease.

Following that I gave my lecture, illustrated with slides, on the present status of sex pathology. The auditorium, shaped like an amphitheatre, was filled to the last seat by physicians from every part of Japan, including Korea and Formosa, who applauded generously. Dohi presided, and behind the speakers' desk, a life-size portrait of Albert Neisser had been hung. An abstract of my speech, in Japanese, had been distributed beforehand to everyone in the audience, and medical journals throughout the country published long illustrated reports of the first sexological lecture at the University of Tokyo, an event which Dohi declared to be historic.

A large Japanese audience of both sexes attended my public lectures in Tokyo and Osaka on *The Natural Laws of Love*. I was invited to give these by the largest Japanese daily,

the *Asahi Shimbun* (Asahi = Morning Sun, Shimbun = newspaper).

In its headquarters in Tokyo and Osaka this paper has auditoriums magnificently constructed for artistic and scientific exhibits, an arrangement in my opinion well worth imitating in European and American newspaper palaces.

The public lectures were translated directly into Japanese. We had arranged beforehand to have the translation given at intervals during the lecture, a plan that was far from easy to carry out. Two young Japanese medical students, who had studied in Germany, eagerly volunteered to do the interpreting. They took the greatest pains to go over it with me, but finally resigned because they could not find the equivalents for many special expressions. In Tokyo Dr. Wilhelm Gundert, the excellent head of the German-Japanese Kulturinstitut (some German university ought to appoint him to a Japanese chair as soon as possible), finally undertook the task and executed it brilliantly.

In Osaka the same service was performed by the professor of psychiatry, T. Wada, who had been at our Berlin Institute and knew it well, and in whose library I found most of my books. On the walls of the Institute of Medicine and Law in Osaka, where Wada took me, I also saw innumerable pictures which had been assembled from material in our archives and in my book *Geschlechtskunde*. In appreciation, Professor Omura honoured me with all sorts of interesting and valuable photographs of flagellation and fettering from his collection of Japanese pictures.

The editors of the Osaki-Ahasi newspaper, who sponsored my lectures, showered me with attentions. They took me to Osaka's famous marionette theatre, Bunraku, where I had to submit to being photographed with the most famous puppeteer of Japan, Monjuro, and afterwards showed me the cherry blossom dance of their geishas, which was even more intoxicatingly colourful than the cherry blossom dances I had already seen in Tokyo and Kyoto.

The month of April, during which I had the good fortune to be in Japan, is the right "season" for this ancient highly artistic and poetic dance of spring. After the dancing, the editors invited me to a truly Japanese feast at Honmiyake's, Osaka's equivalent of Vienna's "Sacher," and wound up by taking me to the prostitutes' quarter—Tokido—which is well worth seeing. In area

alone it is twice as large as the "Streets of Joy" of Yoshiwara in Tokyo, Hommoku in Yokohama and Fukuwara taken together. The seaport city of Osaka likes to call itself the Japanese Hamburg, which it actually exceeds in population by more than a million.

Many intimate gatherings taught me new things. One of these was a Chinese meal (including shark-fins, swallows' nests and many other extremely tasty "national dishes") given for me by the journal of criminology, *Hanzai Kagaku* ("Sex and Crime"). Tanaka, the editor, who takes a lively interest in sexology, had invited the best known Japanese authors, among them my old friend Iwaya, the Hans Christian Andersen of Japan, with whom I had spent a good deal of time thirty-two years before in Berlin. He was at that time collaborating on our *Jahrbücher für sexuelle Zwischenstufen* ("Yearbooks of Intermediate Stages in Sex"). Among the prominent scholars present was the old zoologist Ishikawa, a disciple of August Weissman and of Haeckel. Everyone was in marvellous spirits, and at the height of the party Iwaya drew a successful caricature of "an intermediate stage between Professor Ishikawa of Japan (who looks just as 'dishevelled' as I do) and Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld of Germany."

The second especially instructive gathering was a "Geisha-party" arranged in my honour by the head of the chemical department of a store. It was given in the very beautiful Shimbashi tea-house, which many Japanese dignitaries frequent as patrons of the charming geisha girls.

But most noteworthy of all was the meeting with the leaders of the Japanese Women's Movement in the Nihon Kôyôclub. The very charming Baroness Shidzue Ishimoto opened the meeting by expressing the wish that I might develop a healthy sexual education in this country. Fusaye Ishikawa, the energetic authoress, who had just recently come into the limelight because of parliamentary debates about the right of women to vote, was among the guests (the bulging portfolio under her arm called vividly to mind those carried by some German women lawyers of a similar type).

We had a lively debate about coeducation, political equality for women, abolition of prostitution, birth control, homosexuality and the reform of marriage.

Through the good offices of Viscount Ishi and Professor Dohi,

I was invited to the palace of the Emperor. I had already met his brothers, of whom Prince Chishibu is the most popular, at a musicale given by the Ambassador. Mr. B., who has for decades been one of the leaders of the German colony of Tokyo, lent me the frock coat and top hat (a combination that was fashionable in Europe in my youth) that are *de rigueur* for the Emperor's garden party (kano kwi). The Germans—mostly merchants from Hamburg, Bremen and Berlin—after having almost all of them been imprisoned during the World War, were just regaining their position of leadership in Japan, thanks to the tact and capability of Ambassador Solf. Often, in talking with the Japanese, one has the impression that they regretted having taken part in the war against Germany, a country which never did them any harm and, indeed, taught them more than any other country about science, technics and the art of war.

The Emperor's cherry blossom festival—for that is what it turned out to be—took place in an immense garden, where there were several thousand cherry trees in full bloom. As landscape gardeners the Japanese are unsurpassed. On winding, slightly undulating paths, amid delightful brooks, some twenty-five hundred ladies of the best Japanese society wandered in the most elegant kimonos and obis—a perfect vision of colour, and about seven thousand Japanese men, most of them officials, wearing the long frock coats which somehow give the impression of a grotesque uniform. There were perhaps a hundred Europeans present. Each of the guests, some ten thousand in all, received a place card with a letter and a number, so that, in spite of the crowd, it was easy to find one's seat at table. The refreshments were most frugal: thin tea and tasteless cakes and a little packet of sweets to take home for the children.

During tea the Emperor made his long, slow rounds. Behind him walked Prince and Princess Chishibu and his other brothers and relatives with their wives, the Ministers and all the court. The Empress was not present. She had borne a fourth daughter a few weeks before, and the fact that the child had not been the longed-for heir to the throne did little to make her better liked. Even the Emperor's popularity had begun to suffer.

As he passed by, the populace formed a lane behind a rope. The opportunity to see the ruler face to face is no everyday occurrence

in Japan. For when he leaves his palace, which is hidden deep in an inaccessible park, everyone on the street must turn his back to the approaching car. Whether this ruling is the result of reverence or fear of assassination, I was unable to determine.

The Emperor, who is about thirty and is worshipped like a god, makes an extremely suave impression, something like the well-dressed reception clerk in an hotel, as does his contemporary, the King of Siam, whom I had met several days previously. As the only Buddhist ruler in the world, on his way from Bangkok to Washington, he had attended the celebration of the birth of Buddha, April 8th, the festival of Tanjo-Shaka, in Hibiya Park in Tokyo, a picturesque popular festival to which I had received a guest card.

According to Shinto teaching the Emperor of Japan is one of God's representatives on earth. In spite of this—or perhaps because of it—one sees a portrait of him and his wife in the rooms of almost every brothel, and an imbai (prostitute) and her guest seldom forget to bow reverentially before the portrait of Their Majesties before proceeding, she to her business and he to his pleasure.

I was most cordially received in German circles in Japan. I have already mentioned the lecture on *Sex Ethnology* which I gave in the beautiful house of the old East Asia Society in Tokyo and repeated three weeks later at the "Concordia," a German club in Kobe. After every lecture I had invitations to "tiffin" (luncheon), tea, and evening parties, to which the Ambassador and his wife, the consuls and members of the German colony had invited people in whom they thought I might be interested or who might be interested in me.

One of the most stimulating of these gatherings was a small party given by Dr. Dannehl, at that time president of the German Club in Kobe. Professor Sata of Osaka and Dr. Yamamoto of Kobe, both of them old physicians of German sympathies from the time of Virchow, and Mr. and Mrs. Piper, were guests. Maria Piper has written a splendid book about the high and unique art of the drama in Japan—and especially about the female impersonators—a copy of which she presented to me that evening with a dedication. Dr. Yamamoto had already inscribed a very valuable "pillowbook" to me.

To bring one's wife from Europe to the Far East was almost unheard of until a few decades ago. The tropics used to be considered dangerous for a white woman's health, and still are to-day, to some extent, although no more than for white men. At that time it was common for European settlers to have native housekeepers who tended to their master's physical welfare in more than the matter of food. Then, when Eurasians were brought into the world, some considered it their duty to marry the mother of the child.

A number of Europeans with whom I talked, especially the women, spoke most unfavourably of such unions, of which they severely disapproved. I was all the more surprised when I visited families where the master of the household, having once entered into such a marriage with a Japanese housekeeper, has now been living with her for years in the happiest union. Such households were usually furnished in European style, with one Japanese room, and were seldom Japanese with a European "salon." Husbands and wives assured me that the fact that they were looked down upon socially was the only thing they suffered from.

As a sex expert in Japan, I did my best to make as many personal acquaintances as possible among women living a married and family life—women whose status was between the two extreme groups, the leaders of the women's movement, whom I have already mentioned, on the one hand, and the Geishas and Imbais on the other. Although the conservative married women are much more difficult to meet, through my association with liberal-minded Japanese colleagues I succeeded fairly well.

The position of women in Japan, as almost everywhere, has risen considerably since the World War. Nevertheless the tradition of ancient Nippon, that the life of a good Japanese woman should consist of a threefold service to man, has by no means been overcome. Until her marriage a woman is supposed to be the servant of her father, during marriage the servant of her husband, and as a widow the servant of her eldest son.

Marriages arranged by the parents have diminished very little. To young Japan the term "free love" means merely one's own

free choice of a marriage partner. Men and girls who want to marry "for love" are still in bad repute, and almost every day I found such notices as this in the papers :

"Because their marriage was strongly opposed by their parents, a Wakayama man and a geisha girl attempted a double suicide in Osaka. They took a room at the Osaka Hotel claiming to be a married couple, and in the small hours of Monday, the man stabbed the woman fatally in the throat, and himself attempted suicide."

Or : "Yamauchi Nobura and his sweetheart of Fukushima prefecture committed a double suicide by dynamite on Wednesday. Parental opposition to their marriage was the cause."

At present the Nakodo (match-maker) still arranges the marriages. He is usually the best friend of the family, and, in contrast to European marriage-brokers, receives no commission for his pains, but instead takes the place of honour between bride and groom at the wedding, makes the official speech at table, and, in the case of marriages between prominent families, is named in the newspapers as the match-maker.

In the large hotels where I lived (especially the Imperial in Tokyo and the Oriental in Kobe, which are favoured as "bridal hotels") I watched various Japanese weddings, among them one to which no less than eight hundred guests had been invited. The decoration of rooms and tables were masterpieces of that art which reaches such a high level in Japan : the arrangement of flowers. In Nippon the "teacher of flower arrangement" is an important personage to European as well as to Japanese women.

The chief event in Japanese married life is the birth of an heir. Until a woman has borne a son (daughters scarcely count) she has not fulfilled the true object of marriage, or indeed, of a woman's life, and may at any time be sent home as "unfit for service." The fact that sterility in marriage is in half the cases the man's fault is not taken into account. I pointed out this injustice in my public lectures, and at other times when the occasion offered.

Usually when there is no son, adoption is resorted to, so that the name of the family will not die out. It is common for parents who have only daughters to take a son into the family who then marries his adopted sister. (In some countries this would be

punished as incest.) Thus the unity of the family suffers no break in the continuity of the male line.

Many Japanese boys were introduced to me by their fathers, and it was only later that I learned they were adopted sons. One must be aware of this custom so as not to commit any *faux pas*. For example, a few days after my arrival I remarked to the first Japanese lady I met that her son, who was sitting at our table, resembled her to an extraordinary degree. I could not understand her look of embarrassment until my dinner partner whispered ; " He's only an adopted son."

To be adopted is often a piece of good fortune for boys of poor family, and it can also frequently be an advantage in replenishing the blood of old families, but it causes the student of heredity considerable difficulty, for the adopted son is the equal of the actual son in birth, name and in every other respect.

When on the occasion of the Emperor's thirtieth birthday the Japanese papers pointed out with a certain pride that the Japanese dynasty is the oldest in the world, they wisely omitted to mention how often in the twenty-five hundred years of its existence the gaps in the lineage of the ruling house have been filled by adoption.

At the very time when I was in Japan the want of an heir to the throne (unlike China, Japan does not grant women the right of accession) had brought into prominence the question of artificially determining sex. Exactly as in Russia a few decades ago, when the last Czarina bore one daughter after another, a vast amount of advice and suggestion had been proffered ; and people all over the world had promised unfailing aid. Some persons connected with the court discussed the problem with me, but the regular doctors had already come to the correct decision : to abstain from any attempt at artificially determining sex.

The great stress laid on the father-son problem in Japan is comprehensible only when one takes into account what an important rôle ancestor worship plays in Shintoism, the national religion of Japan. For a Shintoist his male ancestors are the images in whose likeness he has been created and in whose footsteps he must walk ; they are at the same time the gods to whom he prays. Buddhism is at present far more widespread in Japan, but many Buddhists are also Shintoists, for to belong to one religion does not preclude belonging to another.

In this connection a university professor told me a well authenticated story which is most illuminating. In reporting the anniversary celebration of a well-known Japanese, an English newspaper stated that he had been converted to the Catholic Church. The next day a letter was sent in to say that this news was erroneous : the gentleman in question had become a Christian, but of the Protestant faith. Since the Catholics insisted on the truth of their statement, the Japanese himself was asked to settle the matter, and innocently explained that he had announced his conversion to both religions : both had been recommended—each had its good points. And why not ?

6

In absolute contrast to the supremacy of the male, inherited through the male line in Japan, is the matriarchy on the island of Formosa, which has been a Japanese possession since 1895. This island, about five hundred miles from the southernmost tip of Japan and about a hundred miles from the east coast of China, is some two hundred miles long and sixty miles wide, and is called Taiwan by the Japanese and Chinese.

For more than two hundred years before the Japanese “conquered” the island, which is still inhabited by more than three million Chinese and by scarcely 200,000 Japanese, it belonged to the Chinese, who had taken it from the Dutch in 1622. Before that the Spanish had come from the Philippines and taken it.

But as far as Europe was concerned it was “discovered” in the middle of the sixteenth century by Portuguese seamen, who gave it the name which is still in use : “Ilha Formosa,” the beautiful island. Even then, except for the natives, the Chinese were almost its sole inhabitants. The Chinese eunuch, Wan-San-Ho, is said to have been blown ashore there by a typhoon on his way back from Siam to China, and to have taken a firm hold on the island, and exported quantities of healing herbs to his native country. To this very day the camphor produced on Formosa plays an important economic rôle. But the original inhabitants of the island—between seven and nine large tribes, among which the Taiwan and Tainan are the most important—remained practically untouched

by this chain of events, and up to the present day have kept their matriarchal society almost intact.

Racially, they seem to be most nearly related to the Igorots of the Philippines, about whom the German woman physician, Dr. Hasselmann-Kahlert, told me many interesting things during my stay in Manila. They not only resemble the Igorots physically and speak a related Malayan dialect, but they also have the same kind of implements (looms), musical instruments (nose flutes), and huts built on piles in the same way as the ones I later saw in such great numbers in the Philippines.

I did not personally visit Formosa. It was as much off my course from the Hawaiian Islands to Japan as from Japan to Shanghai, and also too far north of the route between China and the Philippines. But in all this travelling to and fro I had such frequent opportunities to talk with reliable informants (Japanese doctors) who had lived there a long time, that on the basis of their information and descriptions I was able to form a clear ethnosexual picture. I should be reluctant to let their reports go unnoticed, especially as it is now rare to find, anywhere in the world, the matriarchal system kept unchanged to the present day.

Each of the tribes of Formosa has at its head a woman who is at the same time high priestess. Her subjects carry her on their shoulders so that her sanctified feet touch the ground as little as possible. Her office is inherited through the female line. In some tribes, if she has borne no daughter, her son may inherit her place, but only as an exception and temporarily.

This female head of the tribe is in command of the millet granary, where the yearly crop of this principal means of subsistence in Taiwan is stored. She in person doles out the daily ration of millet to the women of the various families of the tribal group. In general, men are forbidden to linger near the millet granary. The vineyards and potato fields, as well as the tobacco plantations, are also under female management. Usually one sees the women smoking thick cigars, while the men content themselves with bamboo pipes.

As priestess, the female chieftain officiates at a long round of religious functions, smooths out quarrels between the members of the tribe by decisive utterances that may not be challenged,

and is consulted like the Pythian oracle upon all vital questions. Incidentally, she also acts as physician and midwife.

Not only the political, economic and religious power, but also the authority within the family circle is entirely on the female side. While it is customary among the Japanese and Chinese for parents to marry off their children without any consent on the children's part, among the aborigines of Taiwan, culturally so far their inferiors, women have the full right to choose their own husbands. The man does the courting, but the woman uses her own judgment in deciding whether to "accept" or "refuse" him.

In Formosa, as on most of the islands of the East-Indian Archipelago, the entire male population grows up in communal bachelor houses. There are houses for boys from twelve to fifteen, and houses for the older men. The discipline in these is strict, and is based entirely on age. Each is in duty bound to obey the elder. Their occupations, too, are determined according to seniority; boys of one age fetch the water in bamboo pipes, youths of another watch the fire which they must never allow to go out. After the priority accorded to women, priority of age is next in importance among the Taiwanese.

There is a certain equity in this simple system which permits both men and women to gain advancement by equal degrees; it offers some advantage over the systems of other peoples founded upon the privileges of birth.

After reaching puberty a group of youths of the same age go on their first head-hunt under the leadership of one of the older men of the tribe. This dread custom too has its origin in sex. "No head, no wife," says the ancient rule. Until a generation ago the high point of every Taiwanese wedding was the moment when the bridal pair drank together from a bowl made of a skull that the groom had brought home from the hunt.

Hunting game—usually with knives—is almost the sole activity reserved for males. Since the Japanese rulers of the island have made strict laws against head-hunting many content themselves with drinking from a skull carefully preserved in the family. In some tribes, the skull of a deer or ape answers the same purpose once served by a human skull, but the older generation, especially among the Taiwan and Tainan tribes, look upon this practice as

a serious mark of decadence, a "degeneration," and the head-hunt has by no means entirely disappeared in Taiwan. None the less the tattoo marks on the chin, by which one could formerly recognize at a glance anyone who had already brought in a head, are now borne by boys whose fathers returned successful from the hunt.

Even so horrible a custom as head-hunting in the East Indian Archipelago and the South Sea Islands has its saving graces. The famous ethnologist Deniker, in his book *The Races of Man*, makes this clear in a passage on head-hunting among the Dyaks of Borneo :

"A number of actions which pass for criminal in the statutes of every civilized country, are under certain circumstances not only tolerated, but even commended, as for example killing in self-defence, in a duel, in war or in carrying out capital punishment. When we call examples such as these to mind, we will have to be more lenient in our judgment of a Dyak who cuts off a man's head just to bring it as a trophy to his bride. For if he did otherwise, he would be repudiated by the entire tribe."

The delicacy with which the youths of Taiwan go about courtship is in strange contrast to the cruelty of head-hunting on the same island. When a young man has made his choice, he goes each evening at sundown to the hut where the girl lives, squats on the ground before it and for hours plays a monotonous tune on a musical instrument resembling a jew's-harp.

This concert, which is not musical but which, as an emotional expression, corresponds to the German "Ständchen" or Italian serenade, is repeated night after night for weeks. After a certain period, among some tribes exactly twenty days, the suitor leaves his musical instrument behind with a few gifts such as food, fire-wood or pins for her head-dress. If at sundown of the succeeding day he finds his things untouched, it means that he has been rejected. He goes quietly away and renounces any further attempt.

But if the chosen one has picked up the jew's-harp and the gifts and taken them into the parental hut, she has given the sign of her consent. In this case the suitor immediately enters the house, where he is greeted as the betrothed by the girl and her parents. The priestess is then hastily called in to divine, by means of the

flight of birds and the position of bamboo sticks thrown backwards over her head, the lucky day for the wedding.

After the wedding the bridal couple sit on the ground back to back. First the head-hunters and then the priestesses do knife-dances around them. When these are over, the high-priestess scratches a small cut in the legs of bride and groom. With her hands she presses a few drops of blood from the wounds and mingles them on her knife. This completes the union.

Then everyone drinks out of the skull, and after that the young couple go to the forest, or, among some tribes, to a special bridal-house for a few days—usually five. Following their return they start building a hut of their own, but first the priestess must tattoo the bride with the sign of the matron—several stripes running from the lips to the ears.

The duration of marriage differs greatly in Taiwan. Among some tribes it is life-long ; among others, separations and remarriages are frequent, but in certain tribes the average duration of marriage is only two years (an example of tribal marriage for a limited period). At the time of separation the priestesses confer with the grandmothers to prevent any quarrels over the arrangements, especially the distribution and care of the children.

In Formosa, as in almost every matriarchal society, adultery on the part of the man, as well as on that of the woman, is punished by death. These aboriginal tribes live in strict monogamy, again in contrast to the Chinese who are so close to them. Illegitimate children are immediately destroyed. When twins are born, the weaker of the two is also done away with immediately after birth.

Aside from cruelties such as these, based on superstition, the love of the aborigines of Formosa for their children leaves nothing to be desired.

We might also mention that, as in all matriarchal societies, prostitution is unknown among these tribes. Janet B. Montgomery McGovern, a teacher of English, who has written an excellent book entitled *Among the Headhunters of Formosa*, tells of a Japanese official who spoke to her of his regret that the social structure of the aborigines of Formosa was so undeveloped that they had neither institutions such as the "Yoshiwara" nor tea-houses provided with geishas.

So we see once more that manners make morals, not morals manners.

In no country is prostitution so thoroughly organized as in Japan. If one approves of the segregation system (I personally do not) Japan is a perfect example of it. I went to see the famous old Yoshiwara three times, and once visited the hospital for prostitutes in the company of Professors Dohi and Ishiwara. I also visited Tokyo's second modern quarter of prostitution, Shimbuko, which extends over many city blocks, as do the corresponding quarters of other cities, especially in Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka and Nagasaki.

In Yokohama an unusually comic scene took place. I had no idea that through Dohi's solicitude I had already been "announced" and "introduced" here, so I was not a little surprised when at the station, as well as upon entering the brothel district, I was received by a deputation which I was at a loss to understand. Little by little it dawned on me that the gentlemen with high hats, white kid gloves and formal dark suits were there to represent the city, the health authorities and particularly the association of brothel owners, who greeted and flattered me as being more or less an expert of international standing in their guild. It was particularly pleasant to be with the beautifully dressed and charming girls (and yet how pitiable they are) whom the brothel owners had sent to the Kiyo Hotel for me and my companions (the German physician Dr. Grauert and young Ishikawa).

Is there any trade in girls in Japan? Scarcely any between one country and another, as many believe; but it is all the more widespread within the country itself. Only after repeated assurance can one believe that parents will sell their own half-grown daughters to the brothels for a few hundred yen. Though they extenuatingly term it "hiring out," this does not alter the fact that for a greater or lesser sum, depending upon the physical charms of the girl, they hand over their daughters to indiscriminate sex relations.

The grave danger of disease to which their parents thus expose them remains the same even if they try to salve their consciences with the fact that the city health authorities have made definite

protective laws against infection. It is not uncommon for daughters to be brought to the city by a father thirsting for drink, and taken to a dealer who, after deducting his own large commission, gives the father a sum which he will have tossed down his gullet in the form of rice wine before he has even arrived home again.

It is then the girl's duty to earn back the money that she has cost. Each time she is used for sexual purposes she is credited with a small percentage of what she brings in to the brothel-owner. Usually it takes years to work off the sum unless she finds someone who comes to an agreement with the owner of the brothel and buys her free.

This is the dream of every Japanese imbai (prostitute), for they scarcely ever ply their trade for pleasure, but accept it as if it were a child's duty which they cannot and do not wish to escape. Both they and their parents are far from regarding the sale of their bodies as shameful, particularly as the chances of marriage are scarcely diminished by a few years' stay in a brothel. There are some men who prefer former prostitutes as wives, because they hope to find in them a more expert knowledge of the art of love, and because some of the girls after working off their debts have even "earned" a small dowry.*

Many Japanese—Professor Dohi, for example, and most of my other academic friends—distinctly feel that prostitution and the practice of selling girls in Japan are quite unworthy of a modern civilization such as it is Japan's ambition to possess, and they would like to see these conditions stamped out as soon as possible.

But so far all attempts at reform have been frustrated by the capitalistic interests, which have been bound up with the present system for centuries. The landlords, who own whole blocks of streets in the "gay quarters," oppose to the utmost the loss of their higher rentals, and use every means to prevent thoroughgoing reforms.

There is no dearth of minor reforms. The girls no longer exhibit their bedizened personal charms behind wooden bars, their painted faces and artificial headdresses, as one used to see them

* Cf. Ploss Bartels: *Woman, An Historical Gynaecological and Anthropological Compendium*. Vol. II, Chapter IV. W. Heinemann (Medical Books), London, 1935.

on the bright Yoshiwara prints of earlier days, but advertise themselves only in pictures, enlarged photographs under glass, signed with poetic pseudonyms, which decorate the entrance halls of the brothels. Here the numerous clients stand and look for the "Keiko," "Sadakao" or "Mariko" who will suit them best.

As a joke, they say that the photographers and brothel owners are continually being prosecuted by the clients for false representation of facts.

I had a memorable experience in a brothel in Anamori, a place of pilgrimage not far from Yokohama, where there is an ancient temple dedicated to the rice god, to whom the fox is sacred. Here, as is usual in the vicinity of consecrated places, there are many houses of pleasure, which are eagerly visited by the pilgrims once they have set down their offerings and made their prayers.

In one of these houses my companion, who spoke Japanese just as fluently as German, introduced me to the girls as a learned scholar who had come to Japan from Germany, of which they had heard so much during the war. One of the imbais who was sitting in our circle round the spotless brazier made him ask me whether I could read the future from the palm. "Not from the palm," I answered, "but from the face."

They began to bombard me with questions: how long would they have to remain in the brothel; would they marry and when; would they have children and how many; would their sick mother recover; and many other questions besides. I studied their faces, especially around the mouth, and then told them a few things that made a visible impression on them. One girl after another came in, and the imbais from the neighbouring brothel as well; the servants were called, the mistresses appeared—in brief, it was hard to get away from the place. I was particularly impressed by the shamed and grieving face of the little Takamoru who had just been brought by her mother the previous day, and deflowered a few hours before. When I told her that she would be a happy mother within a few years her pale little face cleared like a Madonna's.

The question of the geishas is quite different from that of the prostitutes. My Japanese friends enabled me to meet many geishas personally: I visited the pretty tea-houses where one can have them called for entertainment, admired their enchanting silk kimonos and obis (girdles), their utterly graceful movements

and delicate dances, the magic of which lies in the very lack of pathos or drama in their movements, and, with the help of my interpreter-acquaintances, held long conversations with them.

They lay great stress upon being sharply distinguished from prostitutes. The geishas regard themselves as artists of the dance, of singing and lute-playing, and wish to be considered as such. Most of them play the ancient national stringed instrument called the "samisen."

The geishas can look back over a history of more than a thousand years' influence on the life of people and state in Japan, and usually have but one faithful friend, whom they choose for themselves. When a European acquaintance of mine expressed to a geisha his wish to sleep with her, she tripped graciously from the room, he told me, and came back leading a girl by the hand—a prostitute—who was to "prepare his couch for him," as the Japanese with modest circumspection sometimes call it.

The geishas, who are organized somewhat in the manner of a guild, protested energetically when, a few years ago, missionaries cabled to Washington asking that an invitation sent the Japanese geishas to attend an international dance congress be rescinded on the ground that geishas are prostitutes. This actually is false. They are distinctly on no lower moral plane than our ballerinas of the old days, or the modern dance troupes of Europe and America.

In any case, the position and calling of geishas and imbaïs have undergone a vital change since the appearance of a new group (unknown until recently) numbering many thousands of young women: the bar and coffee-house girls. The long Ginza, the Broadway of Tokyo, and its neighbouring streets, now have a succession of cafés and bars, and there are some very modern dance halls as well, where not just any girl at all, but regular dancers ("taxi-girls"), are at the disposal of the numerous visitors—"westernized" Japanese, almost without exception. They are paid a percentage on the dance tickets which their partners slip in their hands for each dance.

A gentleman from one of the embassies told me that in the last two years alone several thousand such places have sprung up in Tokyo. A Japanese dignitary with whom he was conversing about this novelty, answered, to his question, "When will it stop?"—"Never—let us hope!" The same informant told me

that the Chief of Police of Tokyo had made an official trip to Shanghai to study night-life there, with the object of importing to Tokyo any innovations which might serve to increase the tourist trade.

The names of the bars are many and curious. I compiled a list of several dozen strange names, among them a few German ones, and not merely the usual names of places under German management or with German employees, such as "Fledermaus" or "Rheingold" (the owner of which is happily married to a Japanese woman and has become the father of handsome half-breeds with blond hair and Mongolian slit-eyes). One bar for instance is called "Et-was" (Some-thing), another, "Seitensprung" (Side-kick), a third "Jungfrau"—the proprietor and the Japanese girls never weary of teasingly explaining that by Jungfrau (virgin) they mean, not themselves, but a mountain in Switzerland which is supposed to be even higher and more beautiful than "the most beautiful and sacred Fuji."

When I went with Professor Dohi to The Florida, a dance-hall, where the orchestra of the *Columbus* on which I had left Bremen half a year before was just striking up, he said, looking at the fox-trotting couples, "I didn't know we had come to this already." Unprejudiced though he was, the Professor himself had been brought up in the tradition of the good bourgeois, and it was the first time that he himself had entered a dance-hall.

In Asia dancing in couples, which until recently was considered as obscene as public kissing, had gradually spread to the better families and social circles. In the beautiful Hotel Myake in Kyoto, I watched a Japanese tango club that had arranged a very elegant ball in honour of an Argentine travelling company (which I had already met in Nikko) at which respectable Japanese women in their gorgeous kimonos and obis were dancing very yieldingly with their Argentine partners, and Japanese men were dancing just as gaily with the burning-eyed Argentine women.

Besides the art of the geishas the Japanese stage offers its connoisseurs and admirers still another spectacle of the utmost refinement and singularity—the female impersonator.

As a sex expert I said to myself that this must be some manifestation of bisexuality, so I did not overlook the opportunity of studying at its source a problem with which I was familiar from having seen its typical manifestations. In Tokyo I made seven visits with specialists in the subject to the large theatres where the female rôles are still exclusively played by men, as they have been for hundreds of years. Of these, the classic Kabuki Theatre, which was handsomely rebuilt a few years ago after a fire, is especially interesting.

A Japanese audience numbering many thousands of families (in Japan families usually go to the theatre together) throngs the many side-rooms during the intervals. There are five stories of shops of every sort, picture exhibitions and many eating-places, from the simple Japanese tea-room to the finest European restaurant. The revolving stage itself is almost twice as large as our largest European stages. There is also the "flower path," which leads from the stage level straight through the whole orchestra, and up and down this most of the actors walk to the breathless suspense of the audience.

Even larger and more luxurious than the Kabuki Theatre is the Tokyo Theatre, which was opened a year or two ago and which I visited with the whole Dohi family, all of whom were so sympathetic to me. (Dohi's wife, Tao, comes of the highly respected merchant family Mitsui.)

With my old friend S. Iwaya (former instructor of Japanese at Berlin University), I finally went to the Meiji Theatre. These obliging connoisseurs made it much easier for me to understand the plays, which, being chiefly historical, are difficult for a foreigner to grasp, and consequently tire him quickly. Nowadays the play begins at four in the afternoon (it used to start at ten in the morning) and lasts until about eleven at night.

Most Europeans can barely endure two hours of the Japanese theatre, most Americans one hour at best, and even before that they are indifferent, then confused, and finally exasperated. I managed (to my own surprise) to follow the action attentively for a full six hours without any sense of exhaustion or slackening of interest. This was probably because I watched everything with a view to its pictorial and pantomimic qualities, and was completely spellbound by the masterful impersonations and gestures,

and by the settings, poses and costumes, which I found highly artistic. The language, in so far as one doesn't quite forget to listen to it, has for the stranger, through its intonations alone, something of the effect of an accompaniment on the samisen. I did not even find the falsetto voices assumed by the female impersonators offensive.

With the two Iwayas, during the long interval at the Meiji Theatre, I visited the dressing-rooms of the most important female impersonators. In contrast to ours, the theatre dressing-rooms in Japan were notable for their painful cleanliness and order. Many actors have a little private altar before which they quickly fold their hands once more before going on stage. We watched a male actor sitting on a beautifully embroidered cushion with a cup of tea at his elbow, being metamorphosed into complete femininity, from the first touch of the make-up pencil to the putting on of the complicated wig.

"Do you think I really look just like a woman now?" the young actor Ishikawa Shoen asked me, through Iwaya, with delightful vanity, and with feminine grace bowed low when I truthfully replied, "Yes."

Nakamura and Tokizo gave me their pictures. I saw nearly all the great popular female impersonators, with the exception of Ganjiro, the actor of the people, who was at that time on a guest tour in Southern Japan; and above all I met the protean Onoue Baiko, who can play everything, from the youngest girl to the oldest crone, from a youth to a dotard, with equal perfection.

Experts, such as Maria Piper, in her excellent book, *Die Schauspielkunst der Japaner* ("The Dramatic Art of the Japanese"), maintain that women are better portrayed by men than by women. They are supposed to act more "thoughtfully." Many enlightened Japanese, who would have no moral scruple against real women in women's rôles, are of the same opinion. I had no basis for comparison, as I never saw women in female rôles on the great Japanese stage, but only in a few stupid revues, in which, for that matter, the male rôles too were all played by women in very erotic make-up.

As regards the much discussed sexual tendencies of the female impersonators, my investigation leads me to divide them into three groups:

1. *Completely normal men* : men of normal tendencies and normal sex life.
2. *Transvestites* : men who have a deep satisfaction in dressing as women, but who are sexually attracted only to women ; some among them have been married several times, others live with geishas of standing in relationships known to the whole city.
3. *Homosexuals* : who, on the stage and in everyday life, as well as in love, feel in their element only when they completely take the feminine rôle.

In the first group the elements of art and nature are mixed in a proportion of about 75 to 25, in the second group of about 50 to 50, and in the third 25 to 75. Each of the three groups probably has just about the same number of members, but naturally between them there are all the transitional forms of bisexuality.

There are many who, all their lives, remain uncertain as to which group they naturally belong. This must be true of the Chinese Mei Lan Fang, undoubtedly the greatest living female impersonator, who also makes frequent appearances in Japan. Possibly in such cases an overpowering narcissistic artistry blots out every other specific direction of the sex urge.

Among my Japanese colleagues I encountered a widespread ignorance of intersexual male and female types off the stage, and especially of the extent of homosexuality in general. Professor Myaki, for example, instructor of psychiatry at the imperial University in Tokyo, said when we first met : " Tell me, my dear Hirschfeld, how is it that one hears so much about homosexuality in Germany, England and Italy and nothing of it among us ? "

I answered : " That, my dear colleague, is because it is permitted by you and forbidden by us."

" But it seems to be more prevalent in Europe," he continued. " In all my long practice I have never yet seen one single case."

" I can scarcely believe that the phenomenon is rarer among you than among us," I replied, " but I shall be able to tell you better in a few weeks when I have done some investigating among specialists in the subject."

I gave him my opinion shortly before I left, after I had had a

chance to find out, from letters written me by Japanese and particularly from people who came to see me after my presence was known, that every form of homosexuality, in tendency as well as in expression, is precisely the same in Japan as in Europe. My old observation was again completely confirmed: the *individual sex type* is a far more important factor than the *racial type*.

A great many Europeans, who had been living with Japanese friends in firmly established homosexual relations for over ten years, looked me up in Tokyo and Osaka. The "regional life" around the lakes, grottoes and buildings of Hybiya Park in Tokyo is the most animated and romantic I have ever encountered. Especially in the evening, between seven and eleven o'clock, but day and night as well, at every hour, a crowd of the types in question rustle and buzz about in numbers and varieties such as one never sees either in Hyde Park in London, or in Central Park in New York, in the Prado in Madrid, or the Prater in Vienna.

The activity in Hybiya Park reminds one chiefly of certain places in the Berlin Zoological Gardens. As much as forty years ago elderly "urnings" (homosexuals) told me that in their youth (now a hundred years since) the exact same thing was happening there. In Berlin, as in Tokyo, there are people who regard it as a post-war development, because they never heard about it until after the war. Here, as well as there, the homosexual types and their advances are recognizable only to the initiate. The great mass passes blindly by, too full of its own inclinations and interests to notice.

Still another and altogether different androgynous phenomenon occupied me while I was in Japan, one which gives the inquiring spirit an equal impetus to delve into the problem of bisexuality: the figure of the Buddha.

Is it conceived of as asexual, heterosexual or bisexual? Are the features and expression of the Buddha, so full of compassionate meditation and gentle pity, of grave tranquillity and of sublimity—are they tender and maternal, or elevated and paternal?

The more Buddhas I looked at—and I saw thousands, from the child Buddha to the copulating Buddha—the more difficult grew the answer. Although to avoid scattering my energies too

much I purposely paid only secondary attention to the very significant problem of religion in the Orient, I still did not omit to visit the three most important Buddhas of Japan : first, the huge majestic Nirvana-like Daibutsu of Kamakura, the favourite image of all the Japanese ever since it was erected in bronze in the year 1252 ; second, the gigantic Buddha of Nara, erected in A.D. 740, which, unlike the one we have just mentioned, is placed, not in the open, but in a wooden temple (the largest in the world) seated upon an open lotus flower. The face (16 feet high and 9 feet 5 inches wide) makes a somewhat Negroid impression. Third, I saw the much younger and smaller Buddha (my personal favourite) with a Mona Lisa smile, the figure sitting in a dreamy temple garden hidden behind the street front not far from Kobe.

Again and again as I looked at this Buddha I thought of the excellent work which my Dutch friend, Dr. von Römer, published in one of my first *Jahrbücher für sexuelle Zwischenstufen* (Year-books of Intermediate Sex Stages) on "The Androgynous Concept of Life." Indeed, the fusing of the male and female halves in the totality of all creatures, as in each separate one, is embodied in the image of the Buddha more than in that of any other deity.

In addition to the two official religions of Japan, Buddhism, which was probably introduced by wandering Indian and Tibetan priests long after the birth of Christ, relatively speaking, and the earlier Shintoism—or ancestor worship—which sprang up on Japanese soil itself, remains of the ancient cult of the phallus are still to be found, especially in the country.

Strange as it may seem, there is some probability that, in its origins, at any rate, ancestor worship has a close relation to worship of the phallus. Intense reverence for male ancestors and an equally intense desire for male offspring have surrounded the phallus with the halo of the creative link between generation and generation, to which the naïve faith of a primitive people brought a veneration that was far removed from all impure thoughts, and from which it is but a small step to worship and the offering of sacrifices. Thus, the cult of the phallus originated in the idea of fertility, and is still intimately connected with it. I devoted a great deal of time and attention to this ancient custom in Japan, making my chief studies of the phallic cult in three localities :



A JAPANESE BUDDHA

[Facing p. 32.]



JAPANESE NURSEMAID



JAPANESE CHILDREN

1. In the northern part of the prefecture of Kanagawa, where, near the tiny village of Guzo on the Sagami River, there are great numbers of ancient phallic stones, which I went to see with Doctors Sawada and Hayashi, and some of which I photographed.

2. In Anamori, a little place about an hour from Tokyo, where, not far from the temple of the rice god, there is a large, much-visited "man stone" rising at the cross-roads. In a house nearby is a very large collection of phallic stones, which were shown us by the owner, the widow of the man who collected them. She assured us that she firmly believes the gifts and prayers dedicated to the phallic stone cure women of sterility, and attempted to prove it by citing examples.

3. In a village called Ayameike, between Osaka and Nara, where a Japanese student of folklore named Tsukome has brought many votive phalli together in a curious folk museum.

In the cities themselves one very rarely finds phallic stones, for the police (under missionary influence, I was told) have recently declared them obscene. In Tokyo, however, Professor Myaki took me to a little island in Nueno Park on which there is a most interesting phallic stone with a sacred image carved into the stone. It is chiefly visited by imbais and geishas.

To judge by notes found with the offerings (usually wreaths) beside the phallic stones, and by questions that my Japanese companions and I asked on the spot of the villagers, the chief groups who visit the phallic stones are :

- I. Sterile women : this group seems to be the largest.
- II. Women who have difficulty in quieting their nursing babies, or whose children are ill.
- III. Women suffering from diseases of the abdomen, especially those with flux.
- IV. Men whose potency is impaired.
- V. Men suffering from venereal diseases, particularly gonorrhœa.
- VI. Unhappy lovers. Double suicides and individual suicides are consequently not infrequent in the vicinity of phallic stones.
- VII. Men and women who are alone in the world and who feel erotically lonely.

VIII. Prostitutes and brothel-owners, who come to pray for good business.

IX. People praying after a long drought for fruitfulness and rain : for the same reason the inhabitants of whole villages make processions to the phallic stones.

I was given several dozen phalli of every possible material for our sex-ethnological collection, most of them from the homes of sterile women, and in Tokyo I obtained a phallic shrine about a hundred and fifty years old, rare and beautifully carved.

IO

I am indebted for a great deal of advice, information and stimulus in my Japanese studies to Dr. Wilhelm Gundert of the German-Japanese Institute of Culture (Kulturinstitut) and Dr. Theodor Sternberg, a professor of German Law in Tokyo, which with its present five million inhabitants, boasts of being the third largest city in the world.

Dr. Gundert took several very attractive excursions with me to Japanese towns and villages, past endless flooded rice fields, bamboo forests and vast mulberry plantations for the production of silk. Here the real character of the country and the people reveals itself much more truly than in the large cities which, in Japan as throughout the world, are becoming more and more Americanized.

Whatever Detroit leaves undone in the way of world standardization, Hollywood completes. Besides its automobiles and films there are other things that may accompany you around the whole globe ; the same song hits, the same hotel menus, the same travel bureaux and travel tours, and a great deal else. The majority of travellers still hurry from one Baedeker star to another without enriching their knowledge of human nature.

Kyoto, much vaunted as the chief sight of Japan, gave me far less than Osaka, half an hour away, a city pulsing with fresh life. Certainly anyone who wants to enter a few more Shinto and Buddhist temples, beautifully set in the landscape, who wishes to see one of the largest bells in the world, or to visit a few more shops calculated to appeal to foreign patronage with

real and imitation "curios," should visit Kyoto ; but whoever wants to experience the wonder and magic of the new Japan in all its immense activity, should devote to Osaka half the time usually allotted to Kyoto, even at the risk of having to live in an uncomfortable hotel without an elevator (I myself found it difficult to climb the steep stairway to the floor with a view).

The six week-end excursions that I had the pleasure of making in good company and to delightful spots were high points in my sojourn in Japan.

The first was to Kamakura, where I was the guest of Professor Dohi, who has a Japanese estate there, an historic place by the sea, where the landscape of wooded dunes reminded me so vividly of the "Maikuhle" of my home in Pomerania on the shore of the Baltic that I named it the "Japanese Kolberg."

I spent my second Sunday in the fishing village of Chigasaki. I had been invited there by the clever New Zealander Allan Thyderidge, a young scholar who had once visited our Berlin Institute and who showed me his remarkably large sex library.

On the third Sunday I went to the seaside again to the rather distant town of Atami (as guest of the German-Japanese Kultur-Institute), bathed naked with men and women in the steaming hot springs and watched the steam rising from the earth crust all about, particularly from the active volcano on the islet of Ishima opposite Atami.

Here, on the Japanese Riviera, I had my first sight of the famous blossoming of the cherry trees (lasting but a brief week everywhere). It is comparable to the blossoming of the trees in Werder near Berlin only by virtue of the conviviality and intoxication of the visitors ; apart from that the trees and blossoms are much larger than in Germany (though the fruits on the other hand are much smaller). The trees do not form a unified " sea of blossoms " but stand out as individual pictures of unique charm and varying size.

On the fourth Sunday I went with an Austrian teacher to the temple city of Nikko, the Mecca of Japan, of which they say in Japanese : " Nikko mirumade tekko to in na ! " (" Until you have seen Nikko, do not use the word magnificent ").

On the fifth Sunday the German physician Dr. Hermann Grauert (born of German parents in Yokohama), took me to

Enoshima, the island of "Benten," the goddess of love, a picturesque volcanic formation which reminded me vividly of Capri.

On the way home we stopped at the "Earthquake Museum" in Yokohama, where there are many souvenirs of the horrible earthquake which surprised the inhabitants just as they were preparing their lunches, at one minute before twelve (as innumerable stopped watches show). The fires, which the quake knocked out of cooking-stoves everywhere, caused a stupendous conflagration in which many thousands of people lost their lives. "Before" and "After the earthquake" is just as usual a designation of time there as our division "Before" and "After the war."

The sixth and last Sunday I spent with our old friend Karl Wilkens in fabled Nara, an idyllic place, lovely as a legend. One is received at the station by the sacred deer, which nuzzle in the strangers' pockets for things to eat. More than seven hundred deer are free to run about among the people. Until 1868 to kill these animals was an offence punishable by death. The vast park outside Nara, with its many strange structures, evoked a lively recollection of Sans-Souci, except that the Elysian bustle of the populace has an entirely different spirit from ours—gayer, more carefree, more innocent.

Although March and April are often vaunted as particularly good months in which to travel, I had no luck with the weather in Japan. The heavy rain that was rattling down when I arrived in Yokohama held except for brief intervals during all the weeks that I was there (in Kyoto and Osaka it rained torrents) and sometimes increased to hail and snow. In Nikko, for example, I thought I saw piles of white sand near the temple, which proved when I touched them to be mounds of snow that had been swept up. Though it was mid-April you could make regular snowballs.

II

My farewells to Japan were threefold: first from the principal city, Tokyo, where I had spent five weeks. I was accompanied to the station by Dr. Huth, Director of the East Asia Society, and Dr. Gundert, as well as a large number of Japanese colleagues, especially Professor Keijo Dohi, who had become a great friend

and had greatly enriched my life. It was with deep sorrow that I learned of his death before my return to Europe.

The second departure followed ten days later in Kobe, where the German Consul General, Dr. Orth, saw me to the boat, and Dr. Yamamoto made his daughter, who combines Japanese charm with a European education, bring me a gorgeous Japanese flower arrangement.

After a voyage of twenty-two hours through the picturesque Japan Sea, with its hundreds of islets, our ship put in at Nagasaki for half a day to take on merchandise and passengers who had come in by train. I had planned during this time to take a meditative stroll on the beach. Who can describe my astonishment at finding two representatives of the university there, the director of the dermatological clinic, Professor Guiji Komaya, and Dr. Maszo of the psychiatric clinic. Before I knew it they had seated me in the university automobile and set off, according to instructions, to show me everything worth seeing in Nagasaki, especially anything relating to the great German scholar Franz von Siebold (1796-1866) who once worked there.

He had come to Nagasaki in 1823 to do some research, investigating the country and people, and particularly the flora and fauna of a land until then almost unknown; for years he painstakingly gathered information which he put down in large folios with innumerable appropriate illustrations.

But the Japanese authorities had given him permission only with the stipulation that he make no map of Japan. When he was finally unable to withstand this temptation, he was condemned in 1830 to one year of imprisonment and banished from the country. At the city library they showed me the map that had made him a martyr to science.

But first my Japanese colleagues, who had received instructions from Dohi, took me to Osaka Park, situated on a height from which a splendid view opens on the broad harbour, with the small island of Deshima lying in front of the city where three hundred years ago the first foreign traders, Dutch and Chinese, were allowed to anchor. It was a beautiful warm first of May; before us in the harbour like a greeting from home lay the German warship *Emden*, which was on a visiting cruise to East Asia, and below us, known to every European because of Puccini's

"Madame Butterfly," the dreamy old city of Nagasaki—a Japanese Nuremberg.

Then we drove to the Siebold Museum, where the venerable Director Nagajama showed me all the souvenirs of Siebold, his old clothes, boots and hats, books, yellowed photographs and drawings in his own hand. Afterwards we went to his house. Siebold had married a Japanese woman, supposedly so he could buy land, and is reported to have left as a memorial a few half-breed descendants still living in Nagasaki. We ended our tour at Siebold's monument, a handsome impressive bronze bust surrounded by old European trees. He had once transplanted these to Nagasaki himself from his home in Würzburg.

This day, spent ceremoniously retracing the steps of a great German countryman, the eminent naturalist Franz von Siebold, ended my visit to Japan. When, after a short rest on shipboard, I went up on deck again, the now barely visible strip of Japanese coast was fading into the distance. As it disappeared from view I thought :

Dai Nippon banzai : Long live Great Japan. The charm of your countryside has given me much, your ancient art and culture have given me much, but the many gifted and stimulating people whom your country bears in ever increasing numbers, are the ones who have given me most.

Yet I should be doing your people a poor service were I only to sing your praises. If, out of your inspired past and your busy present, a happy future is to blossom, you will have to change many things.

Above all, follow the trend of the times and educate your women to be personalities in their own right. To-day they are for the most part not independent beings, but superlatively lovely playthings for men. You ought not to let another day pass, in which your girls may be sold as human wares so that they can then sell their bodies again. I should be harming you if as a sex expert I did not lay my finger on this gaping wound in your national organism.

And then the national feeling which so many of you exaggerate. It impresses one as an over-compensated sense of inferiority, for which you have no reason. Certainly among us too, your European models, this national egoism, generally termed patriotism,

has taken manifold and excessive forms ; but among you it is bound up with a biological sex phenomenon which makes it particularly dangerous.

You are proud that the growing birth rate is increasing your population by a million a year. While the birth rates of other Great Powers, such as America, England, Germany, France, sink lower and lower, yours rises ever higher and now surpasses the rise in the birth rate of pre-war Germany.

At the same time your country is already over-populated. When a country is over-populated there are but two alternatives : less births or more room : birth control or territorial expansion. You seem to prefer the second course : toward Formosa, Korea, Manchuria (to which thirty million Chinese emigrated after the World War alone). Yet for increasing your territory and your power you will assume (I do not write " give ") other reasons, reasons of security, prestige, humanity. But in such cases one believes these things only because one seldom sees clearly the true motives of one's actions.

As a true and honest friend of the Japanese people, I say to you : Maintain a policy in regard to population. Give free rein to European enlightenment upon this problem and upon responsible birth control. In the long run true peace and culture cannot be achieved without a policy of population. Only under the ægis of wholesome sex reform on a scientific sexological basis will your future be happy or create happiness. Otherwise . . .

Such were the thoughts I indulged in while the passengers, especially the lively steerage passengers, watched the flying-fish which leaped out of the water only to dart back again in a great curve before the astonished " Ohs " and " Ahs " of the spectators had ceased.

An old Asiatic proverb from the time of Confucius (the Chinese Nietzsche died 2,500 years ago) says : " Whoever wants to know China, must have a hundred lives." To-day, perhaps, ten years would be enough to investigate this largest, oldest and most remarkable of all existing countries, which, according to the figures of the Nanking Government, published in 1931, has around

four hundred and seventy-five million inhabitants. Every fourth inhabitant of the globe is a Chinaman.

As I unfortunately had only ten weeks to enjoy the great happiness of touring through Northern, Central and Southern China, it will be understandable that I can merely give a purely personal account of my activities, observations and moods.

In the foreign colonies of Shanghai and other cities I made the acquaintance of many Europeans and Americans whose whole lives, during a stay of a decade in China, had been spent almost exclusively between their "office," their "club," and their "residence," all three of which were outside the Chinese quarter.

They avoid, as much as they can, the Chinese streets, which smell too foul for them, the Chinese cafés and theatres, which they find too noisy, and the Chinese people, who are too foreign and "deep" for them. They have business relations only with the Chinese "Compradors" (intermediaries) who speak both languages, and sex relations only with Chinese "Singsong Girls." I spoke to people who had lived in China for twenty years and who had never been in Peking.

All these people claim to have been in China for a long time, and seemingly they have. But in reality they have scarcely crossed its threshold. A good film would have told them more of the country. I may well say that I was able to acquire more exact and conscientious knowledge than they, particularly in the field of sex ethnology.

The thirty-five lectures on sexology that I gave in Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Nanking, Woosung, Hongkong and Canton brought me into contact with many thousand Chinese, of whom a considerable number confided to me intimate happenings from the secret treasure of their knowledge and experience, such as have hitherto scarcely been available to European or American visitors.

When I had left China, aboard the *Tjinagara*, which takes her course between the Chinese and Javanese harbours by way of Manila, I was still under the direct living impression of the chapter "China," which I had just completed. That experience taught me that in the changing panorama of a world tour the new can all too easily overshadow the old, even when it does not come up to the old in power or beauty or meaning.

On July 14th, shortly after 4 a.m., we passed the equator. I was wandering about on deck waiting for sunrise, the only passenger there, when for the first time I saw the southern firmament sparkling in its indescribably beautiful brightness. Constellations which I had till then seen only on maps appeared and filled me with the thoughts and feelings which Immanuel Kant expressed so well in his comparison : "Conscience within us and the firmament above us."

Meanwhile, almost as quietly as an excursion boat on the River Spree, our ship was gliding between the two extensive groups of islands which we learned about in school as the "Philippines" and the "Sunda Islands." I can still distinctly remember our geography teacher in Kolberg telling us about the head-hunters of Luzon, the largest of the more than six thousand Philippine islands, and describing the "man-eaters" who live in Borneo. We were horror-stricken. At that time I had no idea that my "lifeship" would take me within actual sight of these legendary-sounding realms.

We were kept in daily touch with the world by wireless, and between the marble and ebony walls of the ship's saloons the last word in "dinner-jacket civilization" held sway (in summer the requisite short white tropical jacket with black trousers). The happiness of the passengers seemed undisturbed by any thought of the nearness of real cannibals inhabiting the islands we were passing.

But to walk through the steerage, where six hundred Chinamen, most of them Cantonese, were picturesquely encamped one on top of the other, made me begin to think that behind these darkly gleaming eyes glowed more fire than behind the water-blue or sky-blue ones (a glance over the taffrail will suffice to tell whether water or sky is more appropriate) of the tall Europeans of whom there were only fifteen on the entire boat.

Or does this look of dark passion bespeak only deep sadness and concealed bitterness? The Japanese, who are almost always smiling, do not have this grave trait.

Compared with the European, the average Chinaman is much more balanced and loyal, gentler, better natured, than most of the "whites" who often treat him with such arrogance and disdain.

Something I saw on my first day in China was most enlightening in this regard. I went to the "Bund," Shanghai's lively and prettily laid out street along the bank of the Wampoo River, in a rickshaw (scarcely any other means of conveyance is to be had). There I encountered a dignified looking old Chinaman, and beside him another, younger, both in long blue Chinese coats, taking their song birds for an airing in a dainty cage, just as we in Europe go walking with our dogs.

A scene I witnessed at a street corner came as a warning to me every time I remembered how the rubber club of a foreign policeman whistled down upon a rickshaw coolie who had swerved too far to the right or left of the pavement. It was not until the frightened Chinaman "kowitzed," touching the ground with his head, that the representative of the foreign power stopped his abuse and blows.

I thought of the film *Storm Over Asia* and the play *Roar China*, and was filled with deep pity for the fate of these enslaved and tortured human creatures.

Later in Hongkong a European merchant told me with a laugh that a Chinese sedan-chair coolie (by the sweat of their brows they carry the people who live on the heights up hill and down dale) had once said to him that if he were born again he would like to be the dog of a rich Englishman. "They have it good," added the firm believer in the transmigration of souls. "How can you laugh about it?" I replied to the man who told me of it. "It's a tragic story."

The antagonism of the Chinese soul toward the foreigner cropped out in its most elementary form a generation ago in the Boxer Rebellion, and to a lesser extent three years ago in the Hongkong coolie strike (when one morning all foreigners found themselves without service). It flames up now here, now there, in delirious shootings (at many street crossings in Shanghai and elsewhere one sees wire barricades, guarded by policemen, in readiness at any moment to bar the way to the Chinese). It seems to me to be the light before a perhaps not very distant world-storm.

One's faith in "no more war" suffers heavy losses in the course of a trip around the world. As long as one country and one people, instead of leaving the other alone, enchains and gags it, this

slogan seems only like a wish-fantasy without foundation in the past, or stable prospect of realization.

13

I felt how swiftly the wheel of history turns when, in Peking, I saw again the astronomical instruments in front of which I had so often stood in Potsdam before the war. Who would have thought that these " trophies " of victory, " won " by " World Marshal " Waldersee in the Boxer Rebellion and set up at Sans-Souci with such fanfare, would, according to the dictates of Versailles, have to be sent back to China so soon ?

The Chinese were little satisfied with these crumbs as payment for their part in the war, more or less forced on them with large promises. The least they had expected was that the foreign Powers would at last give up their rights of occupancy in China, and that they would again be masters in their own home.

That Germany alone had to relinquish her extra-territoriality and give back Tsingtao, of which it had tenure before the expiration of the agreement, was but feeble recompense for this disappointment. Unfortunately, I could not visit Tsingtao, although it was within a few hours' reach by the Shantung German-built railway which branches off from the main Nanking-Peking line. My lecture arrangements before and after would not permit, but I heard from various quarters that even now Tsingtao gives entirely the impression of a small German town ; it has become a bathing resort much frequented by Europeans and Japanese. Even in Japan people from Berlin told me that they spent their vacations in Tsingtao and felt just as if they had been transported to Swinemünde.

The standing of the Germans in China has not only not declined but has improved since the World War. Aside from their traditional esteem for German science and technology, increased by the long struggle against such an overwhelmingly superior Power, the Chinese look upon us, in a sense, as companions in woe, regarding us as natural allies, for the nations that imposed the Versailles Treaty on us (to which China did not subscribe) are the very ones who have their hand in the game everywhere in China itself.

One has only to see the warships of the foreign Powers provokingly lying at anchor on the Yangtse River before Nanking, and on the Pearl River outside Canton, one need only know that in no less than forty-five Chinese cities the English, French, Italians and Japanese own "concessions," to understand that many politically minded Chinese (notably the student youth of China) see their future hope in the great plan of Dr. Sun Yat Sen—an entente of China-Russia-Germany as a massive, almost uninterrupted bulwark against the rest of the capitalist world.

The embassy quarter in Peking (the embassies were desirous of being transferred to the new capital, Nanking, which falls far behind Peking in art, scenery and social life) also impresses one as a stronghold of an enemy.

When, on my first morning in the "Grand-Hôtel de Péking," I was awakened by the shrill trumpet calls of the French and British, which penetrated to my bedroom from the nearby embassy quarter, I felt in my half-sleep as if I had actually found myself in our once occupied territory, say Wiesbaden or Königsstein.

For that matter, it is no less surprising to see and hear the Chinese troops doing parade drill and marching double time, quite according to our old Prussian exercise regulations, and to listen to the Chinese under-officers berate the men in the barrack-room style once so familiar to us.

A German missionary with whom I discussed the matter on the train was of the opinion that the German "instructors" whom the Chinese Ministry of War has prescribed for the instruction of the Chinese army were the cause of this, but actually it must be based more on the drill system as such. These one-time German officers (formerly under the leadership of the late Colonel Bauer, now under General von Wetzel) take care, just as they do in South America, to emphasize the fact that they act not in an official capacity, but purely as private persons.

The Chinese Government has built them charming little houses on a height near the Nanking city wall (at the Teiping Gate) from which there is a splendid view far over the barracks and the villa of the President of the Republic, Chiang Kai-shek, to vast distances framed by mountains. I stayed in one of these little houses as the guest of a Pomeranian countryman of mine, the

instructor of the Chinese military physicians, Dr. Zimmerman, and with him and his very sympathetic wife spent hours of stimulating conversation about Germany and China.

On the excursion we took together to the Ming tombs, among the stone animal figures grouped in pairs there, we saw two large elephants, the high backs of which were covered with many small stones. Pregnant women fling them up there; if they stay, it means, so my colleague told me, the birth of a boy; if they fall off, one has to "be content" with a girl.

Parents who pass by make their children stroke the genitals of the sacred beasts. This is supposed to bring health and fertility. I saw something like it in Japan in connection with the sacred bronze horses set up in front of the temples. So far the longing for fertility seems much more widespread in Eastern Asia than the wish for birth control.

The advantageous position of the Germans can be gathered from the fact that during uprisings against the foreigners after the World War they wore arm bands with special insignia to avoid being molested. On one occasion I myself, when, with two Austrian gentlemen, I had lost my way in the confusion of the narrow streets of the Chinese quarter of Shanghai (which has more than one and a half million inhabitants), was able, after hours of trying to find a way out of the hostile crowd, to free myself only by proving myself a "German" at the police station, in the midst of many hundred Chinese. I could see the hostile attitude change immediately to a friendly one, and they gave us a Chinese soldier as a guard to lead us safely out of the labyrinth of streets (the Chinese, like the Japanese, have a strange love of "mazes"). With dignity and decision he refused to take the reward which we gratefully wanted to press into his hand on leaving him.

Yet although I was given such a thoroughly cordial reception in China, particularly by the student body, and a no less enthusiastic one in Northern China than in Southern, I do not want to ascribe it so much to the fact that they considered me a German scholar, as that the Chinese youth felt quite clearly that I spoke not as European to Asiatic, but simply as one human being to another,

one who fundamentally stands on the side of the unjustly oppressed, regardless of whether that oppression is the result of national, racial, religious, social or sexually antagonistic instincts and causes.

The example of China shows with particular clarity that in an age of technical warfare it is not always a case of enslaved minorities, but also of oppressed majorities.

To what extent many foreigners in China assume the attitude of overlords was shown me by an experience I had in a European club in Shanghai, an incident which in the light of subsequent occurrences is but one among many. I entered a club where I had an appointment with a colleague, in the company of a Chinese student. When I came in the manager, as polite as he was urgent, pointed out to me that Chinese were not permitted to enter. As I turned around I could not resist saying, "You seem to forget that you yourself are a guest in China," whereupon the manager answered snappishly: "We are not afraid of the Yellow Peril."

For the present, at all events, the white peril is far greater for China than the yellow for Europe—one has only to think of the appalling double game being played by Europe in the opium trade. Fortunately, in this matter too, Chinese youth is taking a new path and is more and more avoiding the paralyzing narcotics which, among the older generation, had such serious effects on health and vitality, body and soul.

As for racial differences, in lecturing, whether in Asia or America, I have made no secret of the fact that as a biologist I can never approve the drawing of the "colour line."

Furthermore I found the disparity between Japan and China, despite the racial similarity of their peoples, far greater than that between America and Japan, which is already so thoroughly Westernized that it seems to belong to the European-American civilization.

In China, too, the new era is knocking loudly at the door. Nevertheless, in her relation to the rest of the world she is still quite as much the giver as the receiver. I brought this out in the speech I was asked to make on May 20th for the celebration of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the founding of Tungchi University in Woosung.

China, with her great, old, intellectual civilization, is much

closer to her origins, much more independent, self-creative—yes, in the last analysis much freer and more honest than Japan, which so far surpasses her in military and technical matters. Yet I cannot agree with the English philosopher, Bertrand Russell, whom I greatly respect, when in his book on China he depicts Japan and the Japanese as small, petty, and almost inferior in comparison with the Chinese.

But what negligence to have fed us, as school-children, almost exclusively on the Græco-Roman-Judaic Mediterranean culture and kept from us, with minor exceptions, the fact that, as well as Hellas, Rome and Jerusalem, there have existed on the earth and still exist fruitions of humanity quite different, older, no less elevated or beautiful, above all China. How narrow, one-sided and incomplete is the picture of the world formed by the education of the average European !

Two differences in the street scenes of Japan and China impressed me forcibly : in Japan everything is colourful, flowery, bright and gay ; China is much more serious, quiet, monochrome. The clothes of the Chinese, especially the numerous silken garments, are mostly blue, black or white. It seemed to me that Japanese dress expresses an equivalent lightheartedness of spirit, while the Chinese expresses a more brooding gravity.

And then the second difference : the substitution of man-power for horse-power in China. Any animal or machine is more valuable than a man, and so everywhere one sees the Chinese carrying and dragging incredible loads. Even in an enormous trading centre such as Shanghai a truck or dray is a rare sight. I saw gigantic steam-rollers for smoothing the roads being moved by a couple of dozen Chinese men and women.

That shows how cheap human beings are in China. Consequently it is not surprising that untold thousands of them die of tuberculosis between their thirtieth and fortieth year. Without having had any medical treatment, one day in the midst of their labours in the bustling throng a hæmorrhage occurs and their life is ended.

While inwardly the eye follows the external movement of the workaday world, grandiose in its monotony, the ear perceives as a great accompaniment the unceasing groaning song of the bearers of burdens. Where I lived, beside the river in Shanghai, and also

in my room at the Hotel Asia by the Pearl River in Canton, day and night, without pause, I heard many long-drawn-out rhythmic sounds from the street and the water. At first I thought they were inarticulate sounds like the roar of the sea or the motion of a machine. But then I noticed how, as in the song of the Volga boatmen, words would thrust themselves between the sounds of nature. An Englishwoman who has been studying in China for decades explained the content of these ancient loading-songs.

In English translation, she said, they go :

*Things never changed since the oldest time,
The flowing of water, the way of love.*

So here, too, we find the sexual leit-motif of life.

Modern youth in China is in many respects less hampered by tradition than the youth of other countries. To begin with, they have no religious scruples. In Europe it is little known that at least four hundred million Chinese neither have, nor miss, religion. They adhere to the laws of custom laid down by Confucius and a few other great teachers, but do not pray to them, occupied merely with "saving face." They are prepared for the reality of the here and now, and not for an illusory beyond.

Yet certain views are inherited from generation to generation and are as full of life to-day as they were five thousand years ago. Very characteristic of China is the hierarchy of its inhabitants, which has existed since time immemorial. Unlike India, the second largest country of Asia (and of the world), China has no castes.

Still there are five classes. The first and most respected rank is held by the "She," the scholars, philosophers and teachers ; next come the farmers, "Nung" ; third, "Sung," the workers or coolies ; the fourth place is occupied by the "Shang," the dealers or merchants ; and the fifth and last the "Bing," the soldiers. In the last few decades, however, the ancient division of classes has in many ways broken down, especially because of the generals and millionaires—the two are often one. But in the consciousness of the people, above all of Chinese youth, the hierarchy persists, as I could see for myself by the extraordinary esteem in which as "Sing Jan" (scholar) I was held by the Chinese everywhere.

This sort of tie found its strongest expression in the ideal teacher-student relation which bound me to Tao Li throughout almost my whole stay in China and long beyond it. Born of one of the foremost families in the country, a student of philosophy and medicine at the English University in Hongkong and the American University of St. John's in Shanghai, despite his mere twenty-three years a thorough student of the books of Havelock Ellis as well as of the English translations of the works of Haeckel, Freud, Jung, Forel and Iwan Bloch (*The Sexual Life of Our Time*), in which he had become acquainted with my name, he offered himself to me, after my first lecture in Shanghai, as "companion and protector," to help and attend me wherever I might want to go in China, and particularly to stand at my side as Chinese interpreter.

So first he took me to Hangchow, which is well worth seeing (it played a rôle in Chinese history as long ago as 2198 B.C.), then north to Nanking, Peking and Tientsin, south to Hongkong, Canton and Macao, cities with nearly all of which he was already well acquainted from trips he had taken as a student with his Chinese teacher. Above all, by constant association with a highly cultured Chinaman, I acquired through him a deep insight into the thoughts, feelings and wishes of this unique people.

I also came to know many of Tao Li's friends and relatives, particularly his father, a fine, old, pure-blooded Chinaman, who had given all his children—I talked with several of his twenty sons and two daughters—a brilliant education. With noble calm he entrusted his son to me when the latter asked permission to accompany me to Europe, to study medicine there and specialize in sexology.

On the evening before our ship sailed he gave a lively farewell dinner, accompanied by a performance of ancient Chinese marionettes, in Westpoint, near Hongkong. Except for his family, only Dr. Pfister and I were there, and in bidding me good-bye he said it was his wish and his hope that his son "might some day become the Dr. Hirschfeld of China."

Some time ago the Russian author, Sergei Tretiakov, who was instructor of the Russian seminar of the National University in Peking, published the complete life-history of one of his students, Tan Shi-hua, of the province of Szechwan in Southern China, as

the latter had described it to him in lengthy conversations over a period of half a year (published in English translation as *A Chinese Testament : The Autobiography of Tan Shi-hua, As Told to S. Tretiakov*).

Tretiakov reports that Chinamen who heard portions of the book exclaimed, " But that's our childhood, our school, our life ! " So well does this autobiographical account typify the young Chinese intellectual of to-day.

And I, from personal observation and daily conversations over a period of more than twenty-five months, know Tao Li's life so thoroughly that but few Europeans can boast an equal familiarity with the life and ideas of a Chinaman. And I must say that there are many parallels in the histories of the students Li and Tan, just as much is identical or similar in the life of students in European colleges ; but the personal differences are very considerable.

Obviously a great deal depends on whether a person comes from the country—like Tan, or from the city—like Li, on what upbringing he has had, whether his family is poor or rich, and above all, on the capacities and tendencies with which he is born. In any case, the Chinese are individually just as differentiated as the Germans or English in the world.

One evening, scarcely a week after my arrival in Japan, when I was returning to my hotel in Tokyo, a page-boy (in Japan and China all men-servants are called " boy " even if they are a hundred years old) handed me a telegram from Shanghai, signed by Dean Birt, asking whether I would be willing to lecture on sexology in German before the Chinese medical students of Tungchi University during May. I accepted at once.

This was not the only request I received. Apparently my presence in East Asia had quickly become known through notices in the newspapers, and I soon received a whole series of similar invitations, which showed me to my surprise what a lively interest there is in Asia in a scientific approach to the sex problem—a suppressed need which immediately woke from latency when a real live sex expert appeared on the scene.

Altogether I spoke ten times under the auspices of Tungchi University: five consecutive lectures before the students of the medical faculty in the large auditorium of Paulun Hospital, one special lecture before the faculty of the University and its graduate doctors, another (*Fundamentals of Sexology*) before the pre-medical students in celebration of the opening of the newly built Institute of Physiology in Woosung.

Later on I gave two talks at more intimate gatherings, one for the professors and their wives, one for the students, at the "Plum Blossom," a famous Chinese restaurant on the Foochow road, the principal red-light district of Shanghai.

Tungchi University is a German institution. The Chinese word "tungchi" might be translated as "active help." The university developed out of medical instruction given in the wards toward the beginning of the century by Dr. Paulun, in association with other German physicians, to Chinese medical students who asked for instruction in European medicine.

Afterwards a school of technology was added, with a faculty of German engineers. Tungchi now has about six hundred Chinese students and a teaching body of about forty Germans, among whom I felt extraordinarily happy as a guest instructor. Several months later I was horrified to read that Japanese army aviators had, among other acts of violence, thrown bombs which did heavy damage on Woosung, the peaceful German colony and seat of German learning.

The history of Tungchi University as I have briefly sketched it here is typical of Chinese universities. They are fundamentally different from the famous colleges of Europe, America and Japan, and almost without exception have been founded on private initiative, chiefly by Christian missionary societies, whose influence is still discernible even in cases such as that of the magnificently equipped Rockefeller Institute in Peking. It was only when China became a republic that the state itself began to found universities on the European model. The most important of these are the Central National University of Peking and Nanking (with the medical school in Shanghai) and the Sun Yat Sen University in Canton. The latter has a German faculty as well, whereas in Peking and Nanking the instruction is in English.

I had the great pleasure of being invited to lecture on sexology

by all the Chinese national universities, and to have enthusiastic attendance. The auditorium of the Central National University in Peking was so full hours ahead of time that people were packed in all the adjoining courts. Tao Li, with his lantern slides, had a hard time keeping his feet in the pushing crowd. Twice in Nanking the hall was so crowded that we had to move to the large auditorium, until finally I spoke in the enormous gymnasium ; and in Canton I was given a warm reception in the assembly hall of Sun Yat Sen University by no less than a thousand students. Unlike the Japanese universities there are always women among the students.

It was the same at Hongkong University, which is conducted by the British Colonial Government on the model of Oxford, and which, with its British teaching staff, is considered the most distinguished among Chinese universities. Sun Yat Sen studied medicine there.

16

Dr. Yen, head of the medical faculty of the National Central University, and his family, to whom he introduced me, were the first Christian Chinese I met.

Although there have been Christian missionaries in China for more than a thousand years (the Nestorian mission, it has since been proved, reached Tsianfu between A.D. 500 and 600), and although infinite pains have been taken by missions of every denomination, expending gigantic sums and costing many martyrs their lives—the Boxer Rebellion began with the murder of Christian missionaries—they have so far succeeded in converting only one to two million (the figures vary) out of four hundred and seventy-five million Chinese.

And of this number many more adhere to the wisdom of Confucius than to the words of the Sermon on the Mount. Thus Hilda Yen Chen, the daughter of Dr. Yen, who is as clever as she is charming (she was brought up in Boston) and who became a good friend of mine, wrote in my Chinese travel journal the words of Confucius :

*Learning without thinking is empty,
Thinking without learning is dangerous.*

According to recent statistics there are 1,469 Roman Catholic and 5,171 Protestant missionaries in China. One often encounters them on the train, on shipboard and in many other places. Undoubtedly they deserve credit for their splendid activity in founding and running hospitals (including some for lepers), orphanages, schools, universities and many other places of asylum and of learning, but what remains doubtful is whether the Christian faith and spirit would make the Chinese any happier or better than they are as "heathens."

Christian mysticism and the sex ethics connected with it seem utterly foreign to the Chinese mind. Thus an old Chinese teacher said to me in Canton: "How can they try to make us believe that anyone, no matter how wise and holy, could come into being without sexual intercourse?" He was referring to the dogma of the virginity of Mary. "A teaching such as that," he went on, "is an untruth." "Buddha's mother Maya," he added, "is supposed to have conceived in an unusual way too; but who would dare to maintain that Maya like Mary remained a virgin none the less?"

In our time, so I was told by a teacher in the Berlin Mission in Shamee—the pretty foreign quarter of Shanghai inhabited by the French and English—the republican Government of China has forbidden the missionary schools to attempt to convert their pupils or even to instruct them in the Christian faith, although just recently the present President of the Republic, Chiang Kai-shek (a brother-in-law of Dr. Sun Yat Sen), has been converted to Christianity. This conversion made more impression abroad than in China, where (as in Japan, as far as that goes) another person's religion is really treated as a private matter about which it is considered tactless to concern oneself.

In China I met a great many Europeans, a number of whom spoke fluent Chinese and several dialects as well, and among them there were missionaries who said to me: "We came to China to reform and were reformed, we wanted to convert and were converted."

Of this group the most notable member is Richard Wilhelm, who came to Tsingtao as a preacher before the War and later wrote *The Soul of China* as well as other excellent works in which he depicts Chinese civilization as being on quite as high

a level as that of Europe, indeed, in many respects on a higher level.

I met Richard Wilhelm personally shortly after he had started the China Institute in Frankfurt, at the first session of Keyserling's "School of Wisdom," which I attended in Darmstadt. At the time his lecture on China struck us all as a revelation. But it was only in China itself that I fully grasped the painful significance of his early death. Everywhere I went I found the mark of his spirit and met many of his friends and pupils.

While regular missionary work meets with strong opposition in China, as it does everywhere in Asia, and though even the Europeans do not as a rule want to have anything to do with it (a scholar, who had been living in Asia a long time, in all seriousness recommended the founding of an "Anti-Mission Society"), the Y.M.C.A. has developed into a world-wide American institution which very cleverly offers important practical advantages in such a way as to make Christian propaganda with an American tinge.

In almost all the larger cities of China one finds their well-situated and well-run hostels, where young men (and older ones as well) can have accommodation, food and recreation at a low rate. Of course there is a Bible at every bedside. This at first serves a purpose more physical than spiritual, being used chiefly as a paperweight, but the day comes when out of sheer boredom the resident turns over the leaves and reads. Thus with great psychological acumen the Y.M.C.A. achieves its object.

I had not expected to lecture in Christian community houses, and yet I did so in Shanghai on the most ticklish subjects of sexology: homosexuality and birth control. The Quest Society, a popular science club, wanted me to give a public lecture in English in the community room of the Y.M.C.A. on the problem of homosexuality. I mentioned objections which the business manager of the Y.M.C.A. emphatically overruled.

The lecture, which treated every aspect of the problem of homosexuality, was well received by a large gathering (only one missionary joined issue with me) chiefly because of the chairman, a very sensible and intelligent English physician, Dr. H. C. Patrick.

The second time I spoke in a Y.M.C.A. Professor Yen, whom I have mentioned before, was chairman. The evening was spon-

sored by the first League for Birth Control, and I was the first European scholar who had been asked to give a scientific lecture on the question of birth control and its best methods.

Nowhere in China are there any birth-control clinics (as the Americans call the places where advice on contraception is given out). They are in absolute ignorance as to the number of births, for in this huge country there are no census bureaux where cases of birth and death are reported. So it is scarcely noticed when mothers get rid of unwelcome new-born children (especially daughters) by leaving the infants wrapped in newspaper somewhere in the bushes or even by throwing them into the river. Various reliable informants told me of such cases.

Incalculably great as is the significance of responsible birth control for over-populated China, the fear of facing the problem is just as great. People would rather keep silence about a case of infanticide than be compelled to talk about contraception.

17

But the fact that in China, too, the question of qualitative and quantitative policy of population has at last been broached, was demonstrated to me by a conversation I had in Nanking with the Minister of Health, Dr. Liu.

In the conference with the Minister, which was also attended by a small group of gentlemen whom we would call departmental advisors, several sex questions particularly vital to China were brought up.

"What do you think of registering prostitutes?" the Minister inquired. "As you probably know, we've had no system of control whatever." "Not much," I replied. "Prostitution itself is not combated by Government control, and I know by experience that you can only stop a small part of it; besides, registering is no protection against venereal disease. On the other hand you brand one group of people and degrade them most unjustly, for prostitutes are usually the victims of unfortunate circumstances, as well as the victims of the men who employ them or of parents who, in China, often sell them for a few pieces of silver." When asked what else could be done to stop prostitution I answered that nothing could be accomplished without many more far-reaching

reforms which would go much deeper into sociological and sexual fields.

In this connection we touched upon the problem of companionship, which has an entirely different meaning in China, where child marriage and polygamy make sex requirements quite different from those of Europe and America. Yet in China too there is a trend toward freer relationships (exclusive of prostitution). In the parks it is now fairly common to see what is for China a new and striking sight: loving couples, like our own, gently caressing one another as they sit or walk, a thing that was previously quite unheard of and considered most immoral.

Then the discussion turned to that vital topic, birth control. I had the impression that the Government already realized that sooner or later it would no longer be able to evade the question. I gave a fairly lengthy account of German institutions and methods of contraception and marital advice, and recommended that China, too, create clinics for sex counsel. At this point we also touched on the problem of people unfitted for marriage (homosexual men and women) and on that of sex education.

I would have enjoyed the Chinese banquet which I attended some time later even more if less rice wine had been drunk with the exquisite courses; this national Chinese drink, served warm in pretty little bowls which are filled up again after every swallow, is all the more dangerous because it actually tastes quite harmless. I only tried it "for science's sake," although I was certainly suspected of discourtesy, or, worse still, of being a believer in prohibition, when in spite of everyone calling "Gampe," which means "Bottoms up" and is a special honour, I did not empty the bowl.

The lecture at the University on the following morning was unsatisfactory in that the Chinese colleague who had said he was an interpreter understood so little German that his translation was entirely inadequate. There was a painful moment in the midst of my lecture when one of the students rose and asked the chairman, who happened to be the Dean of the University, to get another translator: he knew enough German to be able to tell that the Chinese interpreter was giving an absolutely false and distorted rendering of my speech. This incident, disagreeable for everyone present, was disposed of by the Dean, who asked me to

dictate the content of my speech later in German, so that an exact Chinese translation could be made and given to everyone in the audience. This was done. It was another example of a thing I often noticed on my trip : that it is considerably more difficult to understand a foreign language well than to speak it, because when you yourself are speaking you can choose the words you already know.

18

After my return from Nanking I accepted an invitation from the Sophers—two brothers and a sister, all three unmarried—for a protracted week-end (Friday to Tuesday) at their country house in Jessfield Park, a suburb of Shanghai. Jessfield Park contains much-frequented international restaurants, Russian, French and German, and not far from there is St. John's University, an American mission college, at which my pupil Tao Li studied medicine.

The Sopher brothers surprised me by having my sexual and biological questionnaire translated into English and printed at their own expense. Although they had never been in Europe, they were well informed upon all the intellectual and political currents of our continent. The family are Baghdad Jews, as they are generally called in China, a most interesting addition to the Chinese admixture of peoples, especially in Shanghai.

Having migrated from Baghdad and Bombay a long time ago, many of them have achieved immense fortunes and princely palaces in China, a fact all the more surprising because the Chinese with whom they trade are themselves very clever and successful merchants, to such a degree that outside China in Eastern Asia they are often designated as " the Jews of the East "—praise according to the Chinese conception.

I was often invited to Marble Hall, the palace of one of the most eminent of these Baghdad Jews, Sir Elly Kadoorie (who has over fifty servants, or " boys " as they are called in China). Everywhere in Shanghai and Hongkong one encounters the charities of this man, especially the institutions which he founded in memory of his wife, who was burned to death in a fire that broke out in his house. The Hadroons, and above all the Sassoons, who claim the friendship of the Kings of England, live even more magnificently (not to say proudly).

Arthur Sopher's book *Chinese Jews* (1930), which contains excellent source material and most interesting illustrations of ethnological types, concerns itself not so much with Jewish families originating in Baghdad as with a different Jewish group, which, in the opinion of some experts, is supposed to have come to China centuries before the birth of Christ, that is, after the destruction of the First Temple by Nebuchadnezzar. That the Chinese and the Jews were already in association in biblical times is proved by the reference in the Old Testament (Isaiah xlix. 12) to the land of Sinim.

Others, however, maintain that these Jews did not reach China until after the captivity in Babylon, and some date their immigration as late as after the destruction of Jerusalem and the Second Temple by the Romans. In ancient pictures one sees these Babylonian Jews wearing the long Chinese pigtail and Chinese garments. Like the Chinese, they are polygamous and are to be distinguished from the former only by their adherence to the faith of Israel, their Hebraic names and knowledge of languages, and their physiognomy, which, however, shows many similarities to the Mongolian in pigmentation and in the shape of the eyes.

Since the World War the modern Jews, forming a third group which has little to do with the other two, are amply represented. Among them are many merchants, art dealers, doctors, lawyers and scholars from almost every country in Europe. In the social life of the foreign colonies one encounters them frequently.

Until the War this social life bore an overwhelmingly English stamp, but it has since become more and more Americanized. Especially typical of this are the cocktail parties which are generally given between the closing hour of business and dinner, that is, from six to eight, but often last late into the night. The hostess sees to it that pungent alcoholic drinks are prepared, with gin or whisky as the main ingredients. The guests take one glass after another with small sandwiches as titbits. They flirt, dance, gossip and tell "dirty" stories, and the erotic mood, more and more liberated by alcohol, creates an atmosphere which grows sultrier and sultrier, and as a result of which I have often witnessed violent scenes of jealousy.

Conversations of a more serious tone subside quickly. There is

scarcely a grosser contrast than that between this supposedly refined eroticism under the sign of jazz, and the natural eroticism of China, which is not perhaps exemplary, but which, at any rate, is not conducive to any sex hypocrisy.

Another social institution of the foreign colonies which is not uninteresting from the point of view of sex psychology, is the amateur theatricals, which really harks back more to an English past than to the American present. The preparations, rehearsals and performances of these keep the foreign colony in a state of excitement for weeks. One often sees brilliant performances given by these dilettantes, ladies and gentlemen of all ages.

On such occasions it is not difficult for a sex psychologist to recognize an almost exhibitionistic expression of a great deal of repressed eroticism, although as a rule it is unconsciously sublimated. This is especially true of the women, who according to ancient custom are left almost entirely idle in the tropics. These society women, who are by no means to be envied, are so uncommonly spoilt by the innumerable "boys" with whom they are surrounded (there are even goldfish boys, whose sole duty is to take care of the goldfish) that pleasure is their only occupation.

The pre-war custom of the wives of English officers, officials and merchants going to Europe before their confinement, because it will look better for their future offspring to be able to say they were born on English rather than Asiatic soil, still persists, although there is scarcely a city of any size in China or India where competent English gynæcologists and physicians are not in practice.

Among the Chinese themselves the European doctors are virtually idolized, and money and gifts are lavished upon them. Thus a German doctor whom I know in Canton was not only showered with costly presents by a Chinese wholesale merchant in gratitude for his cure (the Chinese doctors had given him up), but was also legally adopted as son and heir, although the Chinaman had a large family of his own.

We used to be taught that the Chinese are hostile to foreigners, and even now the Chinese wall, although it has long since lost its original meaning, is still taken as a symbol of national insularity, a kind of forerunner of the autonomy now so beloved in Europe. But with the Chinese it is more a fear of foreigners than hate of

them, a fear which has unfortunately proved but too well founded. One has only to think of the violence of the Japanese within the last forty years against the Chinese motherland.

This fear of the foreigner came most strongly to the fore when, after the opium war, Europeans insisted more and more upon selling the blessings of their civilization (actually of their merchandise). Finally the Chinese Government allowed them to settle, not within the cities, but outside them in special districts.

That was the origin of the reservations and concessions by which the Chinese unwittingly drove a thorn deep into their own flesh. Then, once the foreigners (Europeans, Americans, Japanese) had the concessions, they established living quarters for themselves within their own precincts and made suburbs of them, with charming villas, parks, broad streets, modern hotels and public buildings designed especially for their own legal administration. Now they say : "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

On this point the Governments of Nanking and Canton are entirely agreed, namely that the removal of the foreign concessions is the first and most important step toward the re-establishment of freedom and independence in their own country. The last words in the testament of Sun Yat Sen : "There is nothing so urgent as the abrogation of unjust contracts with the foreign Powers"—are a holy injunction to every Chinaman.

From the balcony of my hotel room in Peking I could see the yellow-tiled roofs of the "Forbidden City" in morning, afternoon and evening moods ; yellow was once a colour reserved only for the court of China. To gain any conception of the "Forbidden City," which, since the revolution, has been accessible to the Chinese as well as to the foreigners, one must think of Versailles, Windsor and Sans-Souci all in one, except that the palaces in Peking are more magnificent, their contents more costly, and their surroundings more opulent in the arrangement of landscape—beautiful gardens frame broad expanses of water crossed by bridges.

The summer palace at Peking is supposed to have been artistically the finest of all. It was burnt in 1869 by French and British troops. "The modern vandals spit their horror of six centuries of high civilization into its face," writes Charles Petit in *The Woman Who Commanded Six Hundred Million Men* ; and Sven Hedin,

in his *Jehol, City of Emperors*, says : " Irreplaceable works of art and manuscripts were destroyed. It was a base crime against civilization and sanity. . . . We need not be surprised that thereafter the Chinese called the Europeans barbarians and devils."

What then is our answer to the question : Are the Chinese hospitable or hostile to foreigners ? They are both—hospitable by nature, hostile through experience.

19

After the reception the Nanking Government gave me it seemed almost like disloyalty to accept the invitation which I received several weeks later, when I was staying in Canton, from the counter-Government there, which was in strong opposition to that of Nanking at the time.

Canton, the source of almost all Chinese revolution, the place where Dr. Sun Yat Sen and his Kuomintang party began their activity, was considered within China, and outside it, as a hotbed of Communism. There was a time when it seemed to be the point of departure for a triumphal Communist march through China—that is, when the Russian Communist leader Borodin and his wife began strenuous activities there. Their arrest and flight were still much discussed.

The opposition Government kept stressing the fact that it was not Communist but Social Democratic. Their intention in doing so, so they said, was better to fulfil the wishes of Sun Yat Sen, the President of the Republic ; Chiang Kai-shek, who had quite reversed the original purpose of the Kuomintang party, in which he himself began his career, was by that time conducting a purely dictatorial *régime*.

When I arrived at Canton on June 20th the public were intensely occupied with three political events that had just occurred. Sun, the son of Sun Yat Sen, had separated from his uncle (the wives of Sun Yat Sen and of Chiang Kai-shek are sisters) and left Nanking for Canton, to go over to the other party.

Furthermore President Chiang Kai-shek had appeared at the head of his troops on the borders of the province Kwangsi, of which Canton is the capital, to lead the " Independent Red Troops " who were sweeping the country. At the stations between

Hongkong and Canton I saw many of these independent bands. Their motley uniforms and weapons made a rather grotesque impression, especially in view of their oddly assorted ages—a large number of boys between twelve and fourteen were to be seen, heavily armed, among men and feeble dotards.

The third occurrence affected me more personally. Professor Kudicke told me, when he called for me at the station, that Sun Yat Sen University, where I was to speak, had just been seized by the opposition Government. The old rector had been dismissed, and it was doubtful whether the new one, who, they said, was rather hostile toward strangers, would allow my lecture to take place. Naturally enough, the German professors were even more concerned as to whether the new Government would be in a position to go on paying their salaries.

A few days later the new rector allowed my lecture, his first public demonstration, to take place anyway. The audience with Minister Fu Peng Chiang to which I had been summoned also took place. Fu Peng Chiang is one of the three heads of the Cantonese Government, which was so optimistic, or at least claimed to be, that when I asked the Minister whether the new Government already had a Ministry of Health, he answered that this was unnecessary as they planned to take over the present one in a few weeks, when the new Government had entered Nanking.

Before the interview I had asked the advice of the German Consul General, Dr. Wagner, as to whether a visit to the Cantonese opposition Government would not be resented in Nanking. Dr. Wagner, who is one of the men who knows most about Chinese politics and education, put my mind completely at rest on this score.

The one hour interview with Fu Peng Chiang, a highly intelligent Chinaman, still young, and very handsome in his white silk garments, dealt in the main with the problem of reforming marriage, with special reference to Chinese marriage and inheritance laws. By legalizing the priority of the first wife over the other wives, China had just taken an important step in the direction of monogamy, which the country hopes eventually to achieve.

I gave two more lectures in Canton, both of them before an exclusively medical audience. Many among my audience were teachers at Lingnan University, an American mission foundation

not far from Canton. They invited me to spend a day on their campus, prettily situated on the far side of the Pearl River.

The most noteworthy thing I saw there was the School of Silk Industry, headed by L. A. Waitzinger, the research man on heredity. This American savant revealed on taking leave of me that he was born in Miesbach in Bavaria. After my lecture at the Canton Hospital Dr. Waitzinger asked me whether I would be interested in seeing homosexual silk-worm moths. At first I thought my colleague was having his little joke, but he soon convinced me that it was a perfectly serious scientific discovery.

The male and female moths, as they come out of the cocoons, are isolated in little watch cases under small glass domes. If you put the male insect with the female he immediately makes a rush for her, sniffs at her and mounts her. But some few among the males behave quite differently. They crawl around the female to the edge of the watch case, and, when placed right on top of the female, keep running away again as fast as then can. Then Waitzinger showed me under his microscope that these males exhibit distinct feminine markings on their wings.

Now if these males, having feminine characteristics, are put with other male specimens, their behaviour becomes just as excited as it was sluggish when with the females. Thus there is no question that they show all the characteristics of homosexuality: they behave negatively toward the opposite sex and positively toward their own, and they exhibit feminine characteristics.

The only question is, what led them astray? But perhaps the most remarkable part of all is that the number of homosexual silk-worm moths is three out of every hundred—exactly the same percentage that has been found to exist among humans.

20

Among the women's clubs I found a particularly strong interest in a scientific approach to sex problems. These organisations are most of them of a progressive character, and under English or American influence have spread over the whole world.

The first lecture I gave in China took place in the Chinese Women's Club in Shanghai, under the auspices of the president of the Club, Mrs. Frank Ma, a Chinese lady as capable as she is

beautiful, whom I saw frequently later on. The Chinese women were more natural and had more freedom and grace in discussing sex questions than the English women before whom I discussed the same topic a few weeks later in Hongkong at the Helena May Institute for Women.

When I was in Peking I received telegrams and telephone calls begging me please not to skip Tientsin as do most German visitors on the way through from Peking to Nanking. After Shanghai, Tientsin is the most important trade centre of the country. I was the more surprised at this invitation as I had previously been warned against Tientsin. As a representative of the German colony there Dr. R., an engineer by profession, came to meet me in his car, and during the day and a half I was there showed me everything worth seeing in Tientsin.

He took me to the excellent ethnological museum of natural sciences (Musée Hoang Ho) of the Catholic missionaries (most of them Alsations), then through the Japanese, English and French reservations, and in the evening showed me the sailor's and soldier's dance halls and the Korean, Russian, Japanese and Chinese brothels.

We also went to the Wee-Golf (those miniature golf links set up in rooms and gardens, which, like jazz, are among the world-wide American institutions), and there we watched gay Chinese women in men's clothes courting other ladies, and saw Manchu princes of the original type of the dethroned emperor Hsuan Tung playing golf. The emperor, who was later made President of Manchuria by the Japanese, was at that time leading the bourgeois life of an official in Tientsin.

Dr. R. and I became more and more friendly in the course of hours of conversation, which were considerably prolonged by the fact that my sleeper from Mukden came in late. Yet I was unable to discover what his political standpoint was, although German international relations were naturally the main topic of our conversation. I came closest to thinking him a Communist, but even so he said many things that did not fit in with this hypothesis. Finally I asked him straight out, and his answer was: "I am the only enrolled member of the National Socialist party in Tientsin." He gave me as his chief reason for belonging to the Hitler party the fact that "things couldn't possibly continue as they were." We

parted with the feeling of having made a far from ordinary acquaintance.

I spoke in medical circles in Hongkong and Shanghai as well as in Canton—in Hongkong on the question "Is Homosexuality Inherent or Acquired?" before the National Medical Association of China, and finally gave my English radio talk there on a broiling hot day (June 16, 1931) standing beside a gigantic block of artificial ice. The broadcast covered the Asiatic coast from Dairen in Manchuria to Singapore, and brought to many hundreds of thousands of people their first news of the existence of sexology, as a new and important science.

Altogether, I gave thirty-five lectures in sixty-three days, of which ten days were spent en route. This work of enlightenment was supported by the Chinese Press, which made almost daily announcements and reports of my lectures during my entire stay, and also published interviews and articles.

The lectures on sexology mentioned here were not the only ones I was asked to give in China. I received many other invitations from student groups, which it would have been too much of a strain to accept. I stress this merely to show what an extraordinarily strong interest awakening China has in the serious scientific approach to sexual problems.

There, as everywhere else in the world, they have realised that neither cynicism nor false shame can alleviate sex need, and there is this to be said for China: these two attitudes toward sex were not nearly so prevalent in ancient China as they have been among us in Europe.

21

My lectures gave me very easy access to numerous Chinese and European connoisseurs of Chinese life, especially physicians, who took pains to increase my information by passing on to me their experiences in the realm of sexual knowledge.

To the outstanding names I have already mentioned I would like to add that of the anatomist Wagenseil from the University of Tungchi, who made valuable studies of the eunuchs of Peking surviving from the time of the Manchu emperors. Besides him there was the physiologist Stübel, a fine old fellow, a bachelor who has been living in China for decades, and whom I met

repeatedly. He took the standpoint that the average Chinaman, though having a high mental and often distinctly eidetic capacity, is, on the whole, physically and also as regards psychic flexibility, a considerably more infantile type than the European.

Though the absence of body hair among the Chinese has been adduced as proof of their greater immaturity, Chinese scholars, it must be confessed, are of the opposite opinion. They maintain that this smoothness of skin has rather to do with the great antiquity of their race : their skin has less hair, they say, because it has become more differentiated from the hide of an animal.

There are some—Europeans as well as Chinese—who go even a step farther and view hairlessness as a sign of degeneration, although in contradiction to this is the fact that baldness, which has often been considered a sign of degeneration, is practically unknown among the Chinese ; on the contrary, the hair on their heads is of a thickness and lustre of which few races can boast.

I have also to thank Professor Blumenstock of Tungchi University for some remarkable disclosures. He has been practising medicine in Shanghai for more than twenty years, and told me how frequently he had been called in to attend Chinese women who, after trifling quarrels with their husbands, had tried to poison themselves. He remarked upon what a strong tendency toward suicide Chinese women have, and upon the calm with which the Chinese bear pain, especially the women, who do not let a sound escape them during delivery.

He also introduced me to a wealthy Chinese silk merchant, who demonstrated the various species of Chinese prostitution to me *ad oculos* (I tell about this in another connection).

Finally another colleague took me to the house of one of the wealthiest Baghdad Jews in Shanghai, who is married to a Chinese woman but has no children, and who, for want of a family of his own, has adopted a whole lot of strangers' children. The first rule he impresses on them is not to work ; they would have their hands full if they administered the fortune earned by him. His wife introduced me to eight Russian emigrant children, all of them with bushy blond hair, whom her husband had recently adopted at one fell swoop in addition to the other children, most of them Chinese. To take a whole large family on all at once in this

fashion is a luxury which the greatest multi-millionaire would scarcely permit to himself in other countries.

My medical friends in Shanghai as well as those in Canton repeatedly told me of curious sex illnesses which have no basis in reality, but which play a large part in the imaginative life of the Chinese. I am indebted to Dr. J. H. Otto, who, with other German physicians affiliated in a so-called "Company of Doctors," runs a sanatorium in Canton, for valuable information in this regard.

Such jong, the disappearing penis, and *Soo Loo*, the so-called childbirth tuberculosis, are the most important of these sex maladies. The fear that the penis might shrink up more and more, and some day slip completely into the lower abdominal wall, seems to have been widely prevalent among the Chinese since antiquity. This fear may be based upon observations that have been made in cases of swelling of the abdomen.

Dr. Otto presents the following description as typical of cases that have come under his observation: In the middle of the night four or five people arrive to summon him in a "matter of life and death." Automobile, motorboat, sedan chair, all stand ready at his disposal. On the way, relatives and servants of the patient come to meet him. Hurry, hurry! At the house, though it is the middle of the night, all the doors stand open, and what is most unusual of all, he is not first invited to a cup of tea in the reception room, but is conducted at once into the interior of the house. There, on the edge of the bed, sits a young man of about twenty-six, his face disfigured by fear, and before him kneels his grandmother, with his wives, his nurse and many servants. With an instrument otherwise used as a gold measure, which can be opened and shut like a pair of jaws, the grandmother has seized the penis of the patient and will not release it even for examination. "I now learn," Dr. Otto continues, "that the patient has *such jong*, which means the disappearance of the male parts; he has noticed before going to sleep that his member was becoming smaller and smaller. He then called for help, and his grandmother, experienced old woman that she is, has just saved him from death, which would certainly have overtaken him had the member become still smaller and slipped completely back into the body."

In this instance, and in a great many others, Dr. Otto succeeded in setting this fear aside by means of thorough-going instruction. In other cases he failed, and these men now continue to carry their gold measures on their penises day and night, so as never again to fall into so perilous a situation.

Soo Loo is a disease of the lungs, often simply a slight bronchial catarrh, but sometimes tuberculosis of the lungs (to which China offers up such vast sacrifice). It is supposed to attack a man when he has relations with a woman before the prescribed hundred days after the birth of a child are past. A third disease to which men are subject produces less definite symptoms, the so-called "red prickles," which is supposed to set in if a man has relations with a woman during menstruation. All possible ills, from gonorrhœa to serious nervous disturbances, are attributed to this cause.

Dr. Otto observed hypochondria after masturbation and relations with prostitutes (which most frequently causes *leprophobia*) only in the case of Chinamen who had been brought up in mission schools or puritanical colleges, and, consequently because of their fears, suffered severely from self-reproach and feelings of guilt. Various such patients came to see me in Northern as well as Southern China.

Impotence, and *ejaculatio præcox*, which seem to be fairly prevalent, are most often attributed to masturbation (just as among us). The number of remedies used for these affections is simply enormous. Among them are some very expensive medications, such as the *ginsang* root, a thumb-size piece (which the patient then cuts into small fragments and takes internally) costing the equivalent of \$15 and more in a pharmacy. In view of its high price I decided, instead of the *ginsang* root, to purchase for our collection a preparation which lay beside it in the pharmacist's window, and which was offered very cheaply for the same purpose: the dried penis of a seal with the scrotum attached.

I bought this "sex remedy" for about a dollar and a quarter in Macao, one of the most singular places that I visited in China.

Macao is within four hours of Canton and within one night of Hongkong by comfortable steamer. It is the oldest European

colony in China. The Portuguese settled there in 1557, after they had ostensibly helped the inhabitants to drive the pirates out. They have remained there to the present day. The Hispano-Moorish architecture of Macao reminded me of California and Mexico, except that this foreign component is far more surprising in China than in that "mixtum compositum," America.

Stranger still is the arena of human passions into which the Europeans have converted Macao. Gambling, drunkenness and sex rage unhindered and undisguised for the benefit of the promoters. In its prospectuses Macao proudly calls itself "The Monte Carlo of the Far East."

Every gaming hell is at the same time an opium den, where one glassy-eyed addict lies quite openly beside the other; while leading off the main streets are cross streets crowded with prostitutes of every age and rank. One sees them sitting before the brothels to seduce the passerby with natural and artificial charms.

There are few places where the painted hypocrisy of the civilization of European colonisers unmask itself so nakedly as in Macao.

Outside of Macao and Tientsin, Canton, Hongkong and Shanghai gave me the clearest picture of prostitution in China. The "Flowerboats of Canton" are famous in the same way and surrounded by the same sort of romantic glamour as the Yoshiwara in Japan. Indeed, the life of prostitution that goes on aboard these boats and all around them during the evening and the night is one of the most curious in the world.

One sees whole rows of boats on the water, like floating streets of brothels. On the brightly lit decks the prostitutes exhibit themselves before gaily painted backgrounds. Past them glide hundreds of boats, like those in Venice, except that they are propelled by strong women instead of by gondoliers, filled with many natives and foreigners; and between these glide the hawkers' craft, selling every conceivable article; and gramophone boats, which, for a few coppers, will hitch up to your boat for half an hour and play European, American or Chinese records as you choose.

There are also refreshment boats, which make a speciality of the hot appetizing Sun Yat Sen Soup, prepared in huge pots, with meat stock and rice and meat balls and many vegetables. All this

activity is carried on with exemplary calm and cheerfulness, although the thick-strewn boats are often unable to move for minutes at a time, especially when large sailing vessels laden with rice or other wares stop the traffic.

Then, when the full moon pours over the broad Pearl River—a sight I was privileged to see—it all has such a magic air that even without an opium pipe one is lulled into an utter Nirvana-like forgetfulness of the world. One would like best to disconnect one's thinking apparatus and for a time at least be able to forget the glittering misery hidden behind the dazzling scenes.

Hongkong presents a very different picture from Canton. Dr. Pfister took me through the Chinese, Japanese and European prostitutes' quarter. The English Colonial Government intends to close the brothels in its Crown Colony, Hongkong, just as it has already closed the "ill-famed" Malay Street in Singapore.

I had a fairly long conversation in Hongkong with leaders of the abolition movement there, among them motherly Mrs. Forster, and the British authoress, Stella Benson, slim as a reed, who wrote in my journal :

"I believe that prostitution is a disastrous forgetting of nature," a viewpoint she expressed in more detail in a long letter after my lecture at the Women's Club.

But what ought in any circumstances to be forbidden as quickly as possible is the sale of girls for purposes of prostitution, a practice which, followed by needy parents with or without the help of dealers, is as prevalent in China as in Japan.

Furthermore, prostitution in these two countries shows fairly sharp differences. While in Japan prostitutes are most carefully registered and segregated, in China the whole matter is looked upon as a private one for all concerned. Except in the foreign settlements, there has not been the slightest medical inspection of the girls anywhere in China.

The Chinese are also lacking in the faintest comprehension of the concept of pandering. They simply cannot understand why it should be wrong or even punishable to help anyone, whether "professionally" or "habitually" in a matter which is in itself not punishable and which they consider as much to be taken for granted as eating and drinking.

Confucius (551-479 B.C.) himself said in a proverb which was written in my travel journal no less than six times :

*"Jam dsig nam noi
Jen dxi dai jog."*

("Eating, drinking and sexual intercourse are the greatest of all human instincts.")

23

Chinese prostitutes may be divided into five groups :

The sing-song girls, who correspond somewhat to the Japanese geishas, may be seen in great numbers, very prettily dressed and bejewelled, with charming innocent faces, usually riding in their rickshaws two by two, later to disappear, tripping gracefully, into the restaurants and hotels.

The lowest stratum are the "wild chickens" or "street walkers," who, from nine to one o'clock at night, occupy large blocks with their "amahs" (older servants) usually standing on the sidewalk, but frequently in the roadway, plucking passing men by the sleeve or asking to be taken along.

Still lower in this lowest class of prostitutes are the "salt water girls" (also called pheasants), who only try for sailors and therefore take their stand near the harbour.

I was able to study this lowest group not only on the streets but in a huge hall on Foochow Road in Shanghai, poetically called "Green Lotus Fleet" (in Chinese, "Chin Lin Kwock"). A high, wide staircase, packed from seven to eleven in the evening with men mounting and descending the steps, leads to colossal halls, where hundreds of brightly dressed girls between twelve and twenty years of age sit and stand and wander about, waiting with their darkly clad amahs.

Between the two extreme groups, the sing-song girls and the "wild chickens," there are the "private" "semi-private" and "public whores." The "private whores" are mostly sing-song girls who have come down in the world ; the "public whores" have usually worked up from the lowest class of "street walkers."

To the Chinese, the European way of despising girls whom one uses for sexual pleasure seems an inexplicable contradiction. That

is why they are even less inclined than the Japanese to regard prostitution as a shameful trade. Thus it is somewhat comprehensible that parents, of their own accord, so often send their daughters into this profession (or industry), and that most of the girls marry men who value their pre-marital sex experiences and have no hesitation about accepting the money and goods that the girls have saved out of their earnings as prostitutes. The *naïveté* of this conception is touchingly portrayed in an exquisite epic, *The Oil Merchant and the Prostitute*, of which Vincenz Hundhausen made a most skilful translation (the beauty of its language almost reminds one of Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*).

24

Vincenz Hundhausen is one of those Europeans—most of them Germans and Englishmen—who came to Peking to learn about it or to do business there, and who afterwards were unable to tear themselves away from the magic power of that unique city. Formerly an esteemed and active lawyer in Berlin, more than eight years ago he came to Northern China to clear up the inheritance of a man from Berlin who had lived in Peking a long time, and had acquired real estate there. Hundhausen had intended to return to Berlin in a few weeks. To-day he is still at the place he bought himself, right before the gates of the city, his fabulous lotus isle, and since that time with intelligence and artistry he has busied himself, in common with young Chinese, in translating ancient Chinese poetry and books of wisdom into German.

I will give two brief examples to show how much sweetness and humour is often linked with a great deal of philosophy of life. These translations are not Hundhausen's (whose many inscribed copies I have not at hand here) but were made by Dr. and Mrs. Pfister in Hongkong, who set them down in my journal.

Dr. Pfister chose an epigram by the poet Su Tung-po, who lived between A.D. 1036 and 1101 :

*Parents to whom a child is born
Hope he may shine by great intelligence ;
I, who have ruined my whole life
By intelligence,*

THE FAR EAST

*Will hope only that the little one
May prove ignorant and stupid.
Then some day, crowning a life of ease,
He will become—a cabinet minister.*

The following poem by Po Chu-i, which Mrs. Pfister copied into my journal under the title *The Red Cockatoo*, comes from the year 814.

*Sent as a present from Anam,
A crimson cockatoo,
Coloured like the blossoming peach,
Speaking in human tongue.
They did to him what is always done
To the wise and eloquent :
Imprisoned in a strong cage
They shut him fast away.*

In Canton, through Tao Li, to whom he once taught the history of Chinese literature, I became personally acquainted with one of the most famous Chinese poets of the present day, Kwai Nam Ping, who is now seventy years old. He dedicated a poem to me, on the subject of the Chinese scholar Dung Yung Chi, who a thousand years ago published books about sex life in poetic form, similar to Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*.

Still earlier (A.D. 702-763) lived the Chinese Heine, Li Tai Po, whose polished songs are still in every mouth.

Here are two additional examples of Po Chu-i's verses, many centuries old, illustrative of the world of thought and feeling of the Chinese people :

MY OLD HAT

*Long years ago, Li Chien,
You gave me to wear over my white hairs
A black gauze hat.
The gauze hat still sits
Upon my head,
But you
Went to the Nether Springs.
The hat is old*

*Living quietly in its place,
You, Li Chien, perished—
I will never see you again.
On the hills outside
Lies white moonlight,
On the trees of your grave
Sinks the autumn.*

LAO TSE

*" People who speak, know not.
People who know, speak not."
These words, I was told,
Were spoken by Lao Tse
If we are to believe that Lao Tse
Was of those who know—how does it happen
That he wrote a book of five thousand words ?*

I spent an unforgettably beautiful summer day on the lotus isle with Hundhausen, a somewhat harshly satirical but extremely clever personality. The intellectual highpoint of the day was Hundhausen's library, and its material high spot was a real Pekingese duck, not the least of the many specialities of Chinese cooking.

Hundhausen also tried to help me understand the Chinese theatre, to which he himself is most partial. But neither in Peking nor in Nanking or anywhere else was I able to feel as he did about it, quite in contrast to my enthusiasm for the Japanese theatre. In the over-crowded houses, as well as on the stage, upon which children continually run back and forth between the actors, and the musicians unceasingly strike fortissimo on the gong, there is such a deafening heterogeneous confusion of noise that for this reason alone it was quite unbearable for me to stay in a Chinese theatre for any length of time.

I should probably have come away with a better recollection of it had I managed to see the most important Chinese actor, Mei Lan Fang on the stage in one of his magnificent female impersonations, but as chance would have it, while I was in Northern China Mei Lang Fang was completing a tour in Southern China



MEI LAN FANG, THE CHINESE ACTOR

[Facing p. 74.]



ALICE WU MA, LEADER OF THE CHINESE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

[Facing p. 75.]

and was playing in Northern China when I was in Southern China. So I missed the valuable experience of his personal acquaintance.

That the aural nerves of the Chinese must be differently constructed from ours is almost more noticeable in a Chinese hotel than in the Chinese theatre. If you want to know China in itself, for itself and by itself, which is no simple matter for a European, you must not live exclusively in European or American hotels ; you must make up your mind to live in Chinese hotels as much as possible. As I was travelling with a Chinaman, there were no linguistic difficulties about this.

A Chinese hotel is like a homing beehive the whole night long. From almost every room drones the loud conversation, the barking cough and the ringing laughter of the mah-jong players ; over and over again the 130 domino-like pieces are thrown together with a crash, drinks are ordered with a shrieking of numbers, sing-song girls and other prostitutes are fetched, sent away, replaced by others (a man will often have twelve or more brought to him before he keeps one for the evening). The girls sing and play on zither-like instruments, doors slam, bell-boys are continually called, and even the crowds of boys in the corridors (waiters and servants) entertain themselves so hilariously that the uninitiate might suppose a palace or hotel revolution about to break out at any moment.

I repeatedly sent one of my room boys to neighbouring rooms with a plea for quiet : " An elderly gentleman, who doesn't feel very well, would like to sleep." The Chinese then apologized most charmingly, kept silence for a few moments, lowered their voices during three minutes more, and then broke out louder than ever. I stuffed cotton in my ears and gave up the struggle, only to discover at last that like the miller when the mill stops, one wakes up toward morning when the " heathen noise " ceases for a short time.

25

One is staggered by one's first sight of a large Chinese family consisting of thirty to fifty persons taking a common meal at large and small tables.

I remember that when I saw this for the first time in Shanghai

I asked the Chinese merchant who had brought me to his home, "But you're having a party here?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "We're like this every day; this is our family."

In Europe, and even to a greater extent in America, the large family has become a practically legendary concept; funerals are almost the sole occasions when all the members get together. Quite otherwise in China, where three and often four or five generations live under one roof. It made me think of my youth, when, on the birthday of my octogenarian grandmother in Stettin, fifty or more descendants and relatives gathered round her. What was even then an exception in Germany is still the rule in China.

This brings me to the problem that occupied me more than any other during my stay in China—the marriage customs. For China was the first country where I learned from my own observation about legal polygamy—polygamy in a country whose inhabitants number hundreds of millions.

It is estimated that at present about thirty per cent. of all Chinese have only one wife (partly from ethical, partly from financial, and certainly partly from psycho-sexual reasons); about fifty per cent. (among them many coolies) have two wives; about ten per cent. are married to from three to six women, while approximately five per cent. are said to have more than six, some of them thirty wives or more. Concerning Marshal Chen Chong Chang it is said that he had eighty wives, all of whom except one he paid off with money before he settled in Japan after his defeat. In Hongkong I was shown a beggar who, in addition to his chief wife, supports two regular concubines.

A man's first wife is chosen by his parents; all the others he chooses himself. Even to-day, in the majority of cases, he is married between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two to a girl whom he has never seen until the wedding and who has never seen him. There is this much to be said, that the parents on both sides are usually very careful in their choice. Thus the fathers of the girls—so I was informed by a Chinese colleague—often invite their future sons-in-law to the bath (a custom not uncommon among tradespeople as well) so as to meet undisturbed and talk comfortably.

At the same time the father takes the opportunity to have an

unobtrusive look at the physical qualifications of the candidate, cleverly tries out his power of vision by requesting him, for example, to read a sign or label (even colour blindness is discreetly tested), and attempts by similar means to make a judgment of the physical, intellectual, economic and sexual abilities of his future son-in-law. The girl is similarly examined by a woman in whom the family has confidence.

In contrast to this exacting "previous examination" is the arrangement whereby children are sometimes engaged to one another while still in their mothers' wombs, indeed, even before their conception. It may happen that two friendly couples promise one another that if the one mother bears a son, the other a daughter, the two children shall marry. Such verbal promises are strictly kept, even when one family becomes impoverished, while the other achieves great wealth. We might also mention that twin brothers are often sought out as husbands for twin sisters.

The first wife, or "number one" as she is usually called, always retains a certain priority within the family, especially in the outward forms, even when more and more wives gradually move into the household, and often with touching willingness she even helps her husband to choose them.

Frequently it is her younger relatives, especially her nieces, whom Number One recommends to her husband as concubines. The first wife formally mothers the new wives (for instance, she goes to the doctor with them when they are ill) and looks upon all their children (even when there are dozens of them) as her own.

A German teacher in Canton told me that one of his pupils, who had been much attached to him, had invited him to the farewell dinner which his father gave after he had graduated from school; the son was to study engineering in America. At table sat the seven wives of the father, an elder one, who sat with dignity in the middle, and at her either side three younger ones of remarkable beauty. The pupil told his teacher he wanted to present his two mothers; these were his father's first wife and the wife who had given him birth.

Like all Europeans, I was brought up to take monogamy for granted, and grew up in the belief that bigamy was one of the gravest crimes (although the many wives of the biblical heroes

from Abraham to Solomon seemed a bit dubious to me even at school). From personal conviction as well, I was a firm believer in monogamy as the highest form of sexual union, so I was extremely eager to hear the views of those familiar with polygamy from their own experience and observation through the course of years.

I was no little surprised to hear similar views from many Europeans, especially physicians, who visit Chinese houses a great deal, and sometimes even from European women; indeed even the missionaries expressed themselves with much greater tolerance than one would expect, to judge from the severity of their morals.

In his excellent book, *China—Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow* (1929), Dr. Werner Eichhorn stated: "It is actually true that the average European is far inferior in moral conduct to the average Chinaman." This opinion was repeated many times in the conversations I had on the subject.

Another strange thing is that many wealthy Chinese families, in spite of having numerous children of their own, also adopt—or rather, buy—girls from poorer families (usually girls between seven and thirteen years of age). There is a great deal of controversy on the question of these *munzais* (slave girls), also called "little sisters." While I was in China most indignant articles were appearing about it in British newspapers. I myself had but small praise for the custom, but an experienced Chinaman informed me that these girls, who usually come from very poor families with lots of children, are almost always better fed, better educated and better dressed by their adopted parents than would be possible in their own families, where they often suffered hunger. Then, too, they were sexually misused less often at an early age in their adopted families (where they are often made daughters-in-law), at any rate not oftener than in their original homes. So in this instance, too, the words *audiat altera pars* are true.

The father is absolute lord of the family. In ancient China he had the power of life and death over his dependants. As long as the father's father or grandfather is alive, he remains the overlord. The gravest crime was, and still is, patricide, so grave that formerly not only the murderer but his mother and all his sisters were executed too, as well as the teacher who had not trained the murderer better in his youth.

Sometimes the marks of filial piety take actually grotesque forms, as when, in the evening, a few hours before the father retires, the son lies in his bed so that any mosquitoes there may satisfy themselves on the blood of the son and thus presumably leave the repose of the father undisturbed.

In almost every house the great words of up-bringing are written on the wall. They are familiar even to those who do not know the alphabet, and are drummed into every child at an early age :

Hian—filial love

Di—obedience

Dsjun—loyalty

Sin—dependability

Li—politeness

I—willingness to sacrifice oneself

Lien—cleanliness

Ti—modesty

26

The cult of the dead is closely related to ancestor worship and the sense of family unity. The whole Chinese landscape is dominated by little burial mounds, which are mostly to be found in groups in the fields, surrounded by evergreens—a pretty sight and a beautiful custom, that a human being can rest thus, on family ground among all that was dear to him in life, both things and people.

Many Europeans smile when year in, year out, they see the daily rice being placed on the burial mound in little bowls for the dead, so that his spirit may not suffer hunger and need. For the same reason special dead-money and all sorts of objects in papier maché, even telephones and gramophones, radios and autos, accompany him on his funeral procession.

This, too, provides an instructive anecdote. A European asked a Chinaman : “ Why do you put food on the graves of your dead ; do you actually believe they are able to eat it ? ” The Chinaman answered with another question : “ Why do you lay flowers on the graves of your dead ; do you actually believe they can smell them ? ”

In most parts of China, especially the South, the dead are kept in the house as long as possible, until the geomancer has settled on the day of burial. The geomancer, like all people who make

much of themselves, is one of the important personages in Chinese life. It is he who sets the best date for everything, from weddings to the sale of a house, as well as for the day of departing on a journey and the return.

In Canton, until the day of the funeral, the deceased is kept at a "hotel of the dead," which I was shown by Consul General Wagner. I had already met this amiable and learned gentleman aboard a steamer on Lake Geneva. At the "hotel" I saw Chinese who had been brought in costly coffins from America to their native country, waiting now for the day of burial, among them one who, embalmed and standing upright in a glass coffin, stared at us with open eyes, truly a living corpse. The funeral cortèges, with their numerous bedizened carriers of gifts, musicians and pall-bearers, dressed in white (white is the usual colour of mourning in Eastern Asia as black is among us) animate the Chinese street-scene to an extraordinary degree, just like the bridal processions with their similar grouping, except that here the central place is occupied by the bride and not by the coffin.

The musicians at funerals often play popular German tunes in gay march time. While at Nanking I was awakened one morning at five o'clock by the familiar notes of the song "Fuchs, du hast die Gans gestohlen" ("Fox, you stole the goose away!"—a lively German nursery ditty). I hurried from my bed to the balcony and beheld a long funeral procession passing in front of our hotel to the sounds of this odd dirge.

27

As people in China are married more or less without being consulted in the matter, and at a very early age (mostly before they have reached sexual differentiation or erotic maturity), it is not quite easy for those who tend to deviate from the trodden path to withdraw from matrimony. Nevertheless, there are a good many bachelors and bachelor girls; many among them are, it is true, married according to the letter of the law but are taking no actual part in matrimony.

Among the girls there are thousands who refuse to marry. Some mothers are wise enough to accept the inevitable. They even announce in solemn family conclave the refusal of the daughter to live with a man. But in most cases the children yield to the

pressure exerted by their parents and enter into the marriage prescribed for them.*

After the long-drawn-out wedding ceremonies that take place in both families (of which Tretiakov's pupil has given us a vivid description) the wife or the husband avoids any physical contact and often manages cleverly to evade sharing home, table and bed.

Most consistent in this respect are the bachelor girls of the province of Kwangtung, the centre of mulberry and silk-worm culture. In the region of Suntak they have set up homes where they take refuge shortly before or after marriage, so as to be with similarly minded mates of their own sex.

As they make a fair living by unwinding the fine threads of the silk-worm cocoons, they are economically independent of men. Some of them build a little house of their own with the companion they have chosen for life and make a home.

The authorities in Canton have repeatedly, but so far unsuccessfully, attempted to do away with this matrimonial comradeship between women, a custom which is not of recent date, but very ancient.

Homosexual men are almost all of them married. But they never take concubines and later on frequently separate from the women assigned to them by their parents. Among them there were relatively few of a pronounced feminine type—most of them showed only slight feminine characteristics or seemed to be entirely virile. I also encountered every other form of intersexuality: hermaprodism, metatropism, transvestitism, and became acquainted with several cases of deficiency of the sexual glands (eunuchoidism). These microid types were easily diagnosed as such even while fully dressed.

In China the law is very peculiar in the matter of homosexuality. The punishment of homosexual acts is unknown in Chinese law, but as the foreign powers mete out justice according to their own laws, with the exception of Germany and Austria (which renounced this extra-territorial privilege after the War), it may occur, and as a matter of fact it has repeatedly happened, that if a German (or Austrian) is caught *in flagrante* with an Englishman (or American), only the Englishman (or American) is prosecuted

* Cf. Ploss Bartels: Woman, Vol. II, Chap. VII. [W. Heinemann (Medical Books) Ltd., London, 1935.]

and often very severely punished, while no proceedings whatever are brought against the German (or Austrian) who is under Chinese jurisdiction. Thus in one place and for the same act some are liable to punishment and others are not.

How severely the British authorities handle sexual legislation in their colonies and settlements could be shown by various incidents of which I learned during my stay either through the Press or through reliable persons.

It is noteworthy that the new Chinese penal law at present, as in the past, disregards homosexuality, although in its essentials it is modelled upon Japanese law, which in turn is based in its main points on German sources.

For elucidation on Chinese civil, marital and penal law I am chiefly indebted to Dr. Otto Fischer, a lawyer in Shanghai, who, shortly after my arrival, put at my disposal his vast knowledge of all legal questions concerning China. He is one of those who made it possible for me to learn in a relatively short time so much about present conditions in China.

I feel it my duty to express gratitude to Agnes Smedley, whom I had already met in Berlin, the courageous and well-informed champion of the movement for Indian and Chinese liberty, at that time correspondent for German newspapers in Shanghai; and to F. Plaut, brother of the Berlin expert, head of the most important news service, the "Transoceana," a man thoroughly familiar with China, who recorded in my travel diary the observation that the European viewpoint emphasizes the rapid progress of the mechanization of the Far East to the extent of overlooking the much more important fact that these peoples are being uprooted in their innermost family and social life.

28

I spent the last weeks before my departure as guest at the house of Dr. Pfister in Hongkong. The house itself is situated half-way up a mountain, a comparatively cool and agreeably breezy location, though a bit stormy when the typhoon blows (in Chinese *tai* means big, and *fun* wind) and forces the window panes out of their frames. The broad terrace commands a superb view across the wide and animated harbour of Hongkong as far as the city of Kwoon, with the massive structure of its Peninsula Hotel.

Like many others, I was under the erroneous impression that Hongkong is the name of a city ; as a matter of fact it is the old Chinese name for the island, on which is situated a sizable town named Victoria, which is commonly called Hongkong. The island was taken possession of by the English as a " crown colony " following the opium war some eighty years ago. The landscape, with its subtropical vegetation, its magnificently cared for roads, with their fine vistas, is an unforgettable picture. On the " Peak," a fairly high and picturesque mountain, best described by its name, is the Peak Hotel, within fifteen minutes of the landing place by funicular railway. The harbour of Hongkong is like those of Naples and Rio—among the most beautifully situated in the world.

The houses are rather old-fashioned, and, one must confess, it seems strange in such a paradise, particularly in a British colony, to be obliged, in the place of modern plumbing, to use a common pail, which is carried out by the ever-ready boy. But otherwise the hospitable dwellings on Conduit Road left nothing to be desired, physically or mentally.

Not mentally at any rate, for the pervading spirit in Pfister's house was pure Heidelberg. Born at Heidelberg, he was for a time assistant to the neurologist Erb, who also exerted a strong influence upon me. Later on Pfister travelled all over the world as private physician to King Chulalongkorn of Siam, who is reputed to have had two hundred children (possibly a dozen more or a dozen less). Then he obtained his English doctor's degree in London, which entitled him to settle down as a physician in the British colony of Hongkong. Now he is known everywhere as " the German doctor," who treats patients of forty-five nationalities every year, as he showed me by his files. When all Chinese and other physicians have exhausted their skill, in Hongkong, as in Shanghai, Canton and Peking, the family finally decides to call in " the German doctor." Until that has been done they do not feel they have fulfilled their filial or parental duties.

Among Pfister's writings on China I value most what he has published in the crusade against opium. In an article that appeared in 1924 in the *Münchener Medizinischer Wochenschrift* (" Munich Medical Weekly ")—and, as I was able to observe, conditions have not improved since then—he fittingly wrote : " What

good does it do, if thousands of missionaries apply 'soul-massage' to a poor people while other representatives of Christianity bless them with the diabolical products of our civilization—alcohol and narcotics? ” And furthermore, “on the one hand, we encounter a clear awareness of the fact that opium is a maleficent poison to China, on the other a bestial greed for gain, indifferent to the ruin of an entire people.”

According to law, opium is, of course, forbidden, but in reality corruption and hypocrisy as regards opium do not fall short of America's former corruptness in the matter of alcohol. When you ask people whether they know that it is forbidden to plant opium, to sell or to use it, they answer with a smile that they are naturally aware of the law, but that they also know the exact amount of the penalty for every piece of land on which opium is grown, a fine collected just as if it were a tax.

The opium growers simply go to the authorities and voluntarily declare that they have broken the law and have come to pay their fine. Upon getting their receipt they may return to their fields, plant, harvest and sell their opium. The sum which individual provinces take in from opium fines, etc., amounts to more than fifteen millions dollars per year.

In some provinces, especially where the generals—Tuchuns—have usurped independent power, the trade is under monopoly. With the large sums that the military governors take in from the opium trade they not only enrich themselves, but also pay their soldiers. The selling-post these hypocrites quite shamelessly call anti-opium or anti-narcotic bureaux.

Figuring per capita, the yearly consumption of opium in China amounts to thirty-one grams, the quantity consumed by individuals per day varies from one-half to thirty grams. In Germany the annual per capita consumption is 0.1 gram, and in America, the country with the next highest opium consumption after China, it is 2.3 grams.

China, by the wrong mode of attack, has pushed the sale of opium from broad daylight into hidden places, and especially into private homes, where there is no attempt to conceal the smoking utensils, and the guest, as I myself discovered on several occasions, is invited to smoke a pipe with his host.

Opium has a detrimental effect upon sexual potency, for which

the images of sexual objects and sexual scenes that sometimes appear in the opium trance are but slight compensations. Since the World War morphine has become a great competitor of opium. This drug is not produced within the country, but imported in huge quantities, on the cleverest pretexts, for instance, as "an antidote against opium addiction." Dr. Pfister says that Japan is supposed to play a large part in the smuggling of morphine. He and I frequently had long discussions on the problems of opium, prostitution and marriage in China, and on other questions of equal interest to the psychologist and sex expert. His wife and I also shared many common interests. She is just as sincere, highly intelligent and fine a person as her husband, and like him comes from the Heidelberg milieu. She is the daughter of Königsberger, the famous mathematician and biographer of Helmholtz. Something about her reminded me of the women of my family, especially my two elder sisters, and indeed, one afternoon as we sat on the terrace having tea and talking animatedly about people in Germany and the world in general, we discovered that we had two mutual relatives, even though they were but distantly related and had only married into the family.

29

The hour when I had to leave China was approaching. On June 12th Dr. Pfister had come to fetch me at the *Empress of Canada* at Kwalong. Before the tender took us to Hongkong we were obliged to stay on board for hours in the scorching sun. A Filipino had run amok and shot two Chinese steerage passengers during the voyage from Honolulu to Hongkong, and this necessitated a long examination by the authorities upon the scene of the crime, so nobody was permitted to leave the boat.

On July 4th, Dr. Pfister, Tao Li and I boarded the same tender, which this time took us to the American liner *President Cleveland*. Consul Hahn and his delightful daughter, and fourteen members of the Tao family, bade us farewell. Then China sank into the sea of the past, not to be forgotten. While the American passengers en route to the Philippines noisily celebrated their Independence Day in the dining-room, I retired to a quiet bench on the upper deck. From there I gazed at China disappearing into the distance,

and, thinking over the three parts of my trip up to that time, I came to the following conclusions :

One has to admire Japan ; China one must love. But it is not alone the soul of a country that contains so much kindness, beauty and wisdom that kindles this love for China—it has its roots quite as much in sympathy for a people which has suffered so infinitely for the sake of its patience and humility.

Over and over my thoughts returned to Sun Yat Sen. I had by this time come to know almost all the way-stations of his life : Honolulu, where he went to school, Hongkong and Canton, where he studied medicine, Tokyo, where, on January 16th, 1907, before an assemblage of five thousand Chinese, he presented the key points of his programme for China's future. Then the places where he made his appearance as the founder of the Kuomintang party, mainly at Peking. It was here that, during the revolution of 1911-12, the three main points of his programme were realized in part, and in part seemed close to fulfilment : the downfall of the Manchu rule, the founding of a democratic republic, and a socialistic organization of the Chinese State. But, just as in other countries, internal strife hindered the peaceful progress and conclusion of the revolution.

At Peking I also visited the German hospital where Sun Yat Sen died on April 25th, 1925, at the age of fifty-nine, of cancer of the liver. Himself an intelligent physician, he was clearly aware that the end was near, and he wrote a short testament. It is now inscribed on all his monuments and it is read as if it were a national anthem at the opening and close of all public functions and of Chinese cinema and radio performances.

The hero-worship that has grown up around the dead Sun Yat Sen keeps increasing and is no less fervent than the Lenin cult in Russia or the Bismarck cult in the Germany of my youth. Even Bismarck herring recurs in Sun Yat Sen soup. This glorification of the " Father of the Republic " finds its strongest and most characteristic expression in the fact that his testament has become a kind of new paternoster which day by day millions of Chinese impress over and over upon their minds.

PART II
INDONESIA

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INDONESIA

30

ON the second leg of my tour I visited the Philippines, Celebes, Java, Bali and Sumatra. All of these islands, inhabited almost exclusively by a brown, Malayan people, have long ago lost their independence, and at present are under foreign rule ; the first named under American, and the others under Dutch domination.

I had not originally intended to travel from Hongkong to Singapore, both of which ports are in British hands, over the long route across the Sunda Sea. In fact passage had already been booked and everything prepared to take the shorter route by way of French Indo-China and Siam. Lectures had even been arranged for at Bangkok, the capital of Siam, and at Penang, a half-way coaling station between Bangkok and Singapore which is also under British control. But physicians whose acquaintance I had made in the south of China (Canton and Hongkong) had warned me so emphatically against exposure to the devastating heat during July and August that, whatever the consequences, I was compelled to abandon my original arrangements.

In the south of China I had already experienced as much heat as I shall ever want to. How thoroughly exhausting, both physically and psychically, a tropical climate can be to a European not accustomed to it, particularly when he is past sixty ! So to expose oneself to a climate more torrid still than that of South China seemed far too hazardous, even if changing plans meant missing the magnificent temple ruins of Ankor-Vat. Accordingly, I changed my plans at the last minute, glad as I would have been to trace the footsteps of my favourite among French authors, Pierre Loti, through Tonkin, Annam and Cambodia, a trip which would have afforded the opportunity of personal insight into sexual conditions in the French Foreign Legion.

In her East-Asiatic colonies, as in her North African posses-

sions (Algeria and Tunis), France maintains regiments gathered together from among the adventurers and desperadoes of all nations. By far the greatest percentage of them are Germans. Many of them, particularly those who are cut off from the fatherland under threat of legal punishment, adapt themselves to whatever they find, get raised to higher rank—and grow unbearably dull. But many of them, tortured by the hellish heat, the scarcity of women and the military degradation, brood over their misery endlessly, scheming day and night. Frantic in their boredom, they are obsessed by one idea, to escape their martyrdom—even for a more precarious future.

A number of them actually manage to reach (and cross) the Chinese border, which is not far distant. From there they push on to the coast, a struggle that lasts for a month or more.

The consulates in Canton and Hongkong have their hands full sheltering these poor fugitives and sending them home.

I managed to meet two of them and got to know them intimately. Luckily they had reached the sea—but only after tracking ninety-two days on foot through hostile Chinese country. There were four of them when they escaped from the Foreign Legion. Two weeks later one of their comrades vanished literally into thin air. The other lasted six weeks, then became ill, developed a high fever and died in the open country, convinced, in his delirium, that he was back home again in Silesia.

Sitting on the balcony of their little room in the Y.M.C.A. at Kwloon, we gazed out on Hongkong bathed in gorgeous moonlight. The long-spun tale of these two Foreign Legionnaires painted a most vivid picture of life in the Foreign Legion, one that agreed in all its essentials with the accounts to be found in the pre-war literature on the subject.

Superficially, even the structure of Indo-China's name suggests the union of those two largest of all the population groups of the world, the Hindu and the Chinese. But more significantly, the name strikingly expresses the cultural crossing of these two world-embracing empires. On one side we see that, long before Europe "discovered" these countries, the Chinese element had migrated as far as Malacca, Java and even far beyond (in Singapore, for instance, to-day there are three hundred thousand

Chinese out of a total population of four hundred thousand). On the other hand, we everywhere come upon traces of the Hindus' (Indians') craft. They, as their name suggests, came originally from the district of the Indus River.

From there they forged their way through to the realms of East India, Dutch India, Insulinde and Indonesia, all names which to this very day would give testimony of their early presence, even had they left no other vestiges.

But if most of their traces have been covered over by subsequent waves of Buddhistic and Islamic culture, the remains of the Hindu temple with its lingam-symbol of the god Siva bespeak their presence eloquently enough.

In the long run the tropics are no place for a white man. This talk of acclimatization is a fairy tale, and exceptions are few and far between. On the contrary. This is the rule: the longer a white man lives in the tropics the lazier he feels, both physically and mentally, the duller and stupider he becomes.

It seemed incredible to some of my European friends, who had spent ten years and more in the tropics, that I was able to give so many lectures and to carry out so intensive a schedule of mental work in that ungodly heat. I myself feel that it was only possible in the first flush of excitement; that I was drawing only on the heightened energy released by the constant bombardment of strange impressions.

Once this initial excitement wears off, most Europeans look for new ways to revive themselves. They take refuge in stimulants and narcotics. First and foremost, they depend on whisky and soda (with which Scotland has flooded the world) to stir them out of their mental torpor, whipping themselves to what was formerly a normal state of tension—if only for an hour or two. The much discussed tropical fever is, in my opinion, attributable to a great extent to alcoholic excess. The body, enervated and weakened by the heat, reacts pathologically to this stimulant rather than directly to the tropical climate.

In the tropics the family of a white man married to a white woman scarcely ever survives for more than three generations.

Of course, there are exceptions, but they are as scarce as a "white crow." It is almost a rule that the "pure-blooded" family is doomed in the third generation. It is a different matter when a white man born in the tropics has children by a native woman—which frequently happens in Java.

The cross-breeds resulting from these unions (in Java these Eurasians are called "Indos") usually bring forth well-built, mentally well-endowed offspring. One hears over and over again (in good faith and without malice) that these half-breeds are sterile, but this assertion, though frequently used to frighten people away from such unions, is without foundation in fact, as is likewise the notion that the children of such marriages mysteriously draw to themselves only the undesirable characteristics of both races and none of their good qualities. Such myths are indeed no more than fear-inspiring devices, even though they are sometimes entertained by well-meaning if gullible persons.

In my opinion it is important that we should give far more serious consideration than we have in the past to the counsel of nature in matters of colonization and colonial politics. Nature in its primordial sense, *natura*, nature the procreator, has proved her intentions clearly enough by the fact that at least Asia and Africa, presumably, have nurtured coloured races for hundreds of thousands of years.

European peoples should give up their right to the possession of countries to which they have no biological claim, if for no other reason than that they simply cannot survive there for any length of time—at least not without intermarriage. This would not preclude trade relations with the yellow, brown and black races, nor would it stand in the way of any cultural advantages we might bring to them.

Japan has demonstrated pretty well what the relations between the white and the coloured races must be. What they should not be has been shown in Africa and Asia. I am speaking here not as a politician but as a biologist; and as a European intentionally avoiding the point of view of any particular European Power. The point I am making is rather one that applies to all European powers.

In this connection I make one further observation: the more intimately one mixes with Asiatic races the more clearly one per-

ceives that many of them entered the War under the instigation of their foreign rulers.

The further one travels along the Indian Ocean the more frequently one comes upon the expression "the German War" rather than "World War" or "Great War." At first I believed that this term suggested a certain resentment, but I soon discovered another meaning behind it. It was the "German War" to them because they saw Germany struggling against the same great allied powers under whose pressure the Asiatic countries are themselves being crushed.

As a result, Germany has really benefited in the goodwill of this billion of oppressed men and women who constitute one-half of the world's population. In the event of colonial wars of independence, Germany will benefit still more. In the course of my travels investigating folk-psychology I have grown convinced that such great "wars of liberation" are inevitable.

We may give all due recognition to the unquestioned practical benefits which, for example, the rule of the United States produced in the Philippines, Holland in the Dutch East Indies, and England in her enormous "spheres of interest" (vested interest) throughout Asia and Africa—such as the building of roads, sanitation and agriculture. These achievements are truly imposing. But it nevertheless remains a fact that all these benefits cannot change the instinctive mass psychology of these people and the instinct to ward off outsiders. This psychological "something," inborn and working unseen in all men, is the irrepressible impulse for freedom. The outmoded relation between man and slave is preserved in colonial politics between nation and dominion. The wealthy slaveholder also saw to the well-being of his human lives—just as he saw to the well-being of his horses and dogs. Within their master's domain the slaves felt themselves taken care of, protected, better than they would have been able to look after themselves in their individual struggle for existence. But despite this, something in their souls rebelled. It is most pithily expressed in the Schleswegian aphorism: "Lewer dot als slav." (Rather dead than a slave.)

It is precisely the same with native peoples. Even when they are inwardly convinced that, at least superficially, they have more to lose than to gain by winning their independence, the

ideal gain is more valuable in their eyes than the material loss. These psychological undercurrents are highly deserving of observation by the dispassionate student of human nature, and particularly by the sex expert who draws his analogies and quickly grasps the merits of the case. It is no problem for him to see that a psychologically rooted, natural wish for self-determination eloquently pleads for one side, while nothing more than an encroachment on personal freedom argues for the other. There is, after all, no doubt about it : future generations will regard the holding of colonies just as we regard the holding of slaves.

My learned and experienced colleague, Dr. Sparmann, working in Bandung (a city in Southern Java), has arrived at a conclusion concerning the adaptability of the "whites" to the tropics which strikes me as most noteworthy. In a lecture which he gave before the Free Society of Surgeons of Vienna in March, 1929, he said (I quote from the reprint in the *Vienna Clinical Weekly* of 1929, vol. 19) : "We Europeans, coming as we do from countries of moderate climate, decidedly do not belong in the tropics, and *no European returns with unimpaired health after a prolonged residence there*—I mean from fifteen to twenty years. . . . European women are particularly affected by it ; blondes, with their lesser pigmentation, to a greater extent than brunettes. One of the reasons for their poor resistance is their position as European ladies, by virtue of which they must live in enforced idleness, even in their own households.

"I have repeatedly observed," Sparmann continues, "that in this European group the balance of the endocrine system, in particular, is fundamentally upset. The consequences are a peculiar disposition to excessive corpulence, mental inertia, and, not the least alarming, dysmenorrhœa, frequently with imminent psychic disturbances. It is quite different in the case of European children, especially those who are born in Java and who live in the cooler mountain climates. Their physical development is unusually intensive, and time and again it has been observed that puberty in these children sets in several years earlier than it does in Europe." Sparmann goes on to point out that the development of stone in the bladder or kidney "occurs with distressing frequency" among Europeans in the tropics, even during their first or second year.

The adaptability of white women to the tropics is not greater than that of men ; if anything, it is less. Until thirty years ago a European very rarely came to the tropics with a woman of his own race. This was true of the East Indies as well as of other countries. The custom was that as soon as he engaged a native female servant, it became part of her duty to satisfy him sexually.

The native women were extremely pleasant, self-effacingly so, and often gave their masters unbelievable devotion and affection, particularly after they had borne them children. It frequently happened in Java that Europeans, touched by such great love and loyalty, married these women. In doing so they also intended to insure a happier future for the offspring.

Since the World War this custom has definitely changed. The number of European women who follow their husbands to the tropics has steadily increased. For the first few months, almost all of them feel very well. The total change of environment stimulates them. But after a relatively short period, most of them become aware of serious physical disturbances. This condition is aggravated by a want of occupation involuntarily imposed upon them. As a matter of course all duties of house and kitchen are quietly discharged by natives at scarcely any expense, so that nothing remains for the European wife but to spend the day in peaceful quietude (which might also be called slothfulness).

In my experience the happiest and healthiest European women in the tropics are the professional workers, for example, the women doctors. I became acquainted with any number of them from Manila to Batavia, and it seemed to me that these stable, intelligent, capable and industrious women, many of whom are married to physicians, were, of all European women, best fortified against the tropics.

During pregnancy many Europeans send their wives "back home." This custom, which was probably first introduced by English officers and civil service men, involves something more than mere climatic and hygienic considerations. Certainly they were under the impression that to have been born in Brighton or London was more "genteel," and would be more socially con-

venient to the future earth-dweller, then to have been born merely in Hongkong, Singapore or Colombo.

But this much is true, that whereas the confinement of native women in the tropics is exceedingly easy—the women doctors I have just mentioned told me of some astonishing instances—for the white woman it is on the whole far more difficult than in Europe.

On the other hand, the widespread opinion that the menstrual flow of European women is interrupted in the tropics, or at any rate changed, does not seem to correspond with facts. The notion is presumably associated in theory with the long familiar observation that menstruation begins two years earlier in hot climates, and two years later in cold climates, than it does in our temperate zone.

The German anthropologist, Professor Rodenwaldt, who has been the Javanese government physician in Surabaya for many years (I met him first in Bali and later again in Surabaya) recently composed a questionnaire for European women which included a query on menstrual changes in the tropics. Eighty per cent. of the women reported that they had observed no difference between their periods in Europe and in Asia, 10 per cent. replied that their periods had improved, the remaining 10 per cent. said that they had become worse.

A comparatively large number of the Europeans I met in the tropics told me they had had to send their wives and small children back home. I suspected that the real cause was not nearly so often "female disorders" in the narrow sense of the term as general disorders of the circulatory and nervous systems, frequently associated with metabolic derangement.

The attempt to "import" large numbers of European women into the tropics has naturally led to all sorts of romantic complications and conflicts. As an example I need relate only one of many stories. The chief character was a plantation owner with whom I became personally acquainted in East Java.

He was a coffee planter, well over forty. His hair was ash-blond and his eyes were clear blue, a true Nordic type from Hanover. For more than twenty years he had been living with a Malayan wife who had borne him two children. Urged by his German relatives and his Dutch associates, he decided one day to

go back to Germany and marry a childhood sweetheart. She was painted to him as a paragon of feminine virtue, and he had already entered into ardent correspondence with her. The frequently recurring "Do you remember?" of her letters had tenderly predisposed him in her favour, as it has so many others before him, and his resistance was broken.

The Malayan woman and her children left his house before his departure, with a handsome settlement. After he went away, she cried softly to herself the whole day through, and then, for months after, her wailing grew louder and louder until the people of her village did not know whether to envy her her handsome settlement or commiserate with her in her grief.

Six months later her "husband" returned to his coffee plantation—alone. What had happened? After an oppressive struggle with himself only a few weeks before the marriage, which had already been announced, he had broken his engagement. To be sure, his childhood sweetheart was a paragon of feminine virtue, but in his eyes this very superiority was her chief fault. The day after his return he took the Malayan woman and both her children back into his home. Since that time she has delighted him with a third little hybrid.

Now throughout the whole village and all the neighbouring communities, they say that the Malayan women resorted to a magic charm so potent that the white man was unable to free himself from her. Even Europeans are contaminated by these superstitions, and a countrywoman of mine from Pomerania, otherwise well-informed, once asked me in all earnestness whether I did not think that love-spells were possible. My answer was that every woman can indeed "bewitch" a man, that even a brown woman can cast her spell over a white man; but to do this she need have no magic charm hidden in her husband's trunk; her natural charm suffices. On one person it may have no effect whatever, to another it may prove so disturbing that he is indeed "enchanted" or "bewitched."

The love-charm, I said, is nothing mystical: it is merely a natural sexual-psychological phenomenon.

Belief in artificial love-charms is just as widespread in East Asia as the belief in fertility charms. Squatting in every market

place, large or small, old women are seen offering a variety of objects and services which presumably have this sort of magic power. Before the eyes of the marketera—mostly women—they mix all kinds of dried roots, stems, blossoms and leaves which, after they are brewed, will work miracles as “ magic potions ” and “ love potions.”

Many of these old hags go about their tricks in a most mysterious fashion. In Samarang, Java, accompanied by a Javanese physician, I visited the shop of one of these Malay women. As a “ sorceress of love and fecundity ” she was supposed to possess extraordinary powers of healing. My companion told this imposing figure of a woman, who was about fifty years old, that I had expressly come all the way from Berlin to Samarang to have my potency restored by her aid. Inasmuch as she was very famous in East Java, and consequently immensely pleased with herself, this communication seemed perfectly credible to her.

She forthwith sent out her daughter (another brown beauty only half her mother's age) to summon the various women with whom she would have to hold consultation. She thought my case especially difficult, and yet she had neither examined me nor asked any specific questions. It was most amusing to see the eight wise women, mother and daughter and six others of the same species, all with extremely serious faces, sitting around a table in the back room and conferring in whispers—only to inform me, after several hours, that I would have to return in three days. They would need all that time to compound the potion which would assuredly help me.

In East Java the wife of a European physician told me of the following experience : An old Malay woman overtook her in the market-place and asked her whether she would like to buy a magic stone with which she could win the love of any man. She laughingly declined the offer. The old woman, however, would not give up and recounted miracle after miracle worked by her magic stone, which cost only five guilders (about twelve shillings), with the result that my friend finally permitted the woman to show it to her. It was a polished stone in the natural size and shape of an erect penis. “ It only works,” the woman added, “ if you carry it with you always.” When threatened with the police she went away sorely disappointed. “ It's too bad,” my friend

said to me. "If I had known at the time that you would be coming here, I would have bought the magic stone for your Institute."

The Malay midwives occupy themselves especially with the magic of love and fertility ; one might almost call it part of their profession. In the Philippines one sees these robust women, their lips clenching a cigar which scarcely leaves their mouths, even during confinement cases. These midwives do not cut the umbilical cord but burn it with the tip of their glowing cigar and then tie it up. They claim that this method of severing the cord is at least as sterile if not more so than the customary use of scissors.

I owe this bit of information, and many more as well, to the rich store of observations collected by that remarkable specialist for women and children, Dr. Margarete Hasselmann-Kahlert. Both she and her husband, who is also a physician, carry on a very extensive practice in Manila. I am particularly grateful to her for the cordiality she extended me, as colleague and fellow-countryman, during my four-day visit in Manila, despite the great demands on her time.

34

On July 6th, after a pleasant two days' trip across the South China Sea, our *President Cleveland* reached Manila. In addition to the usual newspapermen and press photographers the affable German Consul Rudolph came aboard to receive me. I was also welcomed by my colleague, Dr. Hasselmann, who, in spite of his comparative youth, had won an enviable reputation for himself in the scientific world through his numerous valuable works on tropical diseases.

Dr. Hasselmann introduced me to the Governor General of the Philippines, who had appeared on deck to welcome some relatives returned from America.

The American newspaper reporters, who had boarded the steamer along with the pilot, immediately confronted me with a number of questions. Obviously they had no idea of the intricate associations their queries brought up, nor of the time it would take to give even partially intelligent answers.

They asked me, for instance : "What do you think of the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood? Do you regard

companionate marriage as preferable to ordinary marriage? *And what about women?* " And so on, in rapid succession.

When we wished to go ashore, the first difficulty arose. They would not permit my Chinese fellow-traveller to land. " American territory is closed to the yellow race," the immigration officer declared; and no explanation or argument on our part could succeed in making him change his stand. I objected that in this case it was not a question of permanent residence, but simply of a short, transient stay in my company. The American vice-consul in Hongkong had himself made out a transit-visa for the young man, who, after all, was not a Chinese subject but a British one, having been born in Hongkong. All of my arguments, however, were of no avail, for we could not gainsay the fact that Li was a Chinaman, and that was sufficient cause to bar him.

It was only with the support of the Chinese consul, and after many troublesome formalities and the deposition of passports, that we finally did succeed in obtaining permission for my travelling-companion to set foot on Philippine soil, and that only until the departure of the next ship.

The Philippines are " the only Christian country in Asia "—thus Cook's prospectuses inform us, not without a certain pride. But these same prospectuses pass over in silence the fact that this perhaps is not a case of a voluntary change of religion, or even of a conversion, but of a change dictated by law.

When, three hundred years ago, the Spaniards annexed the islands, they summarily decided " from next month on, all Filipinos shall be Catholics." Thanks to this edict, the fourteen million inhabitants of the Philippine Islands to-day nominally belong to the Christian faith, but they practise it little, though, during the Spanish rule, they were certainly kept busy building churches.

Manila has a marvellously beautiful waterfront, along which I often drove. It stretches from the Spanish harbour, where one could still see the hulls of the Spanish men-of-war sunk by the American navy during the Spanish-American War, down to Fort McKinley at the other end. Midway along this sweeping drive stands the Manila Hotel, sumptuously fitted out and decorated in American style, with its enormous dance floor fronting the sea.

The buildings, dress, customs, and above all the people of the city, represent a peculiar mixture of Filipino, Spanish and American characteristics. The pretty two-horse carriages, which I used by preference, and the luxurious automobiles from Detroit, symbolize, in their brotherly juxtaposition, the Spanish past and the American present. The yellowish-brown skinned Filipinos are small, graceful, extremely friendly and clever men and women most of whom have comely faces. Their appearance clearly indicates that they stem from a mixture of Mongolian and Malayan races which once fused on these islands.

The descendants of these original inhabitants still live in the high mountain ridges, and, like the Ainos of Japan, the Veddas, the American Indians and many other prehistoric races, they seem destined to a more or less rapid extinction as soon as what we call civilization encroaches upon them.

35

Among the original inhabitants of the Philippines all sorts of unusual sexual customs are to be found. For example, a Dutch ethnologist of the University of Batavia who had explored the Philippines by order of the Dutch Government, told me that he had repeatedly come across tribes where a number of men habitually dressed in female garb and a group of women went clothed as men. At length this phenomenon explained itself by the fact that these individuals declared themselves unwilling to marry. The entire village knows and respects these hermaphrodites.

When difficult problems arise their advice is often sought, and they must be present at marriages and ceremonials of puberty, for they are regarded as bearers of good luck. In addition, they are in the habit of entertaining the entire company with their stories, songs, jokes and dances. Later I heard of a similar custom on the island of Celebes in the Malayan Archipelago. Some time ago a Dutch explorer published an extensive study concerning the men-women and women-men of that island.

To my colleague, Dr. Margarete Hasselmann, I am especially indebted for valuable information derived from her own study and observation of the sexual life of the native tribes of the Philip-

pires. This enterprising woman, who often used her vacations to roam through the remote regions rarely visited by an American or European, has the necessary training and freedom from prejudice.

For example, among the Bontoc Igorots, mountain folk who live in the northern part of Luzon, the largest island of the Philippines, there exists a definite form of trial marriage. At puberty the boys and girls are taken to a communal house, called an *olog*, by their parents. Here they mate by their own free choice and live monogamously. As soon as a girl becomes pregnant, the actual marriage ceremony is celebrated. From then on husband and wife stop living in the community house and establish an independent household in a hut of their own.

On Mindanao, the second largest and most southerly island of the Philippine group, live the Moros, who have adopted the Mohammedan religion. According to the rules laid down in the Koran, every Moro has the right to take four wives, as well as an unlimited number of concubines. The Moro selects his first wife with the aid of his parents, but neither he nor his parents participate in the choice of his second, third and fourth legal wives. It is the first wife who selects the others, and thus she remains the real mistress of the household. She allows her husband to follow his own taste only in the selection of his concubines, yet these unfortunate females must, as domestic servants, submit in every way to the first wife.

The Moro stains his and his wives' teeth black—whenever this has not been done in their childhood—and generally also the teeth of those of his children who are above three or four years of age. First the enamel is filed off and then a solution of lemon juice, areca nut and betel nut kernels is applied. This dyes the teeth jet-black.

When Dr. Hasselmann asked the Moros the reason for this strange disfiguration, she received the following reply: "The dog has white teeth; the Moro is no dog, that is why he dyes his teeth black."

"These Moro women," she informed me, "would often touch my hips as I walked among them. They believed that by touching me they would become fertile and give birth to white children. Even in regions where the women had never before seen a white

woman they did this. They only touched *me*—never a white man." This is a further contribution to the superstitions surrounding the subject of fertility—a form of superstition which prevails to an inconceivable degree not only in the East Indies but also among other peoples of East Asia.

Neither Catholicism in the Philippines nor Mohammedanism in Java has been able to alter in any essential these primitive conceptions, including the firm belief in the existence of evil spirits. To protect the home and the family against these spirits the most curious customs have been handed down from one generation to another for thousands of years.

On most islands of the East-Asiatic Archipelago, the native does not stop at trying to frighten away evil spirits. He also tries to deceive them in various ways. For instance, he will give female first names to his male children, and, by putting them in girls' clothing, or by keeping the birth itself an absolute secret for a certain length of time, hope to mislead the spirits.

But is not fear of the unknown, of the unexpected danger, the original cause from which arise nearly all the ideas, sensations and actions of man—above all superstition and faith, with their manifold variations?

When the Spaniards, instead of recommending Christianity to the inhabitants of the Philippines, simply commanded them to adopt that religion, the white men tried to replace the native's fear of spirits and ghosts by the fear of God. It was simply a matter of substituting one kind of fear for another. The fear-driven aborigines did not realize the essential difference, and even when they went to church, they retained the primitive beliefs of their fathers.

36

During the four days I spent in Luzon I spoke before a German, an American and a Philippine audience. This lecture, in German, about *Sex and Love Customs of Mankind*, took place in the beautiful garden of the German club, before the fairly large German colony, which expressed its appreciation by surprising me with a generous fee—incidentally, the largest one I received for any single lecture made during my entire world tour.

One of the two lectures I delivered in English took place in

the Rotary Club, the other in the Philippine Government University.

In many places I spoke to otherwise intelligent and competent people who felt almost degraded because they had been excluded from membership in the Rotary Club. These clubs are to be found everywhere nowadays. It is said that there are more than seven thousand of them in the world. The members meet in the principal hotels of the city and invite prominent travellers as guests to their weekly meetings. In some places their customs are of a rare *naïveté*, probably intended to suggest good-fellowship. Before my lecture in Manila the gentlemen sang a sort of "Schunkelwalzer,"¹ rocking the while arm in arm, in time to the music, so that it was no easy task for me to establish the serious atmosphere which the scientific character of my presentation required.

On the day I addressed this Manila audience, consisting almost entirely of Americans, I also delivered a lecture at the Philippine Government University in Manila at four in the afternoon. The latter lecture, at which the president of the university, an erudite Filipino, presided, was given in the open. I spoke on the spacious lawn which stretched between the university buildings.

Several thousand Filipino students of all departments were present, among them many girls. Most of them sat under a covered grandstand, while I stood on a roofed platform or stage on which the entire staff of the University and many other Philippine and American "notables" were seated.

Among the University professors with whom I came in contact during my stay in Manila, two in particular have left a lasting impression—one an Austrian, the other a German from Hamburg. The former had been a resident of the country for twenty years and the latter for fifty years. Both had become rooted in the soil of their new Fatherland and were happily married to Asiatic women. I refer to Professor Schöbel and Professor Scherer.

Professor Schöbel has made valuable contributions to the subject of *frambæsia*, a disease which is relatively common in the Philippines. Its bacillus so closely resembles that of syphilis that for years scientists have disputed their respective identities.

¹ Note: There is no exact English equivalent. The word indicates a waltz, sung or played, to be danced with the characteristic German "dip" or accompanied by the rocking movement described in the text. "Rocking waltz" would be about correct.

When in 1906 Neisser was making his experiments with regard to the contagiousness of syphilis, he joined in this debate.

Since, compared with syphilis, *frambæsia* is a mild disease, the two species of spirochæte in all probability are different internally, in spite of their confusing resemblance. Yet other possibilities, relating to the individual constitution of each patient, have also to be considered.

Old Professor Scherer, who in appearance reminded one of Bismarck, gave the impression of having come to Manila from Hamburg not later than yesterday, although fifty years have elapsed since his arrival. During this period he has never gone back to Europe. He came out here as a young business man, began to study the Malayan languages in his leisure hours, and acquired such mastery in them that he was offered the chair of Malayan languages in the University of Manila, which he occupied for many decades. He first married a Malayan woman and, after her death, he remarried, this time a Javanese or a Japanese. His third wife was a Malayan Filipino.

At his pleasant villa I saw several of his children, well-built and healthy ; also a twenty-year old son, with his father's height and his mother's brown skin. Another son is one of the most successful lawyers in Manila.

When I discussed the question of mixed marriages with this experienced professor he said : " The success or failure of a marriage doesn't depend on the race, but entirely on the individual. My wives were all from the upper class, well-bred and well-educated. That is why my marriages have turned out well.

" Because of the prevalence of strong prejudices, Europeans can generally marry only women of the lower classes ; and those Europeans who take this step are often persons who deviate from the normal type of the particular class of society into which they were born. It is no wonder, then, that the children of such a union do not turn out to be normal types. Only the personal heritage, and not the individual's race, has eugenic significance. As these misconceptions gradually disappear, ' natural selection,' in the sense in which the expression was used by Darwin and Galton, will succeed in creating better human material than that which has developed in the shadow of these wrong ideas."

A student, present at my lecture, who belonged to the Philippine independence movement, asked permission to visit me the following morning. He wanted to talk to me, and at the same time to show me around his native city. I gladly acquiesced, since I was particularly eager to have the opportunity for frank discussions with natives wherever I went.

The great majority of Europeans who live in Asia for longer or shorter periods have contacts almost exclusively with their fellow-Europeans. Obviously, they can penetrate but slightly if at all the real nature and consciousness of the natives.

Due to the fact that I established contacts with the organizations of native doctors, in connection with my lectures, I was able to gain an insight into the character and disposition of the natives almost wherever I went in Asia. This proved to be most difficult in Java. There, all Europeans are at once taken under the wing of the colonial Hollanders. This attitude irked me to such an extent that one day I exclaimed impatiently: "I'd like to have a chance to see just Java for once, and not always Holland!" On one occasion when, as it happened, I lectured on "Sexual Education" in the home of a distinguished Javanese family in Samarang before an audience consisting almost exclusively of Javanese men and women, a German colleague clearly indicated that my appearance among a group of natives had been frowned upon in Dutch circles.

When my young Philippine friend arrived the next morning we took a beautiful walk to the picturesque part of the town which had been laid out by the Spaniards several centuries ago, and which to this day is called "Intramuros" because it is still entirely surrounded by a wall with gates which can be locked, and by a moat. My companion soon led the conversation to the subject which was obviously the main object of his visit.

"In Europe," he observed, "and even in the United States only a very few people know anything at all about our struggle for independence. This is the more regrettable because the youth of the Philippines, and most of the older people, are on our side. Since you believe in the idea that the natural rights of peoples should not be violated, you may be able to raise your voice in our

behalf. We are only thirteen to fourteen million strong, but the Siamese, who are closely related to our race, number less than ten million, and they are an independent nation—even if they are the only one in Asia.

“ You see, we feel that the Americans have deceived us. In the eighteen-eighties the Filipinos nearly freed themselves from the oppression of Spain, which had built up a terrible system of slavery in the islands. Particularly, after the Spaniards had shot our leader, Dr. Rizal, a doctor who for many years had studied in Berlin, we Filipinos were determined not to stop until we had achieved independence.

“ When in 1897, for reasons that had nothing to do with us, war broke out between Spain and the United States, a Republic was immediately proclaimed throughout the Philippine Islands. We were jubilant over every victory won by the American forces, and when Admiral Dewey, who happened to be in Hongkong, received the order to attack the Spanish fleet before Manila—a comparatively easy task—our joy knew no bounds. For we were absolutely convinced that our independence would be established for ever.

“ And so much the deeper was our disappointment when we learned from the terms of the peace treaty which was signed shortly after that we now belonged to the United States.

“ Of course, we recognize that America has done a lot for the Philippines. We fully understand the meaning of the saying : ‘ The Spaniards built churches, the Americans schools.’ They have built many fine buildings and made hygienic improvements everywhere in the Islands. And yet, if we had to choose between these improvements and self-government we would gladly do without all these benefactions. That our people do not lack men strong enough to guide our destinies you must have noticed on the occasion of your visit to our university.”

While my student friend was presenting these views in guarded tones, filled with repressed excitement, we had arrived, in the course of our walk, back at the hotel in Luneta Place, where Dr. Rizal had been shot. A statue to his memory now stands there. “ This is our great martyr for liberty,” said the Filipino. “ He adopted as his motto the words of Abraham Lincoln, that ‘ no nation stands high enough to rule another nation.’ But for the

present, Lincoln's statement remains but an empty phrase, and as ineffectual as that of another American president concerning the self-determination of nations."

38

A few hours after this conversation I left the Philippines, full of regret that my schedule did not permit me to remain any longer in this far too little known archipelago. I sailed on the S.S. *Tjinegara*, the newest ship of the Java-China-Japan Line, a Dutch steamship company. The *Tjinegara* was only 8,000 tons, but to make up for her small size, she was a most modern steamer, finished according to the latest rules of art and technics.

Apart from the pleasant and friendly attitude of officers and crew, from the captain down to the lowliest elevator boy, the reason why I grew particularly fond of the S.S. *Tjinegara* during the five days of our trip was the fact that her construction took into consideration not only the physical well-being of her passengers, but also the happiness of their souls. Thus, for instance, the dining-room is on the top deck, and not down two or three flights of stairs as on other ships, while its huge windows permit a more intimate, a freer, and thus a more soothing intercourse with the sea, than is usual on most of the older ships. The latter, which are built along English traditions, and on which the "bull's eyes" (portholes) are on a higher elevation, only allow the sitting or recumbent passenger a view of the sea in heavy weather.

As for me, I was in the habit of being up on deck early in the morning, between four and five a.m. and, lying on a chair, I used to watch the waning moon, the stars and the rising sun. Often in these early morning hours, at dawn, the sea in its majestic solitude provided me with the most marvellous inspirations.

Thus, shortly after four a.m. on July 13th, three days after our departure from Manila, a young ship's officer passed my chair and in perfect German called to me: "In ten minutes we pass the equator; I only have to give a quick order and in five minutes I'll be back to keep you company."

In the South the stars are visible in their full magnificence night after night, and not, as in our northern region, only inter-

mittently. On the morning that we crossed the equator, it seemed to me that the starry sky shone with a resplendent light, such as I never had noticed before, even if the much-vaunted "Southern Cross" disappointed me, because one can't see its centre and thus it seems to consist of only four instead of five stars. But on the other hand, the wide Milky Way shone like a veritable giant stream of milk, and next to it sparkled and gleamed the constellations, Orion, the W of the Cassiopeia, all the fixed stars and the planets like golden fireballs on a black background. When the ship's officer came back I told him how much more pleasurable I considered the company of one solitary sympathetic soul than watching, or even participating, in the noisemaking, the raving, the dancing and the drinking which is the custom on most ships on the occasion of the crossing of this frontier.

To me, crossing the equator had something in common with New Year's Eve. People notice neither the transition of *space* nor of *time*. They make so much noise that one could believe they try to frighten away the evil spirits who they subconsciously think, inspired them with fear for the uncertain future—somewhat after the manner of the so-called savage races. For what here appeared to be pure joy, in reality was merely fear; fear, which really is the main instinct of man, by which war, hatred and all other stupidities of the human race can be most easily explained and understood. Only by the overcoming of this fear of the future and of his fellow-being can humanity be redeemed.

Later, when I was having my breakfast, the captain sent a message asking if I would be willing, in honour of the day, to give a lecture on sexology to the first class passengers and the officers, all of whom understood German.

There were only about twenty first class passengers on board, mostly Hollanders and Germans. However, there were 650 Chinese in the second and the third class, the majority of whom were returning to their native Java from a visit to China. The Chinese settled in the East-Indian Archipelago many centuries before the Hollanders, and acquired great riches and no little esteem, though they never considered the country their own, but rather regarded themselves as a Chinese colony in it.

Thus my lecture on *Sexual Ethnology* (the first one I ever held on board ship), though it took place in a small circle, took an

interesting course, because it was followed by a long, lively debate, stimulated by the amplifications of Dr. F. O. Hollemann, an ethnologist from Batavia. He opposed the theory of ethnological evolution, which is also predominant in the science of sex, based, according to him, on false conclusions. Everything exists side by side on earth, as, for instance, polygamy and monogamy, matriarchy and patriarchy, he claimed. According to Dr. Hollemann, Bachofen's historical representation of the gradual victory of man in the long, tenacious struggle of the sexes, as well as Müller-Lyer's doctrine of graduation, are not conclusive. The sexes are not intrinsically different, they are only judged differently by legal and social standards ; and this judgment depends on economic, religious and other influential factors, not on the level of their cultural development. For instance, polygamy is just as frequent in Europe as it is in Asia, he averred, only in Europe it is a secret institution, whereas in Asia it is recognized as such.

The next morning the *Tjinegara* moored for one day at the island of Celebes. The passengers landed at the capital—the port of Macassar. Most of them drove to a waterfall some distance away in automobiles which stood ready. I did not join in this trip, because I have had an invincible scepticism about waterfalls since I first saw one “perform” in the mountains of Saxony. Also, the object of my journey was to study the population and its actions rather than waterfalls.

After a stroll through the city which is prettily ensconced in palm and banana groves and populated by brown-skinned inhabitants, we drove in a two-wheeled rough cart along the shore to the park of a rich Chinaman, built in excellent taste, inspected his beautiful house and his ostentatious tomb, and then, because of the heat of the afternoon, which had become more and more oppressive, we took a cool bathe near the lonely beach.

“Aren't you afraid of the sharks and the crocodiles that infest those bays?” the ship's doctor, who sat next to me at table, asked me at dinner. Meanwhile the other passengers were reporting their expensive disappointment at the waterfall.

I answered : “No, and moreover, since I was feeling very hot, I experienced in double measure the truth of the German saying—What I don't know can't hurt me.”

In another twenty-four hours Bali came into view. Up to twenty-five years ago a European landed but rarely on this small island, or indeed, on any of the thousands of other islands which the volcanoes have left in this region, probably as the remains of a continent which existed hundreds of thousands of years ago.

The Hollanders too, as the island's owners, paid very little attention to Bali, though only a narrow strip of sea separates it from Java, until, in 1906, a sexual-ethnological event caused them to "intervene." Once more a widow had been burnt alive. The English had emphatically forbidden the burning of widows in India, and with considerable success.

Until the beginning of this century the burning of widows was still the custom in Bali. The Balinese, to this day, adhere to the Hindu religion, whereas the Javanese, the Madurese and the Sundanese were forced to become converts to Mohammedanism some six hundred years ago, just as later on the Filipinos were forced to become Christians.

In the Hindu religion, Brahminism, it had for thousands of years been customary for the wife to follow her dead husband on to the funeral pyre, by no means as a sign of inseparable love, but as a sort of punishment, because the guilt for the death of her husband was ascribed to the wife. If she had taken better care of him, he would not have died !

To-day, by the same token, the widow is still a despised creature among the Hindus, for the very reason that she is allowed to continue living. All the same, I take it to be a prejudiced and evil slander that—as an European official once told me in India—some Hindu is supposed to have said that the first custom the Hindus would re-establish after the European governments had been removed would be the burning of widows.

When, scarcely a generation ago, the Hollanders made a more detailed examination of conditions on Bali, they found all sorts of other curious sexual cruelties. The Dutch Resident (a sort of governor) of Den Passar (the capital of Southern Bali, really of all Bali), to whom I also owe the information about the burning of widows recorded above, told me that as late as 1906, according to native law, the death penalty was prescribed for sexual inter-

course between a man or a woman and a member of a lower caste.

The Hollanders were anxious to be as judicious as possible in interfering with the customs of the natives, particularly with those having to do with religion and sex. So instead of the death penalty they first introduced a penalty of ten years' imprisonment for this crime against the caste spirit. Gradually this was mitigated to the present penalty of two years in prison, and they hope to do away with it altogether in the near future.

To what extent the Hollanders endeavour to leave the Balinese free to pursue their own peculiarities is proved most strikingly by the fact that missionaries of all faiths are forbidden their activities on this happy isle. This prohibition has a remarkable history.

About fifty years ago a Christian missionary from one of the neighbouring islands settled on Bali. After a long time and a great amount of trouble he succeeded in converting one solitary young Balinese to the Christian faith. This pious youth, however, soon found himself entirely cut off from his fellow-countrymen. The girls, above all, avoided his company. He became more and more dejected, until one night he murdered the man who had promised him heaven on earth and who had, instead, brought him the hell of loneliness.

The fact that the other colonial Powers also follow this intelligent policy of non-interference has contributed much to the present fairly untouched state of this original paradise. Yet the question poses itself: for how long? Since the World War so many books, pictures, articles and films have appeared, praising the unique beauty of this Balinese paradise and its people in the loudest accents, that the number of world tours and tourists who include Bali in their itinerary increases yearly.

A large luxurious hotel has been opened in Den Passar. It is the only one of its kind—so far. There, on special occasions, like cremations, things are as Anglo-American as during the Oberammergau Passion Play. Also: landing on the north Bali coast, the arriving stranger is besieged by native guides, chauffeurs, coachmen and sellers of picture postcards. I feared that Bali had become a curiosity, shorn of its peculiar value and charm, fixed up for foreign visitors.

This impression soon disappeared entirely. We drove by automobile across the island, passing rice fields, palm woods, volcanoes, Hindu sanctuaries, and a great number of villages (Bali has more than a million inhabitants) full of strikingly beautiful women, men and children. The farther we left the coast behind us, the more one felt as if he had been taken by magic to a fairy country.

40

Almost without exception the women and girls of Bali go naked down to their navels (the children go entirely naked), proudly displaying their beautifully formed breasts. After a short time, clothed bodies strike one as disagreeable. Dr. Krause, a German doctor who for a long time had a large practice in Bali, states in his book that only the prostitutes there cover up their breasts in order to arouse men's curiosity and allure them. I could not get confirmation of this report, but my informant seemed trustworthy enough for me to accept the correctness of this observation—at least as far as his particular part of the country and his period are concerned.

Doubtless the women are the stronger sex. They carry heavy burdens on their heads, which gives a straight but in no way stiff attitude to their slender figures. They put rolled lotus palm leaves in their earlobes, which are replaced by a golden earplug, a finger thick, when they get married. For the rest they are rather free of metal ornaments, in contrast to many other Asiatic peoples.

But they have one custom which considerably lessens their charm. From time to time, a brownish-black lump becomes visible between their teeth (stained red), and their scarlet lips; a reddish juice dribbles out of the corners of their mouths; a few ounces of a dark red saliva are spat on the floor. One could believe that the entire island suffered from blood spitting, if one did not very soon discover that this was simply a case of the widespread custom of chewing betel nut, to which everyone, from the Sultan down to the lowliest coolies, is addicted. This is true of almost every island in the East-Indian Archipelago.

The theory that the betel fruit, mixed with lime and a sort of clay, acts as a blood cleanser and disinfectant, is brought forward as an explanation, or excuse, for this bad habit. I heard the same

theory expounded by our sailors in regard to a similar custom ; they have their " quid " (chewing tobacco). Both cases, I believe, simply illustrate the human need for narcotics. Neither do we find an essential difference between " primitive " and " civilized " people in this respect.

In Bali men and women do not walk side by side as in the West. They always walk one behind another, often in a long " Indian file." As opposed to the taut gait of the women, the Balinese men move lazily with a sauntering gait. Their clothes are far more colourful than those of the women, consisting almost exclusively of twisted cloths, which viewed from afar, look like fine handmade Java batik, but in reality are printed material imported from Saxony or other German manufacturing centres, Manchester and more recently from Japan. The custom of wearing pretty flowers, which they usually put into their mouths or behind their ears, also tends to give the men a particularly coquettish appearance.

The main occupation of the men is the cultivation of rice, and, above all, cock-fighting. Though cock-fights are forbidden, everywhere along the road one sees men sitting with beautiful cockerels in their laps, fondling their legs for hours—something intermediate between a caress and a massage. At some more remote spot the men will, upon request, set the cocks against each other, taking tremendous pleasure in seeing the birds tear and bite each other until they draw blood.

The Balinese evidently derive as much ecstasy from this as Spaniards do from bull-fights, and other " civilized " people from the tormenting of other animals.

Anyone who observes the active spirit of the women, and the inactive one of the men on Bali, will not be surprised to learn that the selection and the wooing in marriage rests with the female rather than with the male. Here, to this day, are preserved remnants of the old custom of the abduction of women which used to be the most usual form of marriage on earth. For a long time the veiling of the bride and the wedding trip were attributes of this abduction of women, until they grew to be symbols. On Bali, too, this custom, from a genuine one, has become a sham manoeuvre, or rather, let us say, it has become merely a sexual symbol, for not only the bride, but her parents, too, are informed

in advance of the night when the abductor, who is at the same time the seducer, will penetrate into the house, veil the bride, put her on his horse and gallop away with her.

The villagers are invited to give chase only after the couple are out of reach. If the parents do not agree with their daughter's choice, the man has to pay " blood money " after the " forcible " abduction ; or, if he is poor, he has to serve his parents-in-law for a period of time instead.

It is usually incumbent upon the bridegroom to take care of all arrangements and expenses in connection with the wedding, which takes place a few weeks after the abduction.

Unlike their Mohammedan sisters in Java, the Balinese women are free and can take up any profession. At the preparations for the cremations I saw priestesses and doctoresses. Curious is the custom that the man may not sit where a woman has previously sat until two hours have elapsed. It is probably related to the fact that in Bali woman is put above man.

All Bali dances. I saw seven- and eight-year-old children and seventy- and eighty-year-old men and women move to the sound of the gamelan. Childhood and old age possessed equal mastery over the rhythmic play of the muscles. Even their eyeballs join in the dance !

The male and female dancers between fifteen and twenty-five seem to be most highly esteemed. Those girls and men *who dance best* are considered to be sexually most desirable. Every dance has its meaning, clearly marked by certain gestures and mimics, by costumes of bewildering beauty, and by masks, which are often hideously grotesque in order to frighten away evil spirits. Struggle with spirits is a recurrent dance motif ; battle, victory and sword dances are also popular. Most in favour, however, are the dramatic dances of love and jealousy.

Nearly all dances take place in the open. I found those held under the giant holy waringin trees, with their thousands of aerial roots forming a natural and inimitable background, the most impressive. The dances in meadows or on the naked earth are enchantingly natural. On the other hand, those on the dance floor

in front of the Bali Hotel (which cost each spectator one dollar) create only a theatrical effect.

Many of the better dancers of Bali refused to demonstrate their dances at the Colonial Exhibition in Paris even for high remuneration. One of them said to me: "Our ancient native dances lose too much by being transplanted."

The same applies to their music. The peculiar gamelan music of the East-Indian islander would probably sound as discordant to most Viennese as a Viennese waltz to most Balinese. Yet an Austrian musicologist, who was sitting next to me in front of the Bali Hotel, was of the opinion that the gamelan music was not in any way inferior to the classical music of Europe.

As is the case everywhere, many male dancers in Bali showed signs of striking femininity, and many female dancers of masculinity. All over the world I met androgynous dance couples, like Anita Berber and Henri.

On Bali the dances are not restricted to any particular time of the day or the night. They often start as early as 7 or 8 a.m. All night long I used to hear distant gamelan sounds, interrupted by the barking of the sacred dogs, most of them homeless. Their sacredness, it is said, does not prevent them from being consumed at festive roasts from time to time.

Often I got up between three and four in the morning and tried to find out where the sounds of music came from, but in the pitch dark I never succeeded in finding out—perhaps because they were farther away than the sound indicated. But my walks were highly romantic, not only because of the southern star-filled sky, the sight of which enchanted me always, but also because of the hovering shapes of both sexes, obviously bent on love.

Europeans, who have lived on Bali for a long time, agree that the love life there is very natural. Perhaps this naïve conception is based on the fact that on Bali not only man, but everything that nature produces, can be the object of sexual desire and love. A youth who climbs a cocoa or sugar palm will kiss it as he would his bride. A real and far-reaching pan-sexualism reigns here, that very love for all nature, which is the probable origin in language of giving words a sexual gender. Why do we Germans make the plant (*die Pflanze*) feminine, the tree (*der Baum*) masculine,

why is the sun (*die Sonne*) feminine and the moon (*der Mond*) masculine ?

42

Dancing forms the every-day amusement of the inhabitants of Bali. Cremations are the highlights of the year. They take place on an average once every four or five months, on days determined by the geomancer, according to astrological laws, at least half a year beforehand and often longer. The dead are kept in the houses and "preserved," by means of a rather deficient method, until the festival.

The fact that the time has been determined long in advance gives the travel companies opportunity to lead their human caravans to Bali for them to arrive in time for the cremations.

Until my arrival on July 15th, I had no idea that a cremation would take place on the 18th. At first I thought it rather callous, when everyone said : " You are really in luck." Since this was, after all, a *death* festival, I considered the designation " luck " uncalled for, until I perceived that what was celebrated here was really a festival of *joy* and not one of *sorrow*.

According to the Balinese Hindu faith, man consists of two kinds of matter—mental and physical. It is only after the latter has been completely annihilated that the soul is free, and, according to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, can pass into a higher and better being. The ashes are scattered into the sea.

The family makes the greatest sacrifices in order to have the laying-out, the transport and the cremation of the body as ceremonial as possible. But from the moment the body goes up into flames, this same family, after fulfilling their ceremonies, act as if the entire matter concerned them not at all. This sudden and complete change is, of course, an inherent part of the *rationale* behind the whole cremation custom.

I had the good fortune to witness the cremation of a very popular Queen Mother.

I was invited to the house of her son, where the body was laid out under a profusion of flowers, and into the tent which had been erected for the guests of honour, in the cremation square. In this square I found a great number of acquaintances, among them Professor Rodenwaldt, whom I had met last at the Eugenics

Congress in Berlin. As the Dutch Government doctor, he is the leading German doctor in Java. I also met the Berlin painter Wentscher and his wife, and the versatile and very able Walter Spiess, who is an enthusiast on the subject of Bali, and has built himself a house in pure Balinese style, where, accompanied by the Resident, I visited Baron Victor von Plessen, who had been living on the island for four years.

When the Queen was being carried, in festive procession, from the house to the funeral tower, where she would be put into the vari-coloured wooden cow, the holy animal of the followers of Brahma, in which the body is cremated, all relatives and guests held their noses. The putrifying odour which surrounded the body, in spite of all counter-measures, was unbearable. This attack on the olfactory nerves was compensated for by the pleasure of the optic nerves in the sight of the picturesque procession. In front, its participants, with arms stretched above them, carried a pall, 100 metres (about 110 yards) long. The body had been wrapped up in the end of this pall. But by far the most interesting part of the entire ancient rite was the carrying of offerings to the festive house (I almost wrote the house of mourning !). From all directions, in endless rows, beautiful girls, carrying on their heads the high vases and vessels that contained the sacrifices, the upper part of their bodies bare, walked toward Kasiman, the prince's residence, where the cremation was to take place.

Meanwhile, there were two hundred other funeral towers and animal coffins, adorned with multicoloured paper, containing those corpses which were to have the distinction of being cremated with the Queen ; wooden calves for the children, cows for the women, and bulls with extravagantly long genitals for the men.

Whilst all these animal coffins with their human contents were being consumed in a brightly blazing fire, the Balinese crouched down (the foreigners stood behind them), to watch the dancers. Until far into the night, in wilder and wilder ecstasy, intensified by the many consuming tongues of flame, the dancers imparted to the spectators the universal craving for life and love.

From the harbour of Surabaya the costly products of fruitful Java—coffee, tea, cacao, sugar, tobacco, rubber, quinine—go to

every part of the world. Like colonial towns everywhere, Surabaya is divided into two sharply distinguished parts : a spacious section laid out after the European pattern, with more or less tasteful shops, villas and gardens, and a native quarter (this section generally constitutes three-quarters of the town) with the most poverty-stricken dwellings and miserable huts resembling stalls for animals rather than human habitations. Among the natives one often finds that a broad bench is the sole piece of furniture. It serves simultaneously as bed, table and chair.

The inevitable consequence of defective living conditions is that the health of the native population is very poor. One wonders that it is no worse. Tuberculosis alone claims innumerable victims.

But it must be acknowledged that the Dutch Government has accomplished much in the way of hygiene, especially since the World War, and is accomplishing more all the time. The Pasteur Institute in Bandung delivers doses of lymph by the million for inoculations against many diseases which formerly decimated the population. Sweeping sanitary regulations are enforced. At present the campaign against rats and mosquitoes is especially active.

Nevertheless, the infant mortality is tremendous. This, however, does not prevent Java (in contrast to the neighbouring and much larger island of Sumatra) from being overpopulated. Throughout the whole of Java, which I covered in every direction by auto, train and aeroplane, are villages wherever fruitful plantations do not cover the cleverly irrigated land. Villages buried by glowing lava, of which I saw many at the foot of Merapi (which erupted a few months before I arrived, destroying thousands of people and animals), are soon built up again on the same spot.

Java now has altogether over fifty million inhabitants, although it is no larger than Bavaria, which has eight million. Any such density of population can be attributed only to ignorance of the means of contraception or, as seems to be the case here, to boundless joy in children, particularly on the part of the mothers, although, in general, the fathers, too, are more for than against increasing the family. In Java, as in the rest of Asia, I was asked more often for means of preventing sterility than for preventing conception, although there were some questions concerning the latter.

In Java also the longing for fertility is apparent in a great number of stones, trees and other objects, touching which, it is whispered, "will open woman's womb." One has only to remember the famous cannon barrel in Batavia, the mere resemblance of which to a phallus suffices to cause thousands of women to make pilgrimages to it from all parts of Java year after year, and to cover it with offerings (usually flowers) in the fond expectation that such acts will ensure or increase their fertility. The European colonial woman smiles at this child-like belief, and at the belief that children are a blessing. Yet there are exceptions, as I learned on one of the plantations.

In a remote part of an eucalyptus forest belonging to this plantation there was an ancient phallic stone, evidently a relic of Hindu times, upon which the native women would sit astride in the belief that doing so would aid conception. On this extensive coffee and sugar plantation there was a Dutch employee who had been married for ten years to a German woman in a happy but childless union. One day a Malay coffee picker saw this German woman lay flowers on the phallic stone, according to the custom of the native women, and then sit down upon it for a long time. The Malay woman called the other coffee pickers, among them a European woman. With loud cries they took the frightened wife of the Dutchman by surprise and laughed her to scorn. The tale spread rapidly and she and her husband were so much ridiculed that they preferred to leave the plantation.

To evaluate this grotesque story properly, one must of course know what an unapproachable attitude the Dutch have toward the natives in Java. It is no longer quite as bad as in the time of the Dutch Resident, Douwes Dekker, who told his countrymen many bitter truths under the pen name, Multatuli. He died a few years ago, a rather lonely man, in Wiesbaden, where friends recently set up a tablet to his memory. His book *Max Havelaar*, was one of my youthful favourites.

A Dutchman is now actually punished for striking a native. For a first offence he is threatened with a fine, for a second, with imprisonment. The natives are no longer forbidden, as they were a quarter of a century ago, to wear shoes and European clothes, or to use the Dutch language.

And yet in many ways I had the impression that the Europeans,

especially in East Java, still allow themselves to be treated far too much like beings of a higher order by the great mass of Malay natives. On the plantations I repeatedly observed that the natives knelt to receive their small wages from the officials, or approached the Europeans in a kneeling or crouching position.

A European lady, who had lived in the country a long time, said to me: "If a Malay servant of mine were to dare speak Dutch to me I would dismiss him at once." All Europeans acquire the relatively simple Malay language, in order, I was told, that the native should be unable to understand conversations held by the Europeans among themselves. A Dutchman in Central Java, who called for me to take me to a lecture, replied, when I suggested that we go the few steps to the lecture hall on foot, that we couldn't walk, for, "Here only the natives walk."

44

As a sincere friend of Holland and the Dutch for over forty years, I ask myself whether or not this very marked attitude of mastery over the natives will not some day have to be heavily atoned for. This attitude differs considerably from the fundamental principles which, for instance, the French apply in governing their colonies.

Hollanders with whom I discussed the subject thoroughly were of the opinion that this distance between subjects and rulers was essential to hold the people in check. The natives, it must be said, seemed more at home in the slavish submissiveness to which they were accustomed by their ancient princes.

In accordance with this concept, it is quite understandable that after three hundred years of Dutch rule in Java, the percentage of illiterates is at present about 95. For it was formerly the common opinion in Europe that it was necessary to keep people in ignorance in order to govern them more easily. But, of late, in Java as everywhere else, this viewpoint has undergone a change. Schools are being built, but not nearly to the extent wished for by eminent Dutch pedagogues who have been active in Dutch India for a long time.

And yet—as I was assured from various reliable sources—the hunger and capacity for education are as strong among these

dark-skinned people as among the white race. Hence, Dr. von Römer, who had worked for decades in every part of Java as a physician in the service of the Dutch Government, and in this capacity had come into close contact with every level of the native population, made the following comment in my journal :

"Just as you have always believed that ultimately humanity will candidly pass judgment on facts of nature which have been scorned for centuries, so am I convinced of the capacity of these natives for reaching the highest levels of culture, and equally confident of Indonesia's bright future."

Indeed, he who so courageously expresses views opposed to the reigning attitude, is anything but popular in "high places." Dr. von Römer, who has been a friend of mine for thirty years, has had reason enough to discover this. For surely, his attitude toward the natives was the main reason why he did not obtain a leading position in Surabaya, the capital of East Java. He was transferred to small, remote towns—first to the island of Madura ; then to Bondowoso, where he was forced to occupy positions of secondary importance, by no means commensurate with his thorough knowledge of the country and people. He suffered considerably under this treatment, particularly as it was the second bitter disappointment sustained by this diligent searcher for truth. The first lay in the sphere of sexology and, for that reason, I consider it appropriate to mention the incident.

When he was quite a young doctor, he published some very valuable articles in the *Jahrbücher für sexuelle Zwischenstufen* which I was editing at that time. His paper, "Über die androgynische Idee des Lebens"—The Androgynous Concept of Life—was a first-class scientific achievement. Then he wrote a very extensive essay, "Die urnische Familie"—The Urning Family—which he handed in at Amsterdam as his doctoral thesis.

The psychiatrist Winkler expressed great appreciation for this extraordinarily careful work. It merited the highest praise. But, contrary to all expectations, the author had his paper—the result of many years' research—returned to him as "unsuitable." It is my opinion that von Römer never got over this rejection, and that because of it his creative strength in our special field was lamed for ever, and his cheerful spirit embittered.

I was deeply moved when my friend took the thick manuscript

—copies of which should be standing on the shelves of all the great libraries of the world—out of a shelf of his own library, with the resigned remark that one day perhaps it might be a valuable heritage for his son.

I wish to stress the fact that my intercession here for Dr. von Römer is not “propaganda.” He knows nothing about it, and I am almost afraid that his modesty will resent my breaking this lance for him. But I feel a sentimental urge to point out that there in East Java a man sits buried in his books—almost as though he were in exile—when, as a beacon of science and a glory to his country, he should be teaching and working at Leyden, Amsterdam or some other great university in his native land.

The days I spent in Dr. von Römer’s quiet, beautiful home in Bondowoso—the house of a scholar—were filled with magical charm. There was a delightful, pan-humanistic atmosphere about our small circle of six people : Dr. von Römer, his wife (of French descent and Gallic grace), their handsome clever son, Djayo, their Malay friend from Sumatra who spoke fluent German, the Chinese Tao Li and myself. After meals this mood of mutual respect and affection would spread among us and be sustained by the lovely piano-playing of the mistress of the house.

45

The climate of the northern coast, where the three largest cities of Java are situated—Batavia, Samarang and Surabaya—is almost unbearable to a European in the summer, whereas the more elevated districts of the island make excellent summer resorts and offer scenes of extraordinary charm. To avert the danger of tropical disease—particularly five-day fever (dengue fever) and amoebic-dysentery—which European tourists often contract during the summer in Java, I always retired into higher and cooler districts between my lectures.

My first mountain excursion was to Poedjon—tranquilly and beautifully situated between smoking volcanoes. Li and I were the only guests in the spacious Hotel-Sanatorium Justinia, in consequence of “malaise,” as the economic depression is referred to in those parts.

The most memorable event of my stay in East Java occurred

on the day I returned to Surabaya from Poedjon over Modjokerto. Our car was ready before six in the morning and we drove over a magnificent highway through a mountain landscape of exquisite beauty. In two hours we arrived at Modjowarno, one of the very few Christian villages of Java, where we met our friend Brascamp. We drove through an extensive teakwood forest. At the woodcutter's house we drank the refreshing milk of young cocoanuts and visited the excavations of the Hindu-Javanese capital Madjapahit, which has been destroyed by the Mohammedans. These stood partly out of doors and partly in the peculiar field museum of Dr. Madlin Port, who devotes all his time, energy and money to the investigation of Madjapahit civilization.

Finally, we arrived at Penarip, a suburb of Modjokerto, where we were surprised. When our car drove through the wide gate, the mighty sounds of a gamelan orchestra sounded and the entire village stood in the garden to receive us. A genuine Javanese rice dinner followed, consisting of fifty-three different dishes and the rice. Then—the most attractive thing of all—an excellent troupe of dancers performed their ancient folk-dances for us to the accompaniment of the gamelan. Brascamp had also procured some of the transvestite dancers so dearly loved in Java. He had already introduced me to several of these in Tjandi-Singosari, near Malang. These "dancing boys" who wore women's clothes and moved their arms and legs very gracefully are called "ronggeng-laki," or "sudrok" if they perform comic scenes.

46

In Poedjon I saw a coffee plantation in full bloom for the first time—a delight of sight and smell. The coffee-blossom never lasts longer than three days. If it rains on these days the insects cannot dust the female plants with male pollen, and a loss of hundreds of thousands of guilders results.

In my opinion, we human beings are not nearly grateful enough to the plants. We could not do without them. Yet how little do we concern ourselves with their origin, their history and their care!

When I settled in Charlottenburg at the beginning of my medical career, one of my first patients, the wife of a counsellor of

justice, introduced herself with the following words : " I must make one condition with you before I consult you—you must not forbid me to drink coffee." At that time, I considered this both over-wrought and exaggerated, but now that I am twice as old, I can comprehend it. I understood it particularly during the War when, for years, in consequence of the blockade, we had to content ourselves with insipid substitutes, and we doctors were grateful to patients who rewarded us with a half pound of coffee in place of cash payment.

When I awaken in the morning, my first longing is for coffee, and also after my siesta I need it to give me that pleasant feeling of stimulation mingled with calm which enables me to accomplish useful work for my fellow-men. Coffee ! As I looked for the first time upon the living plant, which bears the coffee bean, I thought of how many weak ones it has fortified ; how many sufferers gladdened ; how many of the sad it has encouraged. How many people have I observed—among them, close relatives—who, even on their death beds, longingly asked for coffee. I shall never forget how pleased my old teacher, Professor Albert Eulenberg was when, during the War, I brought a bag of genuine coffee-beans to his last sick bed.

I do not know from whom the art of raising coffee springs. I surmise it is from the Arabs, since even the name Kawa (which is now resplendent on the signs of hundreds of thousands of coffee-houses and restaurants throughout the world) is of Arabian origin, like the word Mocna.

The rubber plantations also interested me. In Java coffee and rubber are often grown alternately on the same property. If my interest in the coffee trees was a human one, what I felt for the rubber trees was professional.

Here was the raw material for those rubber articles so essential to contraception—the masculine condom and the feminine pessary. In the museum of our Sexology Institute in Berlin, exhibits of the manufacturing of both are to be seen : from the landing of the rubber in Europe to its transformation into contraceptives. But in Java I saw the production of rubber, from the tapping of the trees to the stage in which it is shipped to European and American factories.

I also visited the extensive tobacco and sugar plantations and

factories at Bondowoso in East Java, and had the intelligent officials explain the highly interesting planting and production processes to me. The owners and shareholders of the plantations are not settled in Java but in England, Holland, America, Paris and other centres of civilization where they pocket the enormous profits accruing from work in which they do not lift a finger.

47

Among the fifty million inhabitants of Java, the intellectual and economic centre of the East Indian colonies, there are approximately thirty-six million Malays belonging partly to Polynesian and partly to Melanesian tribes (related to the Australian Negroes), eleven million Chinese, a few thousand Arabs and Indians (who have remained there since Islam was introduced) and a mere 150,000 Europeans. Over sixty per cent. of these are of mixed blood but are counted as Europeans.

They are called Indo-Europeans or Indos for short (and contemptuously, Sinos) and are not looked upon as genuine Europeans by the natives. They are slighted by these as well as by the Europeans, although for the most part they possess good capabilities and characteristics. They are very well built, often distinguishable from the South European type only by the rounder form and larger inflation of the nostrils. Their great intelligence has raised them to high official posts.

The fertility of these mixed breeds is not inferior to that of pure-blooded men and women. The idea is just as much a fairy tale as is the statement that their sexuality is more extravagant and more uninhibited than that of pure Europeans and natives. In order to fight for their social equality, the Indo-Europeans have for a number of years been publishing a periodical of their own called *Onze Stem* ("Our Voice").

There are many races even more primitive on the numerous islands of the East Indian Archipelago. For instance, in the south of Sumatra and in the interior of New Guinea there are pigmy tribes who reach a height of only 80 to 90 centimetres. They make their homes in nests in the trees, and live like animals in other respects, too.

Although the Dutch came to Java as early as 1594, they have

not even to-day succeeded in stamping out cannibalism. In the interior of Borneo, New Guinea, Celebes and the Lesser Sunda Isles, there are still head-hunters with extraordinarily rare rites and customs. Dr. Wedel of Solo, with whom we stayed, entrusted me with valuable photographs of head-hunters and of the rare Ampallang operation, which is still prevalent in the Sunda Isles. The whole region provides an extraordinarily rich field for investigation. On the Sunda as well as on the South Sea Islands, large areas are to be found which are still completely unexplored, particularly in the sexological field. There are supposed to be districts to which news of the World War has never penetrated. On one of the Lesser Sunda Isles, called Komodo, a living species of giant lizard two metres in length, which had been considered long extinct up to that time, was first discovered a few years ago. This reptile has now been classified as *ichthyosaurus komodensis*. To be sure, its footprints had been found before then, but they had been taken for the tracks of antediluvian beasts. One can imagine the amazement with which the "prehistoric" monster was suddenly spied in the flesh.¹

Among the Minangkabau peasants in the Padang highlands, woman is the sole ruler in the home, courtyard and family, just as she is in Formosa. Husband and children bear her name. The husband is maintained by the wife, but he lives outside the home and is only occasionally used by her for sexual intercourse. When this has been consummated, he goes away again. But recently, the men have begun to feel that their position is undignified and have migrated in flocks to Indo-China in search of work and better living conditions.

48

After I had delivered my last lecture in Surabaya on August 7th, I travelled in the sweltering summer heat to Samarang, which takes about seven hours by train. It has 80,000 inhabitants and is the third largest city of Java. It has pretty parks and villas. I delivered three lectures in Samarang: the first at the Society for "Geneeskunde" (Medicine), the second at the Rotary Club and the third before a Malay audience consisting principally of

¹ Specimens of these are now to be seen in the London Zoological Gardens.

Indian doctors and educators, on *Sex Instruction for the Adolescent*. With the help of a German translator, I discussed this topic, which had been assigned me by the natives themselves, in the large garden-hall of Dr. Marzoski Mahdi's Indian house. The first rows were occupied entirely by Malay ladies, with one exception. They looked very picturesque in their handsome batik costumes. Some of these Javanese women even spoke German.

Another question which was raised by a Javanese woman and discussed in lively fashion, concerned the problem of co-education. With regard to this arrangement, completely foreign to them, the Javanese had the idea that it must arouse sexual feeling. I maintained that it is rather the antithesis—namely, a weakening of sexual contrasts through habit. But this was in utter contradiction to their theoretic concept, which for many centuries has caused them to make as sharp a division between the sexes as possible.

After the lecture, they gave a delightful Javanese feast in my honour. A large gamelan orchestra appeared and the gentlemen, including lawyers and doctors, treated us to excellent performances of single dances exactly suited to the timbre of the music. Javanese dishes wrapped in fresh banana leaves were served and, when it was over, the Javanese women laid a large, genuine batik cloth over my shoulders to commemorate this momentous gathering between them and a European who regarded them as his equals.

49

From the Javanese papers, which gave a good deal of space to my visit, I learned that, according to an announcement made by the Governor-General of Dutch India, my presence was expected at the courts of Jogja and Solo.¹ There the old Javanese customs have been preserved at their purest, and every true connoisseur of Java urgently begged me not to miss this cultural opportunity. Boro-Budur is magnificently set in the midst of a huge circle of volcanic mountains. Its reliefs are breathtakingly realistic—one might almost have said they were modern. Comparative darkness surrounds the origin and meaning of Boro-Budur, which looks

¹ The seats of the two native "principalities" ruled over by the Susuhunan of Surakarta and the Sultan of Djokjakarta, each under the watchful eyes of a Dutch "Resident" with whom the real power rests.

like a colossal stupa, surrounded by many small stupas.¹ The name Boro-Budur means a thousand Buddhas, and the many hundreds of Buddha statues which, for the most part, still remain to decorate this monument, leave no doubt that it was created in the time when Buddhism entered Java during the period between Brahminism and Islam.

But, on the other hand, the numerous unmistakably phallic symbols which crown Boro-Budur and which have nothing to do with Buddhism, point to the fact that Hindu or still older influences must have had a strong influence in the creation of this magnificent work of art. The phallic stones increase in number the nearer one comes to the old Javanese centre of life.

I spent a little over a week in Jogja (as the town Djokjakarta is pronounced and written in abbreviated form), and Solo (Surakarta), and became acquainted with the singular appearance of these capitals. I visited the "kratons" of Jogja and of Solo—each of which consist of extensive parks with the palace (Kraton) at the centre (somewhat on the order of Vatican City). There, even to-day, the sultans hold sway as sole rulers over the bodies and lives of their subjects—but particularly over their bodies. Here the *ius primæ noctis* still exists, and every family is proud if the Sultan has "slept" with one of its members. "The Sultan slept *nine times* with our aunt," my host's young servant-girl boasted, beaming with happiness over this high mark of distinction.

As national, esteemed and immemorial as the art of the dance, is the art of batik-making. Jogja and Solo are the main batik centres. I watched many women at this painstaking work, and especially remember them at the workshop of a rich Chinaman, where ninety Malay women decorated robes with wonderful designs and colours. I was bitterly disappointed when I observed at the end of my tour of inspection that a modern printing machine, equipped with a coloured stamp, produced perfectly in a small fraction of the time the same patterns and shades, so that only an expert could distinguish the swift machine work from the careful slow hand work.

At the end of my lecture there, the questions and comments were as instructive for me as for the listeners. First of all arose

¹ A stupa is a site sacred to Buddha.

the question, which apparently occupies the educated Javanese, for my opinion on it was repeatedly asked elsewhere, whether or not the introduction of European and American dances does not spell a moral danger for the Javanese people. The Javanese consider that this erotic dancing in pairs stands in the grossest opposition to the individual dances of men and women which have alone been customary up to the present, and believe that such dances tear down every barrier of sexual restraint and inflame sexual feelings and thoughts in an unhealthy way.

I explained that dancing in couples does not have an exclusively erotic character ; that doubtless it was originally a part of the love-game, but that this fact had gradually disappeared and most people were no longer aware of it. An erotic manner of dancing may occur, I told them, but, among us also, it is considered unseemly and is prohibited. I further explained that a strong sexual excitement could emanate from individual or single dances too, from those of men as well as of women, and most probably the arousing of the senses exerted upon the audience by the rhythmic movement of the limbs (in *all* dancing) is the underlying purpose of the whole thing. It is also significant that rather frequently professional dancing boys and girls are also prostitutes and that, in the Far East, learning to dance is part of the education of a prostitute.

After weighing the pros and cons, I came to the conclusion that I should advise the Javanese—and the same applies to other Asiatic nations—to stick to the old dances which suit their national character, and not to adopt our dancing in couples which they consider to be erotic.

50

The Susuhunan of Solo gives himself the titles of Emperor of Java and, metaphorically, "Nail of the World." He is, of all the many Javanese "Highnesses," the most original, without any doubt. His face, figure and walk caused me to believe him dysglandular. Mentally, he reminded me of one of our old-fashioned petty princelings, the "Most Serene Highness" of a mid-European court. Naturally the Susuhunan has become the subject of innumerable anecdotes, of which I want to repeat at least a few. When a European or American woman is presented to him, his



THE SUSUHUNAN, WITH HIS FAVORITE WIFE AND THEIR DAUGHTER

[Facing p. 130.]



JAVANESE TRANSVESTITES
(men in women's clothes)

[Facing p. 131.]

first question invariably is : " How many children have you ? " If the lady answers, " Two," or " Three," or even " Seven, Your Majesty," out comes the stereotyped retort : " That's nothing, I have sixty-four." Only once did he deviate from the usual formula, when he put his question to a German school teacher, and she, thinking that the Susuhunan wished to inquire how many children were under her instruction, answered conscientiously : " One hundred and twenty-five." " My, my, one hundred and twenty-five," he said. " I have only sixty-four."

The Susuhunan takes a positively infantile pleasure in medals and decorations. If a European appears before him wearing a decoration, he cannot resist fingering the order or mark of honour, and inquires about their origin. People through whom he hopes he may receive the orders of their sovereigns, such as consuls, he receives with special " benevolence " and makes them gifts, formerly gold watches, and lately walking sticks.

To others, like myself and my companion Li, he gave only his picture, which shows him in all the splendour of his decorations, and with his favourite wife and daughter at his side. The photograph is presented " by his own most personal hand." Li apparently impressed him greatly, first because of the Chinese garment of blue silk that he had worn " to celebrate the day," and second because the chamberlain had introduced him, contrary to his wishes, as " Imperial Chinese Student," an idiotic title, of which the Susuhunan probably absorbed only the " Imperial," without considering that China has been a republic for well over twenty years.

The " Emperor of Java "—explicitly enough—regards all monarchs, past and present, as his close colleagues. I was somewhat taken aback for a moment when, in one of his pleasure castles (one might also say castles in the air) opposite the smoking volcano Merapi, I observed large portraits of our last Kaiser, Wilhelm II, wearing the eagle helmet ; Nicholas II of Russia and George V of England, looking like a pair of identical twins ; and throughout the rooms of the summer palace all the monarchs of the world, of whom, to be sure, more than half have been dethroned since their pictures were hung on these walls.

The relation between the Dutch Resident and the Javanese princes was not an easy one to adjust. It simplified matters that

the Sultans are "said" to be the sons of the Residents, with whom they frequently appear arm in arm in public. But, I was told, on state occasions the Dutch Residents sit several millimetres higher than the native princes.

Although this difference is barely recognizable to the naked eye, the mock freedom which it alleges becomes all the more evident when one of the fictitious rulers dares, as sometimes happens, to "kick over the traces." He is immediately "de-throned" and sent into "exile."

I visited one of these deposed princes, the Rajah of Lombok, in Buitenzorg. He had been exiled because of insubordination. He has built himself a strange "water castle" in a gorge where with young friends and servants he leads a contemplative life.

Physically and mentally forceful, possessor of worldly manners, the Mangku-Negoro is entirely different from the Susuhunan. The main wives of both are sisters, daughters of the Sultan of

The Mangku-Negoro¹ came to the lecture on "Love, Art and Science" which I gave at the "Kunstkring" at Solo. As he did not understand German, Mr. van de Lip, an attorney-at-law, translated my speech into Dutch. This had a somehow comical effect, both on account of the similarity of the two languages and the liberties—which I was able to detect—in the translation. Here, as in Jogja, where I also held my lecture under the auspices of the Rotary Club, the Residents were present.

The mimic dance is the Javanese princes' best loved hobby. It is traditional and has been preserved and fostered as an art.

The Susuhunan lives in his palace as sole lord over four hundred and fifty women, of whom only thirty-four are his wives. All the rest are dancers and servants, but, when their master desires it, they must also be ready to serve as concubines.

The dances themselves are remarkable for an extraordinary decency, which is also observed in the costumes. There is nothing about them to remind one of belly-dance, cancan or "Charleston."

¹ The Mangku-Negoro is a vassal prince under the Susuhunan.

The only feature of the dances which did not suit me was their excessive length.

The Mangku-Negoro makes a veritable science of the study of the dance, and, indeed, the performances at his palace were of the highest artistic level I encountered in the East Indies, Bali included.

At all performances in his palace the guests are provided with beautifully printed programmes containing a synopsis of each dance in Dutch and in English.

Upon my departure, the Mangku-Negoro gave me two handsome photographs of one of his favourite dancers. He had already given me a valuable present from his collection of antiques, a very well preserved stone sculpture of a Yoni-lingam that stood in the garden of his palace. As he had informed me, the age of this example—which I had meantime transferred to our Berlin institute—is, at a conservative estimate, well over a thousand years.

I should have liked to acquire something else from the collections of Mangku-Negoro VII, but after receiving his "princely" gift I did not dare to express my desire to possess the cloths on which, painted in a primitive manner, were the punishments in Hell for various specified vices and crimes.

52

In Java there is an express train which traverses the long distance separating Surabaya and Batavia. It is called "One Day" because it makes the trip in that interval. A few years ago two days were required. Air travel is increasing so rapidly that it seemed to be more taken for granted in Java than anywhere else.

Batavia is hot, and I stayed only a short time there. It is the seat of the only complete university in Java. At the German Consulate I found a heap of European mail. That evening Consul General von Kessler took me to see a motion picture performance of Goethe's *Faust*. Listening to the familiar Faustian epigrams and profundities in the heart of Indonesia made me aware how inevitable a real internationalism is.

Two days later I flew from Batavia over the mountains to Bandung in forty minutes. The same trip takes a train four hours. Consequently, a busy air service has been set up here, and

planes fly in both directions twice daily. Some merchants actually fly to their offices in the morning and home at night. Though the Dutch planes are undoubtedly among the best in existence, the slogan : " 100% safety " (a Fokker plane has never crashed) strikes me as tempting fate.

Were I to live in Java I should unconditionally elect to live in Bandung. It is on an elevated plateau, dotted with villas and surrounded by volcanoes. It is beautiful. The climate is mild, even, and refreshing. Its intellectual atmosphere is rather high. For a long time the Colonial Government considered transferring the capital of Java to Bandung from Batavia which, despite all the draining that has been done, is still infested with malaria.

Bandung has the best hotel in Java, but I did not stay there. I stayed a little out of town in a *pension* managed by some Dutch-Austrians. Nearby was a dealer in wild animals who earns a good living collecting beasts of prey and exotic creatures throughout Sumatra and the Archipelago, in order to sell them to the zoos of the world. I enjoyed his elephants, crocodiles, parrots and his human-looking monkeys. The only town in Java where monkeys are scarce is Batavia.

This is a result of the famous experiments in 1905 and 1906 of the German venerologist, Albert Neisser, who attempted to transmit human syphilis to monkeys. It is not true that all the monkeys inoculated with the disease died. This was by no means the case. On the contrary, after Neisser's departure the population became possessed of a great fear that now monkeys might transmit syphilis to human beings. Some of the artificially infected monkeys had been set free, and since it was not known with which other monkeys these had had sexual intercourse, all the monkeys that could be caught were transported to one of the many uninhabited islands a few miles from Batavia. There they have since multiplied so abundantly that the place is known as Monkey Island.

I wish to say a few words about the excellently equipped scientific institutes which I visited in Bandung.

When I went to the Pasteur Institute, the weekly preparation of an ox was taking place. On the shaved belly of the huge fet-

tered animal a skilful Malay made hundreds of symmetrical incisions. In this way, no less than two million capillaries of cow-pock lymph is gathered, with which ten million people are inoculated every year. The Pasteur Institute produces 700 litres of cholera typhus serum with which five million people are vaccinated against cholera, 450 litres of vaccine against diphtheria, tetanus and dysentery, and serums giving protection against the bites and stings of poisonous snakes and scorpions, and also against rabies which occur so frequently in the colonies.

The Pasteur Institute not only provides serums and vaccines for all the Dutch East-Indies, but also for neighbouring countries, such as Indo-China and Siam.

No less interesting and significant is the biological laboratory and museum in Bandung. Here, the department for volcanic and earthquake research is particularly worth seeing. For Java is one of the greatest earthquake countries in the world. Every single day the seismograph indicates two small earthquakes in the archipelago and 460 larger earthquakes and volcanic eruptions throughout the year. All in all, there are, in the Dutch Indies, about 400 volcanoes, of which 88 are active. I saw smoke coming out of the top of approximately a dozen. Thirty-six others have, until recently, been active. In Java there is one volcano to every ten kilometres ; in Sumatra one to every twenty-two.

While perusing the pictures and diagrams of the outburst of Krakatoa, a boyhood experience came to my mind. I was still studying at our Kolberg High School when a meteorological event caused a lot of comment. Shortly before sundown, the entire horizon of Germany took on a strange red glow which was easily distinguishable from the usual evening twilight. What was it ? At first, it could not be explained but it was finally discovered that the mighty eruption of the Krakatoa had tossed the finest dust as far as Europe, and these particles, in a certain light, became visible. I vividly remember the time our teacher of natural history and mathematics, Professor Girschner, delivered a lecture on this phenomenon in the course of which he gave a thorough description of the volcanic character of Java and Sumatra.

I did not miss visiting one of the extinct craters near Bandung. Even from a distance one is aware of the sulphurous smell which rises from the fumes at the depths of the monstrous opening. We

also bathed in one of the curative hot springs between Bandung and Garoets, presumably of volcanic origin—although no one seemed quite certain on this point.

Hans Georg von Brackenhausen, an engineer from Berlin, showed me the perfect equipment of Bandung's central radio station, which, in a few seconds, brings Java into touch with Holland and the rest of the world. I was especially fascinated by the department of wireless photography, where I was invited to send a letter to Berlin for experimental purposes. The fact that my written lines were visible in Berlin thousands of miles away in a fraction of a second, evoked a curious feeling in me. Is it not a pity that the human intellect, capable of producing such miraculous technical connections, seems unfitted to solve the problem of social and national contacts?

I delivered a radio lecture in Bandung on *The Modern Education of Youth*, which was received with wide approval. In both Malang and Bandung I was shown numerous cases of sexual criminality, among them several youthful murderers involved in *crimes passionels*. I was able to determine that unusual efforts are being made to take under consideration the results of scientific research concerning normal and abnormal sexual development.

54

I received important sexual ethnological material in Bandung from my colleague, Dr. Richard Sparmann, who was for many years assistant to Professor von Eiselsberg in Vienna, until the Dutch Government called him to Sumatra as a surgeon to take charge of the large military hospital in the district of Atjeh.

The inhabitants of this colonial district, which is nearly twice as large as Holland, have for fifty years been waging guerrilla warfare. Trouble flares up again and again, in which the women, with bravery and cunning, also participate. When Sparmann himself fell seriously ill after two and a half years of wearing activity in Atjeh, he was transferred to Java to the cool mountain climate of Bandung, where he still carries on an extensive practice.

I shall repeat some of the things he told me, amplified by what I heard from other colleagues, who learnt it by personal observation, concerning the curious birth rites of the natives of Atjeh.

These people look upon pregnancy and confinement¹ as conditions of mortal danger, in which everything depends upon exorcising and appeasing the evil spirits which seek to take possession of the woman. Therefore the husband of the pregnant woman, before entering his house, turns several times in various directions, so as to confuse the spirits as to the whereabouts of his wife ; he wants to prevent the demons from following him into the house.

In some parts of Java they jingle silver coins at the confinement so as to lure the child out more quickly. In Atjeh, the women who assist at the delivery, subject the body of the prospective mother to so much manipulation, unceasing kneading and the like, that many women die of hæmorrhages (especially after the birth). The natives of Atjeh do not consider this to be their fault, but simply a confirmation of their view that during delivery a woman hovers on the brink of great danger because of the interference of evil spirits. Infection hardly ever occurs.

Religion forbids them the aid of a male doctor, for they are strictly orthodox Mohammedans. To deceive the spirits, the children are generally called by false names ; for the same reason they often change their names and those of the children. Not until forty-four days after delivery can the woman be taken back into the community as ritually clean. During this period the woman of Atjeh does not have an easy time of it. To drive out the evil spirits once and for all, she is roasted from sunset to sunrise for forty days. She is laid on low wooden crossbars under which either glowing ashes or burning wood is placed. At the same time she is fumigated, the process being to burn all sorts of smoking plants and remains of animals around her with sulphur and asafætida. To "dry her out" she is forbidden to take any liquid during the forty days and may have only a little dry nourishment.

The women of the various islands of the East Indian Archipelago must submit to many other strange usages. For example, in some parts of Java, when her husband dies, a woman must hold a reed in her mouth for days. This reed is connected with the mouth of the dead and recently buried husband, so that she

¹ Cf. Ploss Bartels: *Woman*, Vol. II., Chaps. XXV., XXVI., XXVII. Wm. Heinemann (Medical Books) Ltd., London, 1935.

can at once feel his breath in the event that he should come back to life.

When one is repeatedly made aware of what a tremendous part the warding off and appeasing of evil spirits (we Europeans indulge in other forms of occultism and spiritism instead) has played, untouched by changing religions, in the imagination of the Asiatic and African peoples, one is forced to wonder whether the sacrifice of the foreskin, a custom widespread throughout Java, does not come under the head of paying off the demons, like so many customs to which a sense and purpose (usually hygienic) different from the one they originally had, comes gradually to be attributed.

Besides the mystic sex customs which we look upon simply as sexual superstition, and which often degenerate into absolutely superfluous self-torture, there are also some to which one cannot deny a certain amount of sense. Especially the custom, often described to me of the Govokan or female board of examiners, particularly common in East Banjoimas on the border of Western and Central Java. The Govokan are respectable women, highly esteemed in their villages, before whom the young men must undergo a test before marriage. If they prove potent, nothing hinders their marriage; if, however, they fail in the examination, they are not allowed to marry. The candidate who fails is allowed to repeat the test at a later date. In the very instructive periodical, *Tijdschrift voor Indische Taal-, Land- en Volkenkunde* (which several years ago published valuable articles on Javanese circumcision) the custom of Govokan was thoroughly described by Pravoto in 1931.

55

I spent my last days in Java in Batavia—a name which, with its three a's (five, counting Java), fascinated me even in my youth. But reality fulfilled only a small part of the pleasurable imaginings those five a's had called forth in my subconscious.

For Oud-Batavia (*oud* means *old*) is a dirty port, not to be compared with its mother-harbour Rotterdam. It has scarcely anything to offer the visitor except the fertility cannon already mentioned and a few opium dens run as concessions, where, in the semi-darkness, I was able to add to my observations on the

escape of unhappy humans into the illusory joys of intoxication. Weltevreden (which means not *Weltfrieden*, i.e., *world peace*, but *Wohlfrieden*, i.e., *well satisfied*) the modern Batavia, is an extensive residential suburb higher up above the sea, with rather dull architecture, and a climate that leaves much to be desired.

It happened that while I was in Batavia the Pasar Gambir, the yearly fair, took place. It brought a host of interesting types from town and country.

Young and old, high and low, spent the afternoon and evening hours at the Pasar Gambir, to see and be seen, and, not least, to feel, consciously or unconsciously, the erotic radiations of the carnival activities. Nevertheless, the two evening lectures which I gave during this time—one in the auditorium of the “Geneeskundige Hoogeschool” (College of Medicine) under the auspices of the medical faculty of the university, the other in the German Club—were very well attended.

At the German Club I wandered in the footsteps of Ernst Haeckel, who, a generation ago (in 1901) worked for several months on Java's flora and fauna at the botanical garden of Buitenzorg. At that time he was already in the sixties. About his Javanese journey he wrote the beautiful book *Insulinde*.

Among the new connections that I made in Batavia, the most significant for my special subject was that with the Professor of Psychiatry, van Wulfften Plathe. As I knew through the press, a few weeks before my arrival at Batavia he had given an excellent lecture on *Transvestitism*, based on his own observations in Java. We exchanged our views upon this sexual problem which is so fundamental to the theoretic understanding of sex differentiation and of intersexuality.

This conversation was supplemented by valuable practical material on the very night of my departure, through a visit to Moldenfliet, a neighbourhood of rather ill-repute not far from the respectable “Hotel des Indes.” Here there are houses where a number of Malay transvestites live together and go out in swarms at night. Toward midnight one can see them in good-sized crowds on and near a bridge where they go partly for purposes of prostitution, but chiefly to meet and disburden themselves to companions in sorrow.

On this particular evening they were especially occupied with

the case of a transvestite belonging to their circle who had gone "mata glap." This Javanese expression means a state of terrible rage, into which a person falls for no apparent reason. I had already heard the word from a doctor, who told me of a young husband who, out of absolutely groundless jealousy, smashed every object in his house to smithereens and then dragged his wife into the street by the hair. This terrific emotional storm is generally followed by great exhaustion, which turns into a deep sleep, from which the "mata glap" person awakes with profound regret for what has happened and with an urge to compensate for his wild fury by an extreme gentleness and tenderness.

The man who runs amok, and who, with reason, is so greatly feared, is a case of "mata glap." If it so happens that the transvestites fall victim to "mata glap" with comparative frequency, this is probably a sign of the hystero-neuropathic constitution often connected with transvestitism, in which pent-up emotions intensify the force of the outburst.

I was conducted through the midnight underworld of Moldenfliet by a young German "Weltenbummler," who had called on me at the Hotel de Nederlanden. He was one of three adventurous "birds of passage" who, for seven years, had been wandering through the countries of the earth. He really knew how to get to know the peoples thoroughly. By playing the lute and singing, teaching jiu-jitsu, selling their own pictures with short travelogues in various languages, as well as through the co-operation of the shipping companies, they had, with astonishing energy, succeeded in reaching the four corners of the earth. Now one of them was ill with typhus in the hospital, and the other two were awaiting his recovery before taking a direct steamer from Java to South Africa.

On the following day I left Java, which in six significant weeks had become dearer and dearer to me. I took the Dutch 'plane from Batavia to Singapore, to wander thence from country to country, from race to race, from person to person—outwardly all so different, and yet all alike in their inner life, their inner being, their longings, wishes, loves and sorrows.

PART III
INDIA

PART III

INDIA

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IN returning by 'plane from Java to the Asiatic mainland we flew over the great, green, sparsely settled island of Sumatra, and over the strait between the Pacific and the Indian Ocean. As I sat in the cabin I imagined how much more beautiful it would be to sit by the pilot's side—and push straight ahead through the clouds, as through a tunnel drilled by the onrushing airship—to see clearly the surfaces of land and sea dotted with human dwellings and boats emerge—instead of gazing earthwards to the right and left of the propeller. I passed a note to the Dutch pilot, who wrote the word “agreed” beneath my message. To the great astonishment of my fellow-passengers I climbed to the seat beside him. I was very sorry when he pointed his forefinger and said, “Singapore.”

For many years Singapore has been looked upon as the inevitable port at which all seafarers between India and China—whether they want to or not—land for one day, and particularly for one night. Singapore's renown for exotic pleasures is especially linked with Raffles Hotel for the élite and Malay Street for those of less refined tastes.

Like Raffles Museum, Raffles Library, Raffles Square and many other points of interest in Singapore, Raffles Hotel is named after that great English patriot who founded a rich colony in this territory. Like Gall Face in Colombo and Taj Mahal in Bombay, Raffles Hotel is one of those world-famous hotels which stand immediately on the seashore. Without these elegant façades both the Indian Ocean and the tropics would lose a great deal of their glamour. To gaze at the sea and the colourful throngs along the shore from such music-encircled terraces is an experience of which the eye never tires.

I felt very strange in Malay Street. It was considered one of

the best known "love-marts" of the world in the nineteenth century. In Hongkong and Batavia—even in the Yoshiwara—I had heard that Malay Street no longer existed. English abolitionists had done away with it.

But—lo and behold—all seemed unchanged—at least outwardly. Behind the barred windows of their wretched cages sat women of every race—brown, black, yellow and white—some quite young and some very old, some beautiful and others hideously ugly, some slender and some appallingly obese, some with innocent and affrighted look, others with dark and hateful stare. But almost all appraised with indifferent mien the men of all nationalities who endlessly passed by, or who paused before their lodgings. With terrible monotony they called, "Come here, come inside." In most cases these were the only English words they could utter.

Such were the supposedly abolished houses of ill-fame. What I saw both here and later in other British colonies, particularly in Bombay, did not tend to shake my conviction that prostitution can only be dealt with by treating the causes, rather than the symptoms. It can be handled not by closing brothels but solely by removing the causes that drive young women to prostitution, and men to the predilection for it.

I did not fail to present my earnest conviction to Mrs. Alma Sundquist, the widely known member of the League of Nations Committee on Traffic in Women, which, for some years, aided by American funds, has been making a study of white slavery the world over. I had read in the papers that the Committee was staying in Singapore, and it was there that Mrs. Sundquist was giving one of her lectures against prostitution and white slavery. When I called upon her at her hotel, she impressed me as a very distinguished and charitable woman filled with a high moral purpose.

In Singapore there is only a handful of Europeans, but they are all powerful. Most of the inhabitants of Singapore are Chinese—320,000 Chinese, 50,000 Malays, 30,000 Indians and 20,000 Europeans. Singapore has extensive botanical gardens where hundreds of little monkeys disport themselves among the trees. They look down upon the men and women walking along the paths with probably the same thoughts and feelings human beings cherish toward them.

From Singapore I went to Ceylon—a voyage of five days, including two stops on the coast of Sumatra—at Sabang and at the friendly harbour of Medan where many Europeans reside.

Until the World War the word *European* had no exact meaning to the Asiatic mind. It was a collective term easily applied to all persons not like themselves. To many Asiatics, therefore, the Great War seemed to be a kind of civil war, which fundamentally was really true. The destruction of the respect entertained by Asiatics for Europeans cannot be estimated. Nothing can ever repair this damage.

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Ceylon is called "the pearl of the Orient" in travel brochures. Since boyhood I had pictured it to myself as a scene of fabulous tropical beauty. It disappointed me. Of course, the seven miles of ocean front at Colombo is lovely and even picturesque, but the boardwalks of Nice, Biarritz or even Atlantic City are more beautiful and more entertaining. The mountains, valleys and gorges are covered with picturesque vegetation, but the plants and flowers of a California or Japanese landscape seem grander to me. Everything is relative, and what one thinks of Ceylon depends upon whether one comes to the island from the East or from the West—from Bali or from England. It is obvious that one's impression of the camel of Egypt depends upon whether one sees it after the horse of Europe or the elephant of India. Also the Acropolis will be different for the man who sees it after witnessing the ruins of Rome than for the man who sees it after looking at the hundred-gated Thebes near Luxor. Nevertheless, Ceylon has individual charm. For instance, elephants leisurely tread the highways, or bathe in herds. Then, too, there are the Veddass—men of the forest—who resist and scorn all attempts of colonization and still manage to survive in considerable numbers.

I regret that my itinerary did not permit me to seek out the Veddass, for from the standpoint of sexual ethnology this remnant of forgotten primitive peoples is especially noteworthy. The Sarazin brothers of Basle, who have made the best study of the mountain and forest Veddass, have little to report concerning their sex and love life beyond the fact that they keep their wives care-

fully concealed. Their community life consists of a number of related families designating a certain part of the woods as their own ground for hunting and honey-gathering. Their religion is limited to a belief in evil spirits who roam through the jungle and threaten them by night.

Their dances are peculiar. They produce a musical accompaniment by slapping their bellies. The dance consists of slowly moving forward and backward and then making a single turn. Might not the first musical instrument of every nation have been the rhythmic clapping of hands? In any case, according to exact observation, there is no greater difference between the stomach-slapping of the Veddas and the buttocks-slapping of our Bavarian dancers, than between the nose-rings of the women of India and the ear-rings of Europeans. The idea is basically the same.

The devil-dances of the Veddas so frequently portrayed on postcards, are also of biological interest. In these, the dancers revolve around their own axes, slowly at first, then faster and faster until they fall backwards (as though in a swoon) and are caught by others and continue dancing. Finally, however, they sink to the ground completely stupefied. The stiff bodies are carried to one side. The cataleptic rigidity subsides after a short time.

The hysterically ecstatic course of this dance shows that the theory that hysteria is only to be found among civilized nations is just as mistaken as the idea, still in circulation in my student days, that hysterical stiffening and cramps occurred only in the female sex.

The mysteries of hysteria, as exemplified among the Veddas, are only a prelude to what is to be found among the yogis and fakirs of India. In Kandy I observed one fakir who uninterruptedly kept rolling around the ground despite the fact that his legs were quite sound; and another who held his left arm high in the air from sunrise till sunset.

Of the approximate four million inhabitants of Ceylon the Singhalese constitute the major part. Most of them still wear

the circular comb in their uncut, knotted black hair, as well as the long bright-coloured woman's skirt. They are supposed to have wandered from North India and, after brief combat, to have concluded a pact of friendship with the Yokkas (the future Veddas). Later on the stout Tamils and their slender wives, with great brown doe's eyes, migrated from the Malabar coast of India. The language of the Tamils is understood by the many tribes of Ceylon, who all have their own tongue, even to-day. Like the Singhalese, the Tamils adhered to Buddhism, which, in India, the land of its origin, soon gave way to the Hindu religion. Hinduism and Buddhism bear the same relation to each other as do Catholicism and Protestantism.

As Buddhists, the Tamils also indulged in many curious sexual practices which have not died out in their native Malabar coast. The most outstanding of these is necrophilia. The famous Indian expert, Dr. van Manen, told me that in Malabar the belief prevails that virgins are excluded from life after death. Therefore, girls who die, even in early childhood, are deflowered at once, before being cremated.

Among the lower classes of the Singhalese many have an amazing liberal education. Thus, rickshaw-coolie R. G. M. Salmon, while guiding us through Kandy one day, gave us the most astonishing botanical and historical information. He knew more details of the "German War," as the World War is almost generally called in Ceylon and India, than many a man who had participated in it. He took us to see the world-famous Buddhist library of Kandy, where the head priest proudly showed us numerous valuable manuscripts, many inscribed on papyrus. On leaving, we wished to shake hands with this librarian, but he refused. Buddhist priests are forbidden to eat meat, marry or to touch another person.

The handsome circular building known as the "Oriental Library" is a part of the Dalada Malagawa Temple in which Ceylon's most holy relic is preserved—one of Buddha's teeth. Whether Buddha had his tooth pulled in Kandy or not, or how it got there, is not exactly known. The initiate assert that it resembles the canine tooth of a crocodile more closely than a human one—but its authenticity is of as little import as is the genuineness of the hair from Mohammed's beard (to be

seen at the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem), the various splinters from Christ's Cross, the sacred rock of Treves, and other relics.

Faith is more important than authenticity. In front of the gilt-bronze door behind which the holy tooth rests (like the blood miracle of Januarius at Naples it is only exhibited once a year) I saw hundreds of believers on their knees, offering rich floral tributes (bought from priests) and coins. On many faces there was ecstasy.

There is unquestionably an inner relation between the religious worship of relics and the erotic worship of fetishes, even where it is not a question of the Lingam. In both cases, *pars pro toto* (a part in place of the whole) is the object of ardent, fervent veneration. The custom of wearing charms is intimately connected with the worship of relics. It is prevalent throughout the world, and, in Ceylon, India and Egypt, the phallic form predominates for amulets worn to induce love or fertility.

On my very first evening in Colombo, when dining with Dr. Lucian de Silva, President of the Ceylon Branch of the British Medical Association, I had the opportunity of encountering evidence that the results of extensive intermixture of blood are by no means deleterious. His two daughters, Heloise and Laurette, of Indo-Portuguese descent on the paternal side and of German-English stock through their mother, are blessed with an intellectual endowment as great as their physical beauty.

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The distance between Colombo and Calcutta can be covered in seven days by steamer and in four days by rail. Although most people, especially those at the German Consulate, advised the sea-trip during the hot season, I chose the railway journey and did not regret my decision.

One has a much better opportunity of coming into closer contact with the landscape, villages, towns and, above all, with the native population while travelling for days from station to station. The first day, to be sure, led almost entirely through monotonous, untilled fields, reminding me vividly of the American prairie between Chicago and California. But back of Madras there

spread out before us scenes of idyllic beauty, with picturesque palms, people and animals beside still waters.

The Indian folk-types have unsurpassable charm. Standing in the stations are hundreds of women laden with anklets and bracelets, necklaces and stomachers, finger and toe rings—their nostrils, ear-lobes and frequently even their lips pierced by ornaments. These so frequently are precious stones and coins that an Indian might well remark to a European : “ You invest your money in stocks and shares—we in jewels for our wives.”

No less decorative are the men. Their robes are much plainer but very elegant. Their peculiar head-dresses and pointed shoes are well known. But the most remarkable thing is the way in which the faces of both sexes are painted. These markings are signs of castes and sects, the correct explanation of which requires precise and difficult, though not very profitable, study. The most common of these signs are the large round seal on the forehead (known as Siva's third eye), Vishnu's two white stripes, the goddess Lakshmi's red stripes, and Siva's lingam. All are extremely important symbols.

The Indian railways were extraordinarily good and their rates relatively low. I much preferred them to the highly-praised American Pullman. I admit that there are no express trains, and also no real sleeping cars, but to compensate for this the first-class compartments are very large—almost like small rooms—and are furnished with bright electric lights, tables, chairs, mirrors, private lavatories, shower baths and two comfortable couches along the window, upon which you may lay your own bedclothes which you bring with you in a special hold-all. Those who do not wish to buy one can hire it for the duration of the trip. Many of the larger compartments are connected with smaller ones ; in these, for a very modest charge, a native “ boy ” or servant may be lodged. The windows are three times the ordinary size, and are equipped with fine wire screens as protection against insects, special Rohrfaser fixtures to keep the heat out, a Venetian blind to guard against the glare of the sun and an opaque pane to foil the curious. The well-prepared meals are brought from the dining-car to the compartments by efficient boys dressed in dazzling white.

Chennapatnam, as the natives call Madras, has a population of

over half a million, of which more than four-fifths are Hindus. I drove through the broad streets of the foreign section and the narrow streets of the native town to the sea (the Coast of Coromandel), took a refreshing swim at noon in the Indian Ocean, and spent the afternoon on the beach among thousands of Hindus who were listening to a loudspeaker which drowned out the sound of the waves. That afternoon the programme consisted exclusively of excerpts from Richard Wagner's operas. During the intermissions many Hindu boys and some girls walked about while the old people, whom I had joined, sat around on sandstone seats that extended for several miles.

In Adyar, a suburb of Madras, is the headquarters of the Theosophists—a cult of which I later got to know several important members, such as the Dutchman, Johan van Manen in Calcutta, and the Dane, Anna Ornsholt in Darjeeling. I would like to have visited Mrs. Annie Besant, who, in addition to her philosophical and scientific achievements, and the founding of the Hindu University at Benares, was a far-sighted champion of the Indian emancipation movement. But I had to give up this plan after receiving a message that the follower of Blavatsky—at that time more than eighty years of age—had fallen ill and was unable to receive anyone. This also caused me to miss the double monument in Adyar dedicated to Madame Blavatsky and Olcott, which bears the beautiful inscription: "There is no religion loftier than truth."

It is not surprising that theosophical teachings originated in the province of Madras. For nowhere in the world is the philosophy of religion so much at home as there. Moreover, nowhere else have primeval religious mysteries persisted, by the side of ever newly-arising sects, with so much vitality, throughout the ages. Here in Southern India the institution of "sacred" prostitution still exists.

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The romantic conception given us by Goethe in his poem, "Gott und die Bayadere," is indeed more poetry than truth. If we must admit that here Goethe is mistaken, the fact remains that to this day a great number of parents consecrate their daughters either shortly after or often before they are born, to the gods.

Mothers bring their little girls to the temples when they are quite young. The priestesses train them, as they themselves were once trained, to become "Devis" (brides of gods) or "Nautch-girls" (dancing-girls). Nautch means dance. The priestesses teach them to dance and to sing, to assist in divine services, and to march in processions, richly attired, and always much admired.

In early youth they are used sexually by the priests—or to be more correct, misused. They are also placed at the disposal of pilgrims as remuneration for contributions to the temple treasury. Recently, more and more voices have been raised in opposition to this ancient abuse, and the disappearance of "sacred" prostitution in Southern India is only a question of time. It will be stamped out just as it was long ago in India's northern districts.

A war similar to the one waged against "sacred" prostitution has been going on for a considerable time against child-marriage, led chiefly by the leaders of the Indian independence movement. This custom is still extraordinarily widespread throughout Asia, particularly among the Mohammedans, just as it was formerly to be found in Europe among the Greeks, Romans, Jews, and many other peoples. The Hindus go so far as to assert that child-marriage, like the segregation of women (Purdah), was first introduced by the Mohammedans.

In India, as in most Asiatic nations, children do not make independent marriages, but are united by their parents without their consent being asked. Among the Hindus this is of even greater consequence, for, unlike the Chinese and the Moslems, they live monogamously, not polygamously.

Among the bitterest opponents of child-marriage is Mahatma Gandhi. In his magazine, *Young India*, he writes: "This curse consumes the vitality of incalculable numbers of promising boys and girls upon whom rests the future of our nation—year after year it calls into being thousands of sickly children of both sexes born of immature mothers. It is one of the most important causes of the gradual but steady decline of the Hindu race in size, as well as in physical and moral strength."

But it cannot be disputed that in cultured and in academic circles child-marriage has many supporters even to-day. A prominent Indian physician said to me: "I myself married at seventeen and my wife was eleven. At thirteen she bore our first child

and at sixteen the second. At that time, more than twenty years ago, I was a student. My wife and children are very healthy and we are very happy."

Furthermore, he added : " You must not overlook the fact that in our hot climate the maturity of both sexes sets in three or four years earlier than in Europe and America. I wish to stress the point that child-marriage protects girls from sexual violence prior to maturity, to which they might otherwise easily be exposed. The prospective bridegroom and his parents take the child into their keeping and lovingly train her for her future calling of wife and mother. It will be found, in almost every case, that sexual intercourse does not occur until after the first menstrual period."

I heard similar statements from other sources. They show that it is not the erotic impulse alone that lies at the root of child-marriage, as is often assumed. But still the arguments against child-marriage are far more predominant, and a much disputed decree that fixed the earliest marriage-age at sixteen was passed into law in 1925. The accounts of the American writer, Katharine Mayo, that a Hindu girl, generally speaking, must expect her first baby between her ninth and fourteenth year are exaggerated. Let us contrast this statement with statistics published by the English physician, N. J. Balfour, of Bombay, in the *Times of India* of October 1st, 1927 :

" I have taken notes on 304 Hindu mothers who came to Bombay hospitals for their first confinements. The average age was 18·7 years ; 85·6 per cent. were seventeen or over, 14·4 under seventeen. The youngest were fourteen years of age and there were only three of these. I have compared these figures with reports from the Maternity Hospital at Madras for the years 1922-24. 2,132 mothers were delivered of their first children there : the average age was 19·4 years ; 86·2 per cent. were seventeen or over ; and 13·8 per cent. under seventeen. The youngest was thirteen and twenty-two mothers were fourteen. In my report on other parts of India, including the northern districts, I have given accounts of 2,964 births. According to these, only ten mothers were under fifteen years of age."

Dr. Balfour makes this conclusion : " There is no doubt that sometimes childbirth occurs too early in India and also that cohabitation starts too soon. Legislation is an urgent necessity.

But the statements brought forward prove that the figures quoted by Miss Mayo do not in the least represent the predominating morals of the country."

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Apropos of this discussion I wish to comment a little more fully on the book that raised such a great sensation all over the world—*Mother India*, by Katharine Mayo, first published in 1927. To some Indians—particularly the cultivated Indian women—this libel seemed the more grievous because it was the work of a citizen of a country that had once won independence from England and therefore gave promise of much moral support. If, indeed, some friends of India in Germany and America, as well as many Indians, think they can dismiss the book with the brief remark that it was commissioned work, they are making too easy a defence.

Of course we learned enough from the World War to realize that not only are war lies to be reckoned with, but also lies prior to and resulting from wars. But simple contradictions do not help much in denying these falsehoods. It is necessary to refute the individual untruths with definite proof. Fortunately this was done in the case of Miss Mayo's book. First I wish to mention *Unhappy India* by the noble Lajpat Ray, who shortly before the publication of his painstaking rejoinder was imprisoned—a martyr to his convictions.

But the work of C. S. Ranga entitled *Father India, a Reply to Mother India* and numerous other treatises convinced me, as did my own observations, that, though generalizing, Katharine Mayo had either seen falsely or had distorted the real facts. I assume the former is the case; at any rate the result is that her book provides material for anti-Indian and pro-English propaganda. Is it really mere chance that twice on my world-tour I received *Mother India* as a gift, and from people I hardly knew—the first time from a dealer in obscene films in Shanghai, the second time from an elderly gentleman who engaged me in conversation in a travel bureau in Singapore?

As a scientist, I am aware that anyone who so wishes can collect and publish sexual truths about any other country which are just as astonishing. When I was young certain facts concerning

sexual life in England, disclosed by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, created as great a stir as did Miss Mayo. The English version was also a bigoted one written from the shady side only. It is a fact of nature that the sex instinct originates from a need almost as strong as does the need for nourishment. People senselessly make the serious mistakes of over-indulgence or underfeeding, or of finishing unripe and indigestible food (for they attach more value to the taste than to the ingredients, *i.e.*, they place attractiveness above nutrition). Exactly so do an equal number deal with sex. And to an even greater extent in this sphere, for whereas much knowledge concerning the physiology of nutrition and dietetics is widely circulated, an almost general ignorance of sexual biology, pathology and hygiene prevails. Also, the sexual impulse exhibits more disturbances of a morbid nature than does the urge for nourishment.

To be just, while severely criticizing Indian conditions, one should also not overlook the fact that for more than a century and a half the English, not the Indians, have been masters. Since they rightfully praise themselves for having stopped the burning of widows and the killing of female children, they surely were also capable of abolishing other institutions that stand in opposition to modern sexology, even if the latter *are* bound up with religion.

On the other hand, it is everywhere said in Europe that English interference in the laws of the Hindu religion, especially in the case of the burning of widows, was the essential cause of the Sepoy rebellion, and that since then the British have grown more careful in suddenly introducing reforms.

This explanation does not seem plausible to me. Of course, fear of insurrections and mutinies may have played a part in this criminal neglect of duty on the part of the British. But if one tests the motives psychologically, the main reason for this lies in the fact that it is easier to deal with a nation governed by the principle, *Quieta non movere* than with one that has been *put into a natural condition of unrest* by attempts to raise it from its own level of culture.

Other deplorable phenomena in India rest upon the same fear of the two-edged sword of culture. Let us take, for example, the fact that no public school bill has yet been passed. Consequently, out of the 320 million inhabitants of India ninety per cent. are

illiterate (compared with only one per cent. in Japan), and *this* in a country which, through the ages, from the books of the Veda to Kalidasa's play *Sakuntala*, has produced the most sublime literature !

Or let us take another example : In one of the richest countries of the world, the seat of the nabobs and maharajahs, more than 200 million people are living in dire poverty. A third fact is that year in and year out, the most frightful pestilences—cholera, dysentery, small-pox, plague, tuberculosis and malaria—are reducing the population without any necessary counter-measures being taken by the authorities. In Java, on the other hand, thanks to the precautions of experts on tropical hygiene, these very diseases have become almost extinct.

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I was occupied with these and similar reflections as the train rolled nearer and nearer our destination. Calcutta, the former English capital of India (Delhi, the old Mughul capital, was not made the British capital until 1911) is the second largest city of the British Empire. It was named after the goddess Cali, whose Yoni is as highly revered as is the Lingam of her husband, Siva.

If this seems doubtful to anyone, he should go, as I did twice, in the company of an experienced Brahmin, to Kaligat—that interesting section of Calcutta where, according to a legend, Kali's amputated finger once fell from Heaven. This place teems with Yonis and Lingams to almost as great an extent as does the holy city of Benares, to which I shall presently give further attention in describing these strangest and perhaps most primitive of all cults.

Shanghai has been called the Paris of the Far East. Calcutta is its London. The style of the parks and public buildings grouped about the huge Maidan Square are very reminiscent of the city on the Thames. This square is bounded on the west by the Hooghly River, a branch of the Ganges (not yet holy at this point), and on the east by the Chowringhi Road, which, in addition to large hotels and restaurants, is adorned by the notable Museum of India.

From the balcony of my room in the Grand Hotel on Maidan

Square I had a magnificent view over the wide stretches of meadow filled with holy cows and sheep. These fields extended almost to the masts and funnels of the distant harbour.

However, to stay for any length of time upon my balcony was possible only before sunrise or after sunset. The sultry heat that broods over Calcutta was so insufferable that I always took quick refuge beneath the electric fan in my room so as to have at least a half-way chance of breathing. How Europeans could stand the hot months of Northern India before the electric fan was invented will always remain a riddle to me. Even taking the "punka" into consideration, the heat must have enveloped body and soul like a suffocating fire. This contraption consists of a huge piece of matting stretched across the room and is kept in motion day and night by a wretched Punka-Walla, a Hindu of the lowest class, pulling on a rope.

I paid my first visit in Calcutta to Rabindranath Tagore. He had just moved to town from his estate, Santiniketan, one hour away, in order to direct a performance that was being arranged by his school for charitable purposes. The venerable poet received us most graciously in his ancestral home. It is situated in the native quarter on a blind-alley branching off from the main street.

We were asked to arrive at eight o'clock in the morning. As he reclined on his couch his face and gown gave the effect of a delicate painting in silver and white by Hubert Herkomer. He was ailing, and spoke in a tired, low voice; so, after a short visit, we left. We talked of our mutual friend, Paulus Geheeb, whose Odenwald school, in its views of life and the world, pursues aims very similar to those of Tagore's school at Santiniketan.

Later on, I conversed at various times with teachers from Tagore's school. One said: "Tagore reminds me of a famous old prima donna—in spite of being dangerously ill and so miserable that all of us are extremely worried, he gives lectures and sings and dances to his own compositions with an astonishing vigour for one of his years. It seems to me that Tagore shares this psychic flexibility with most feminine artists—and what true artist hasn't a feminine component?"

The day after my visit I wanted to see the last of the Tagore performances with Professor Kramarsch, the only woman pro-

fessor at the University of Calcutta. She was Austrian by birth and had once taught at Santiniketan herself. We had already procured good seats, but, when we entered the auditorium, violent excitement was raging. The students did not wish to go ahead with the play because two political prisoners, champions of Indian independence, had been shot that afternoon in a prison near Calcutta for so-called insubordination. On account of this, Tagore's performance did not take place.

That evening Professor Kramarsch and I went to a temple feast that was being celebrated in a rather remote suburb of Calcutta. On my way home I came by chance upon crowds of Indians who were bearing the remains of their two executed comrades through the streets of Calcutta. Twelve people were holding aloft the bodies, still clothed in prison garb, and with their arms outstretched, so as to make them as visible to as many spectators as possible along the streets. More than a hundred thousand people followed the dead, according to an unprejudiced estimate. They maintained a dignified silence. But from time to time a wild outcry would occur. They held the bodies of the victims particularly high in front of our hotel, in the centre of the foreign traffic. The guests gazed down from the windows and balconies, deeply moved. This anti-British demonstration in Calcutta was all the more impressive because it was absolutely spontaneous. Unhappy India !

At the temple feast vast throngs of men and women (separated for decency's sake), including Professor Kramarsch and myself, filed past many very bright and somewhat primitive effigies of Hindu gods. Later the head priest of the temple received me and explained to me in a half-hour's discourse the sense—or to be more correct, perhaps, the nonsense—of his special sect, of which I truly understood little. His dissertation was taken down in shorthand by one of his disciples. The gratifying thing about these hundreds of sects is that they are very tolerant toward the castes to which they stand in strongest opposition. Hinduism or Brahminism never led religious wars as did Mohammedanism and Christianity. The motto I heard that evening and often afterwards was : " Many paths lead to God." Each Hindu sect allows any other sect or religion absolute freedom.

The more definitely erotic religious sects, of which there are

still quite a number in India, also observe this tolerance. Among these I shall first mention the "Tantric Circle," which still practises its ritual, though, to be sure, in strictly private meetings.

The alleged aim of Tantrism is the transformation of a mortal nature into an immortal one. Formally prepared assemblies and carousals culminate in ceremonial sexual intercourse, in which the man personifies the god Siva, and the woman the goddess Druga. Another mystic erotic sect, most commonly found in Bengal, is called Baul. Here, too, the religious devotions end in sexual surrender, but in a manner known to Europeans as the *Carezza*. He who does not possess the power of resistance must undergo all kinds of penance, whereas he who is able to control himself has attained the highest degree of piety.

Another sect called Sahajia, supposed to be at least 2,500 years old, indulges in similar practices.

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For my introduction into the scientific and social circles of India I am particularly indebted to Dr. Girindrashekhkar Bose, director of the Department of Experimental Psychology at the University of Calcutta, professor of abnormal psychology and president of the Indian Psychoanalytic Society. Although he had never been to Europe, Dr. Bose was a perfect master of all the trends in psychology and sexology, especially of the work of German investigators. Photographs of Fechner and Lotze, Helmholtz and Wundt adorned the walls of his laboratory. An excellent portrait of Freud hung in his consulting-room. The latter was a pencil drawing done neither from life nor from a photograph, but from the imagination of a medium who pictured the creator of psycho-analysis after having read descriptions of his teachings. He claimed he had never before seen a photograph of Freud. If this is true—and the man is supposed to be reliable—one must indeed marvel at the resemblance with the original caught by the medium.

While I visited Dr. Bose for the first time, an incident occurred that gives proof both of the kind hospitality as well as of the indomitable self-mastery of the Indians. We had been invited to his house for tea, which in India is a copious meal in itself, con-

sisting of all sorts of sandwiches, various kinds of cake and the choicest fruits.

We were engaged in lively conversation with several Indian scientists when one of Bose's brothers entered the room and whispered a single short word in his ear which might well have been "Finished." Our host grew pale, rose and said : " Please excuse me—I shall be right back." After a scant three minutes he returned and said : " My mother died in the next room a minute ago. She had a stroke early this morning. But please don't be disturbed." Naturally, we considered it correct to leave after we had sympathetically shaken hands with the numerous brothers. The gracious way in which Dr. Bose received us, in spite of this sad episode, showed the Indian quality of enlightened equanimity in its best aspect.

Two weeks after the cremation, which in India generally takes place either on the day of death itself or the day after at the latest, I attended the death-feast in Dr. Bose's house. This celebration marks the end of the period of strict family mourning, and is dominated more by a dignified gladness connected with belief in " Karma " and the soul's wandering than by a sense of grief. About three hundred guests were present in festive attire. First, we conversed freely in the garden and then were led up to the roof in groups, where we sat down on the floor and, using our bare hands, partook of the excellent hot dishes served on large round banana leaves.

After the meal, these natural plates are thrown away as are the red earthenware jugs in which either fresh water or tea is served. Hindus do not like alcoholic drinks, although these are not forbidden by their religion as they are to Mohammedans. The custom of using one's fingers as knives and forks accounts for the usual hand-washing before and after meals in the Orient. It is still widespread in India. The chop-sticks of the East and the knives and forks of the West are practically unknown.

To Europeans, eating without tables and chairs, plates, cloths, knives and forks, seems curiously primitive. But it enables the Indian to enlarge his family feasts. There is nothing very unusual about feeding a thousand—or indeed, two thousand guests or more, particularly at weddings. The evening party I attended, at which three hundred guests were present, was relatively small.

Separate dining-rooms were provided for men and women. Strict segregation, even at meals, is to this day closely adhered to in almost all parts of Asia and Africa.

Despite his deep mourning, Dr. Bose did not neglect to work out a detailed lecture programme for me. He arranged five lectures on sexual science lasting over a period of a week, all to be given in English.

After my lectures in Calcutta, a deputation of Indian women called on me to explain the Purdah system. Their hope and plea was : " Can your World League for Sexual Reform help to free the women of India from the zenana ? " Only for a relatively short time has the battle-cry " Purdah must go " sounded in India.

By Purdah is meant the strictly enforced seclusion of Indian woman from the outside world. She spends nearly all her life imprisoned in the bad indoor air of the zenana, the women's section of the house. She only goes out occasionally, and then heavily veiled, which, at a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, is no light torture. It is comprehensible that, in consequence of this lack of air and exercise, tuberculosis claims numberless Indian women as its victims.

In a report submitted by the Medical Officer of Health of Calcutta as early as 1917, I read : " Despite an improvement in the general mortality figures of this city, the mortality of the female sex is still forty per cent. higher than that of the male. . . . As long as the population does not acknowledge the fact that strict adherence to the Purdah system in a large city—except among the very rich who can afford roomy houses and their own gardens—is the immediate cause of the premature death of a large number of women, this permanent reproach will weigh heavily upon Calcutta."

Since then the situation has not greatly improved. The Hindus allege in their own favour that Purdah was first introduced into their country by the Moslems. The harem is ordered by the Mohammedan religion but not by Brahminism, which, as the ancient Vedas (4000-2500 B.C.) state, has accorded woman a high position. But when the Mussulmans, who conquered almost

all of India, molested Hindu women and girls who went about free and unveiled, the *Purdah* system had been introduced as a protective measure.

In opposition to these explanations there are certain passages in *Manu*, the ancient Indian statute-book dating back to the fourth century B.C., in which one finds, for example : " Day and night a woman should be kept in a condition of dependence upon the male members of the family. In childhood, let her father watch over her ; in youth, her husband, and in old age, her son."

Even attending physicians strictly adhere to this isolation as I myself learned in many cases when women consulted me on the question of sterility. During my sojourn in India, the knowledge had gradually spread, particularly in the country districts, that a " wise man from the West " had come to India who could give advice on all sexual questions. The longer I stayed there, the stronger this rumour grew, with the result that during the last three weeks the door of my hotel room in Bombay was literally besieged from morning until night.

This pilgrimage was made chiefly by impotent men and sterile women, but many dysglandular types also appeared. Thus, I was consulted by a brother and sister from Kashmir who had both been born without any sex glands. Both were already between forty and fifty years of age, and showed intelligence above the average.

Once a man eighty-six years old, who had recently been married for the second time (and to a seventeen-year-old girl !) called on me accompanied by his Indian doctor. Despite the fact that he could only move with difficulty he wished me to make him capable of cohabiting and even of procreating. While I was giving him a physical examination, the whole family stood around us, especially his sons and sons-in-law, anxiously awaiting my diagnosis. I was too sorry to rob the old man of all hope.

But the majority who came to see me were married women who wanted children ; frequently they considered their childlessness such a great disaster that they wept bitterly at the mention of it. Their husbands were usually displeased when I examined them also. They presumed without further ado—or at least they acted as though they did—that the sterility of their marriages could

only be the fault of their wives. Even after repeated childless marriages they continued to cling to this opinion.

I was not permitted to undertake an internal vaginal examination among Mohammedan women under any circumstances, and only did so once in the case of a Hindu woman. Usually the husbands brought with them a certificate from a woman doctor concerning their wives' condition. It seems to me that a very wide field of activity awaits European women doctors in Asia.

This procedure undoubtedly indicates definite progress. Formerly sick women could not be seen at all; they merely put out their arms to have their pulse felt, or their tongues, to be looked at through small openings in the door of the zenana. Or, wooden and ivory dolls were brought to the doctor upon which the afflicted parts of the female body were marked with ink. I bought one of these ivory "doctor-dolls" for our collection.

The extraordinary difficulty of the war against Purdah is best shown by what happened in Afghanistan. When King Amanullah and his wife, after returning from their long European trip, wished to do away with Purdah, following the example of the energetic and successful Kemal Pasha of Turkey, they met with the most violent opposition. The manifesto through which Habibullah brought about the king's dethronement read as follows: "The Koran and the words of the prophets are quite clear. They say that man and woman who are strangers to each other should not show their eyes to one another. But the heretical king ordered that women should go unveiled." And this widely circulated proclamation continues: "I, the Servant of the Faith, say that Europeans are heretics and that Islam orders strict observance of Purdah in accordance with the Koran and the words of the Prophet."

The fact that in India the unhealthy and unworthy Purdah system still continues is the more deplorable because the average Indian woman is not only a charming but also a very intelligent—and often a highly cultured person.

The longer I stayed in Calcutta, the more the tropical heat increased. Each attempt to go out in the daytime had to be

abandoned quickly. And so, after I had stood the almost unbearable heat for six days, I decided to travel northward to the little mountain town of Darjeeling, seven thousand feet high, at the foot of the Himalayas. Its pretty bungalows scattered over mountain and valley and the magnificent view was very reminiscent of St. Moritz. Here it was indeed so refreshingly cool that in our Mt. Everest Hotel we dared not let the open fire go out, and had to wrap ourselves in borrowed coats and scarves when we went for a walk.

The view of the highest mountain-range in the world is one of sublime beauty ; and I felt myself especially favoured by Fate when on the night of September 25th, I saw the eternal snow of the endless Himalayas gleaming and glittering in the light of the full moon. The tragic contrast between the vastness of Nature and the pettiness of man reared itself poignantly before my eyes.

Part of the road from Calcutta to Darjeeling leads through the jungle which supplies the zoological gardens of the world with Bengal lions, tigers, leopards, rhinoceroses, elephants, bears and smaller beasts. From the train we did not see these pleasant fellow-creatures moving in the impenetrable wilderness of the jungle. But, as darkness set in, we observed the flashings of glow-worms, which resembled fallen stars, and invested the forest with a fabulous enchantment.

From Siliguri on, where the mountain-railway begins, a very striking change occurs in people and their dress. The Mongolian intermixture becomes more marked ; one sees more and more of the long braids and handsome fur caps of the Tibetans, and the incredibly heavy necklaces of Nepalese women. Here is the beginning of the ancient highway between India and China, upon which Buddhist monks once carried their teachings to far Japan, and where many other contacts were made, mostly by way of camel caravans, passing to and fro between the Indian and Chinese Empires.

To the ethnologist, and more particularly the sex ethnologist, there is hardly any sight more interesting than the weekly market of Darjeeling. The Tibetan woman has a special interest for the sex expert. Broad, heavy-boned and laden down with ornaments, a short pipe in her mouth, she strides down from the Tibetan plateau to the market-place, followed by her three to five hus-

bands—usually brothers—who, bearing burdens, trot behind her like slaves.

Haggling goes on at this market as it does everywhere. Fixed prices are unknown. Buying means bargaining, and bargaining means negotiating. I asked the price of a delicately wrought Tibetan steel bell. "One hundred rupees," replied the vendor, who was squatting on the ground. "Offer him one rupee," said my Indian escort. I hardly trusted myself, but finally said it. And what do you suppose happened? As I moved quickly from the spot where the goods were displayed, to the seeming indignation of the dealer and his assistants, he rushed after me and actually reduced his demand of a hundred rupees to one rupee. In other words, he now asked the equivalent of eighteen pence in place of seven pounds ten shillings.

Besides Tibetans, Nepalese, Bhutias, Lepshas and many other tribes (in Darjeeling one finds not only varying dialects but over twenty different languages), I also saw the Gurkhas and Sikhs so familiar to me from the Wünsdorf concentration camp near Berlin, where many were interned during the World War. One of the Gurkhas still spoke the German he had learned during his internment with an unmistakable Berlin accent!

The populace made a very fresh, gay impression, particularly the many rickshaw-men and horse-drivers who came on account of the unevenness of the ground. If the rickshaw-men and horse-drivers have no customers, they rest on the ground in a picturesque circle and hour upon hour play cards and dice. The people laugh a lot and seem good-natured. A European lady, who walked alone a great deal, was asked by an English one if she was not afraid of the "savage" natives. "Oh no," she answered, "I am only afraid of the English soldiers."

In Darjeeling, too, I again came in contact with more members of the Indian family of Bose: the lawyer, A. M. Bose, as well as his uncle, Sir J. C. Bose, the famous naturalist, and his distinguished wife, Lady Ahala Bose, leader of the Indian woman's movement.

The only element disturbing to the landscape are the prayer-flags. Around the houses of the peasants on numerous high bamboo poles fly flags covered with prayers. These owe their presence to the naïve idea, engendered by the priests because it

feeds the imagination, that illness, evil spirits and all misfortunes can be transferred by the waving flags to the winds, which then carry them through the air to the gods.

66

India's rigid caste-division is unquestionably extremely undesirable. The existence of castes and sects was the main reason why at first I placed China, to whom these matters are foreign, far above India. Since I have had the opportunity, however, of discussing this question thoroughly with many enlightened Indians, who themselves were opposed to caste differentiations, my conception, not of castes but of their causes, has become somewhat milder.

Still, the fact remains that thirty-one million members of a nation are so despised as pariahs or outcasts, by their own fellow-citizens, that mere contact with them, be it direct or indirect, is considered a contamination. To me, this seems a deep disgrace, not only to the Indian nation but also to the whole of humanity.

Gandhi himself openly commented : " Untouchability is felt to be dwindling in defiance of all opposition—and moreover, it is disappearing quickly. It has degraded the humanity of India. The untouchables were treated as lower than animals. Even their shadows were looked upon as a stain in the name of God. . . . To me, untouchability is more unbearable than English rule. If the Hindu religion adheres to it, it will die and be done for." And all the champions of Indian emancipation whom I interviewed, such as B. C. Roy, J. Nehru, Jadhaw and very many others, are of the same opinion. Yet to this day millions of Indians, perhaps even the majority of the nation, stick to the old traditions, and see a kind of heresy in attacks upon the principle of untouchability and the caste system.

The supporters of the caste system allege that the sharp separation among the people of India is in reality hardly different from similar conditions which prevailed up to a short time ago in Europe, where classes or castes were likewise separated from one another : namely, into the nobility, the middle-class, the military and the proletariat. They also point to the social discrimination against the Jews in many European countries, even in cases where

their families have been settled in a country for over a thousand years and have fulfilled every national obligation. The Americans who grow indignant over the Indian caste system are reproached with the fact that to them the Negroes are just as untouchable as are the pariahs in India, whereas to the Hindus and Mohammedans, who range in colour from the purest white to the deepest black, these skin prejudices are unknown. According to their viewpoint the American colour-line is incomprehensible.

All these comparisons, which could be multiplied indefinitely, undoubtedly have a certain justification, but as a matter of fact they only show that the injustice of caste differentiation exists elsewhere to-day to a greater or lesser degree. What seems more important to me is the emphasis the Indians place upon the fact that in their country the caste system is no mere Governmental regulation but a custom that has taken root during a period of historical development, and, most important, that this practice is being increasingly recognized as archaic. Actually, it is rapidly crumbling, with the result that marriages between members of different castes, formerly considered a serious offence, are now no longer looked upon as rarities, and scarcely attract attention.

To be sure, on Indian legal papers, nearly always a notation of caste can still be found. I could give many instances of this : for example, that of the man who, shortly after my arrival in Calcutta, offered me his service as guide and handed me his official identification papers, the second line of which began with the word " caste."

It was reported to me from a reliable source that a pious Indian of respected position who was invited to visit the Viceroy, washed his hands for hours when he returned from the Viceroy's table because the latter, who of course did not belong to the Brahmin caste, had shaken hands with him upon his arrival and his departure.

Outwardly, the castes are distinguished by various signs on forehead and hands, by definite movements, the manner of greeting and characteristics of dress. Thus even the foreigner may easily recognize the Brahmins by a slender white cord hanging from the right shoulder, over the breast, to the left hip.

The four principal castes, briefly, are as follows :

(a) The Brahmins, the highest caste, are partly priests and

partly students of the Vedic writings, philosophy and other sciences. I became acquainted with a number of medical colleagues who, like the Bannerjis, Chatterjis and Mukerjis, told me they belonged to the Brahmin caste.

(b) The second caste, the Kshatryas, originated in the military profession.

(c) The third caste, the Vaisyas, is equivalent to our middle-class. Its members consist of merchants and farmers as well as the majority of doctors, teachers and lawyers. All three of these castes use the title "twice-born," which is not much stranger than the German "highly-born," "well-born" and "very well-born."

(d) The fourth caste consists of the Sudras, who are not designated as "twice-born." Most of them are either craftsmen or manual labourers.

According to the Brahmins, they sprang from Brahma's mouth, the military caste from his arm, the Vaisyas from his loins and the Sudras from his feet.

Besides these main castes, there are more than a thousand lower ones. More spring up all the time, particularly in the country. A transition from an existing caste to another does not take place, however.

The ease with which the whole caste system can be disposed of is demonstrated by the example of Japan, where formerly a very strict caste system also prevailed. It was legally obliterated by the civil revolution of 1868. Indeed, many who live there really no longer know that castes ever existed in their native country.

Widows in India live in just as humiliating a position as the pariahs. Since Indian girls become engaged and marry in very early childhood, there are quite a number of widowed children. Those who have once been betrothed and whose fiancés have died are also counted as widows. The present number of widows *under five years of age* is approximately fifteen thousand.

According to an ancient Indian belief, all widows take the blame for the death of their husbands. This strange conception is connected with the idea of the transmigration of souls. It is of

course understood that the young girl herself has not caused her husband's mortal suffering ; but it is believed that he was taken from her as a punishment for sins she committed in a previous incarnation. Consequently she is not allowed to marry again, and she is treated as a sort of Cinderella, who, clad in rags and fed on disfavour, must perform the meanest tasks around the house and yard.

Is it therefore astonishing if many widows, especially the younger ones, flee into brothels, where at least they are protected from maltreatment ? In Calcutta, Benares, Delhi and Bombay, where my Indian friends conducted me through the extensive brothel districts, many girls explained upon being questioned that they were driven to prostitution through widowhood. I can still see clearly before me a charming little creature who, with a baby on her arm, squatted on the floor of her room. When my Indian colleague questioned her, she told him very calmly that she became a widow at fifteen and after all she had to feed her child.

Surely the former custom of burning widows is related to this tragic custom. What is the use of going on living in degradation when life has lost all its significance ? It is of course far better to follow one's husband to his funeral-pyre voluntarily. Friedrich Rückert writes in his *Brahmin Tales* :

" The first wife who, with her husband's body, went the way of the flames to the cool Shades, undoubtedly proved with high courage the inseparability of man and wife. Let us praise her example ! The pure fire of devotion fed by the breath of life of her beloved died down and grew into a horrible custom. May the poisonous growth of abuse be eradicated, but let not the sacred reason upon which it grew be scorned ! " By poetic transfiguration this author has glorified far too greatly the sacred cause upon which the practice grew.

It is really entirely understandable that modern Indians look upon the dreadful treatment of widows as an unpardonable abuse, and wish to root it out. Thus Lajpat Ray, author of *Unhappy India* writes : " The situation of child-widows is indescribable. It may be that those who resist a second marriage have the blessing of God, but their superstition brings with it so many abuses and causes such great mental and moral anguish that the

entire nation suffers from it and is hampered in the struggle for existence." Gandhi expresses himself quite definitely in similar fashion.

68

Among the most splendid and most lovable people whose acquaintance I made in India are Sir Jagardis Chandra and Lady Bose. Jagardis Chandra Bose was for a long time professor of physics at Presidency College in Calcutta, until he decided to devote himself entirely to botany.

Bose has bridged some of the chasms which separate man from knowledge. He has constructed remarkably delicate and sensitive instruments, such as the crescograph, by means of which one could see, although not hear, grass grow. All life-processes in plants, such as pulsation, assimilation and transpiration, are perceived by his apparatus and are registered and projected on the screen, enlarged a million times. But for a full description of these machines I must refer my readers to Bose's book, *The Character of Plants*.

A great sensation was made by Bose's discoveries and publications on "The Heart of the Plant"; and naturally there were not wanting some who tried to dispute the scientific methods of his amazing work. But where in academic circles do such people not exist?

What made the personality of Bose particularly sympathetic to me was the fact that, just as I used nearly my whole fortune in building up the facilities of the Sexology Institute in Berlin, he sacrificed a large portion of his capital to found the Botanical Institute of Calcutta. This institute is an example of beautiful architecture, in the style of ancient India, adorned with many symbolic ornaments from plant-life, and equipped with a lovely garden and a magnificent auditorium holding 1,500 people. It is surrounded by electro-physiological, chemical and physical laboratories and accommodation for about twenty permanent students.

Each devotes himself exclusively to one apparatus. At the special demonstration, which had been arranged for me and my companion, I had the opportunity of observing how perfectly each one fulfilled his task. The administration of the Institute is

in the hands of Professor N. C. Nag, an eminent chemist and an exceedingly friendly man.

The value of the Bose Institute, with its two branches, the country-house and vacation home at Faitha on the Ganges (a four-hour boat trip from Calcutta) and the biological laboratory at the Villa Mayapuri in Darjeeling, is estimated at 1,625,000 rupees of which Bose himself contributed 1,200,000 rupees. The management consists of an all-Indian board of directors to which many prominent men belong, including Tagore.

Upon one of my visits, Professor Bose himself gave me a demonstration of the "nervous" conduction of irritability in plants with the example of *mimosa pudica*. He produced a small burn on the edge of a leaf, and after a considerable interval I saw a remote offshoot fall loosely from the stem.

Professor Bose summarized his teachings in my journal with the following words : " The fundamental physiological mechanism is essentially similar in plant and animal life."

In his experiments at Darjeeling he was assisted by his Danish secretary, Miss Anna Ornsholt of Kaskov, with whom Li and I struck up a warm friendship. She possessed all the dour, comradely charm of women from her Danish homeland. Years previously she came to India as a teacher of physical culture and theosophy and told us a good deal about Annie Besant and her protégé, Krishnamurti, whom she passed off as the Messiah until he courageously succeeded in freeing himself from this enforced rôle.

During my visit to the Dean of the University, I became personally acquainted with many Indian college professors, and after the reception I was invited to attend a meeting of the governing senate. There must have been between sixty and seventy gentlemen present. With the exception of two Englishmen, there were only Indian scholars, most of them stately figures with strong intellectual features—all in all a gathering which would be a glory to any European university, parliament or government.

Under the chairmanship of the vice-chancellor, the debates ran in perfect order. The discussion concerned the question of petitions for support. The speeches flew back and forth earnestly, were often seasoned with humour and accompanied by cheerfulness. The longer I was with these gentlemen, the more strongly I felt that a country which possesses such intellectual poten-

tialities can confidently lay its destiny in the hands of the native leaders. There is no need of any foreign rulers who have grown up under absolutely different circumstances and who needs must act in an alien way.

Unquestionably an able group of native leaders *does* exist in India. To withhold from her the regulation of the affairs of her own people and country is, biologically speaking, an absurdity and must of necessity lead to insurrections and revolts. Once awakened, the longing for freedom can be but temporarily repressed. That is a law of nature. The craving for freedom everywhere among the peoples of Asia and Africa became so powerful after the World War that it can no longer be permanently curbed by concessions and compromises.

That it is monstrous for such a great, civilized nation as India, which possesses so many born statesmen, to be governed by a nation foreign to it in language, race and character (and in the last analysis only because this nation can shoot better) was brought home to me still more clearly at the reception to which the mayor of Calcutta had invited many members of the Indian National Congress. As "political offenders," nearly all these men had served long prison terms. At this moment, while Gandhi was representing their cause in London, they were free agents ; after the unsatisfactory outcome of the Round Table Conference in 1931 most of them were again put under arrest. One of the guests said to me : " Our nation is now dividing into three parts : those who have been in prison, those who have not yet been, and those who belong there."

With a solemn speech and a handsome bouquet, the mayor of Calcutta presented me with pictures of Gandhi at the salt-marsh, and of Das and other champions of liberty. My excellent impression of the intelligentsia in Calcutta, India's intellectual centre, was deepened through many hundreds of Indian personalities with whom I came in contact at the Hindu University of Benares, as well as at the universities of Patna, Delhi, Agra and Bombay.

Before leaving Calcutta, I went to see the Botanical and the Zoological Gardens. I visited both under the auspices of an

expert Indian guide. They are of the first rank, even if the Zoological Garden of Calcutta is inferior in grandeur to the zoos of London and Berlin. As compensation for this, it is more original.

What interested me especially in the Botanical Garden was an ancient holy tree (*Ficus bengalensis*), the circumference of which at the top measured no less than 305 metres (about 1,000 feet), and which had over 600 air-roots. The most interesting thing in the Zoological Garden was a huge rhinoceros, the sale of whose urine brings in 5,000 rupees a year, according to the director. For this urine is used as a very valuable remedy ; eight drops in the morning are supposed to cure any form of asthma. Whether cow's urine is used for curative washings and taken internally, as I often heard, I was unable to determine for certain ; it would be quite conceivable on account of the sacred rôle played by the cow in the imaginative life of the Indians.

Indeed, hardly anything lends so peculiar a character to the street scenes of Calcutta as the " holy " cows which one sees meandering about everywhere. When one has overcome one's first amazement at this unaccustomed and friendly phenomenon, one soon perceives that the Indian cow, because of the affectionate pampering given her, is a different animal from the cow in Europe, Egypt or China.

With grave calm she strolls between the people, never bumps into anything, sits down in the middle of the sidewalk with enviable apathy, and even the poorest greengrocer is pleased and feels honoured if the cow filches his wares. It is said that no car has ever run into a cow. When the holy cow is old and can give no more milk, she is boarded and lodged a few miles from Calcutta until she dies a natural death. It is as utterly out of the question for a Hindu to slaughter or eat a cow as for a Mohammedan to eat pork ; but for opposite reasons. The Mussulman considers the pig unclean, whereas the Hindu looks upon the cow as holy.

I do not believe that the cow is regarded as sacred solely " because she provides infants with rich, nourishing milk " and supplies adults with butter and cheese. This explanation, which one hears upon occasion, is contradicted by the fact that the Hindus also have many other holy animals and objects which do not possess such useful attributes.

Crocodiles are holy too, and especially snakes. One can be convinced of the holiness of monkeys in the Durga Temple at Benares and elsewhere. There are also many holy trees. Beggars and penitents are holy ; and I saw Yogis before whom women knelt for a long time. The Ganges and some of its tributaries are holy, and all stones that even remotely resemble a male or female genital, the Lingam and the Yoni, are particularly holy. And I shall keep quite silent now about the many fantastic god-saints which I shall discuss later in my description of Benares.

Veneration and worship, like renunciation and poverty, plainly have their place in the Hindu ideal of life. This surrender belongs to Karma, the " predestination " that governs the life of the Hindu from before his birth and gradually leads him to Nirvana, the highest bliss of self-forgetfulness and wishlessness.

One of my Indian visitors wrote the following characteristic words in my journal : " I came to Dr. Hirschfeld as a devotee comes to a shrine." He looked upon me, too, as a kind of Yogi. For this is the remarkable difference between China and India : in China, philosophy and science are at the same time religion ; in India, religion is at once philosophy and science.

70

During my sojourn in Calcutta, a Patna newspaper was forwarded to me in which there was an article suggesting I should give one of my lectures in that city—ancient Pataliputra, where once Vatsayana had composed the Kamasutra, his lesson of love. Here, too, Siddhartha Gautama (born 563 B.C.), later named Buddha, received his enlightenment. Since this article was soon followed by a friendly lecture invitation from the Bihar National College, as well as by a special letter from Professor Rangin Haldar, I accepted with pleasure and decided to stop at Patna, an over-night journey from Calcutta, on my way to Benares.

The four days I spent there were for me in my capacity of sex expert, the high spot of my Indian trip. Even my reception was extraordinary. The professors and students met us at the station early in the morning and crowned my companion and myself with garlands of flowers. Then we were taken in carriages to Mr. Abdul Aziz's Dilkhusa, one of the finest old Indian houses

of Patna, situated in an enormous garden. The entire first floor, with its many rooms, terraces and servants, was placed at our disposal. We enjoyed a truly princely hospitality there.

There was a tremendous crowd at the lecture on *Love, Marriage and Sex* that I gave the day I arrived. I could only work my way with difficulty to the lectern, which was covered with masses of heavily fragrant yellow jasmine.

The next day, the whole town was flooded with extras bearing the headlines: "The Science of Sexology." Under these was the announcement: "The full text of Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld's lecture on 'Love, Marriage and Sex,' delivered last night in the Hall of the Bihar National College, will be published in *The Indian Nation* to-day."

Indeed, not only *The Indian Nation* but also the *Searchlight*, Patna's second largest newspaper, printed the full report of my lecture, as well as a detailed account of my life and work. A large part of this report was then reprinted by the Indian nationalist press.

My second lecture in Patna was held on an immense meadow bordering directly on Dilkusha, and also belonging to our host, Abdul Aziz. With the exception of those sent out by Mr. Aziz, the invitations were issued by Professor Rangin Haldar, a very promising young scientist, as well as by his friend, Professor J. N. Ghosh of Patna Training College, who was just as sympathetic as he was well-informed. He had studied a long time in Germany and had even visited our Berlin Institute. The three editors-in-chief of the newspapers also sent out invitations. As a subject, the gentlemen had chosen *An Introduction to Sexology, a New and Important Science*, illustrated by lantern slides. This lecture, too, was very successful.

The meeting once more united many eminent Indians—both Hindus and Mohammedans—since Abdul Aziz was anxious to turn each meal into a banquet that brought us in contact with leading personalities from every sphere. At the last dinner, Indian ladies were also present.

On this occasion I was able to make an observation which I often found confirmed later on, and which seems of great import in the correct judgment of the Indian emancipation movement. The gulf between the Hindus and the Mohammedans, which is

repeatedly represented to the public as deep and unbridgeable, is grossly exaggerated. The Mohammedans selected in England for the Round Table Conference were, as I was told everywhere, exponents of the mood directly toward reconciliation and accord, which prevails in a great majority on both sides.

In any event, the contrast between Moslems and Hindus in India is no greater than that existing between Catholics and Protestants in Germany, and in an independent India would no more stand in the way of national unity, or impair it, than do the Christian faiths in European countries. Rather, the statement that appeared in the International Study Club Bulletin (No. 2, 1925) seems in my opinion to represent the case to-day: "British rule was established by playing Hindus against Mohammedans, and native states' principalities against each other." This is the old Roman precept—divide and rule—which has been proved so effective in other colonial lands as well.

Abdul Aziz, at whose home we were guests, a bachelor of about fifty years of age and a barrister by profession, was himself a Mohammedan, and likewise his friend, Syed Mahmud, Secretary of the All-Indian National Congress, who had come over from his home, in far away Chapra, especially for my lectures. Both were among the closest friends of the Hindu leaders, Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru, as was the Mohammedan, Dr. Ansari, whose acquaintance I later made at Delhi. In addition to his political activity, he was the busiest and most proficient surgeon in the vicinity. Several months later he was put in jail, and many sufferers were thereby deprived of their saviour.

Syed Mahmud, whom I met again at Nehru's house in Allahabad, wrote the following words in my album:

"We in India regard Love as God. This was India's message to the world from time immemorial. You have given a new meaning to love and changed its very conception. We here in India are naturally deeply interested."

With Mahmud I also visited the Oriental Library in Patna which was endowed in 1900 by the rich and erudite Mohammedan, Khan Bahadur Khuda Baksh. It possesses numerous rare Arabic and Persian manuscripts. The library is situated in the estate of Rai Bahadur Radha Krishna Jahan, and has a wonderful

view over the broad Ganges, which river I saw here for the first time. His palace is filled with treasures from top to bottom. But the bronzes and pictures brought from Europe do not compare favourably with those created in Asia itself.

Professor Rangin Halidar, who himself wrote a remarkable book on *The Plastic and Graphic Art of Patna*, took me to the Patna Museum, one of the finest in India. It houses the excavations of ancient Pataliputra, in its golden age when Buddha lived there, and later when King Asoka (274-237 B.C.) was an influential protector of Buddhism.

"The Smiling Boy" and "The Laughing Girl" smile just as attractively to-day as they did 2,200 years ago when the artist created them in terra-cotta; and to-day, too, the heavy-breasted female figure dug up by mere chance on the banks of the Ganges in October, 1917, is just as alive as she was yesterday. Undeniably, in those times, too, the female breast seems to have exercised a high fetishistic attraction. One almost wonders that the ancient Hindus did not accord it divine worship as they did the Lingam and the Yoni.

On my last afternoon in Patna, the Das family, which has many members, gave me an Indian banquet. The enchantment began when there appeared at the door of Abdul Aziz's house, not a motor car but a gala carriage, drawn by a team of four horses all of the same colour and manned by four syces, two in front on the box and two standing behind on a platform, dressed in the most beautiful Indian costumes. I felt like a maharajah when Abdul Aziz, Tao Li and I drove thus into a wonderful garden of ancient tropical trees and plants.

Tables, chairs and a sumptuous buffet had been set up on the lawn. The tea-party was already completely assembled and included a bevy of young and beautiful Indian women from the first families of the city. Everyone rushed cordially to greet me as, somewhat embarrassed, I alighted from the carriage. The feeling of enchantment increased when the young ladies, in their exquisite robes, played native instruments and performed Indian folk-songs and folk-dances. Upon departing, the hostess presented me with a miniature Ghandi spinning-wheel of white marble, and with a green, white and orange Indian national flag, decorated with a picture of a spinning-wheel.

In the introduction to my lecture in Patna, I met the wishes of the "genius loci" by dedicating the following words to ancient Indian sexology :

"Sex and love are as old as mankind, but the science of sex and love, sexology, is the youngest of all sciences."

Of course we must not forget to remark that, in India, 2,300 years ago, a real science of sex existed. We know an array of names of very able sex experts. I will mention only a few : Barburavya, King of Panchal, who wrote a great work on sexology ; Gonikaputra, who seems to have been the son of a prostitute ; Dattaka, who was himself a psychosexual hermaphrodite, or, as we call it to-day, an intersexual (or intermediate) type, since it is said of him that he could experience both the male and the female sort of sexual emotion ; and, last but not least, the author of the famous book, *Kamasutra* (*kama* means love, *sutra* means knowledge), Vatsayana.

Kamasutra, the only book on sexology maintained from ancient India till the present time, is manifestly an abbreviation of earlier works by Vatsayana and others no longer in existence. Vatsayana's writings show that there was not the least prudery in sexual matters among the ancient Hindus. In striking contrast to our Krafft-Ebing, who has recourse to Latin, to make a description unintelligible to the lay reader, Vatsayana openly says that a scientific work on sexology should not refrain from discussing intimate and disagreeable matters. He had the same motto as our Institute of Sexology in Berlin :

"Science does not exist for itself, but for Humanity."

It is very interesting to note that Vatsayana, in his *Kamasutra*, recognized, in a very literary way, the biological basis of homosexuality. He groups homosexuals under the head of "Tritia Prakriti," or the third natural sex. The Greek philosopher, Plato, has accepted this expression in his "Symposium" as "triton genos." Vatsayana has given an account of the mode of life and sexual activity of the persons belonging to the "third sex." Vatsayana gives also very sound and important advice to correct sexual incompatibilities between partners in marriage, like the Dutch scientist van de Velde in our days. In cases of

ejaculatio præcox of the husband, very enervating for the wife, he recommends a good system of sexual preliminaries. In the *Kamasutra* there are also very careful researches on the problem of consanguinity in marriage.

I regret to learn that the English translation of *Kamasutra*, and also the German translation, mostly taken from the English one, are not satisfactory, inasmuch as they have failed to note the meaning of many difficult passages. Vatsayana also mentions the fact that the ancient sex expert, Dattaka, went to the prostitutes of Pataliputra, modern Patna, for his collection of sexual data.

After this classical epoch of the ancient sexology of India, came a long period of nearly 2,000 years, in which only theologists, moralists and occultists, but not biologists, psychologists, and sociologists, were engaged in sexual questions.

The concluding words of the *Kamasutra* show us how seriously the author took his task :

“ This book has been created in deepest chastity and reverence for the stimulation of the world ; its goal is not blind passion.”

This shows what close neighbours are asceticism and sexuality in India.

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My four days in Patna were followed by five days in Benares (a five-hour trip by express train). Here, too, I gave two lectures, one at the Professors' Club of the Hindu University (the students were away for the Poojah holidays) and a second at the Benares Medical Association.

“ How differently Benares affects me,” I thought as I remembered Patna. There, everything had been so clear and serene ; here a depressing and confusing disorder prevailed. My impression was that the history of civilization had stood still for hundreds and thousands of years. Even the best hotel in town, where we stayed, situated in the English quarter and almost an hour's distance from the holy Ganges, ignored the progress of the age. There was not even a telephone.

The activity of Benares, with its continual unrest and agitation, compared to which other holy cities, such as Rome and Jerusalem are almost idyllic, and its 1,800 temples of which over 1,500 are Hindu and 272 are mosques, have been described

and pictured so often that it seems superfluous to repeat what we may assume to be known. To be frank, the human hubbub in this noisy town gave me the impression of an abnormal mob-hysteria which it is difficult for even a normal person to escape.

How strange it is, for example, that even Indian doctors, as I found out, share the widely circulated belief that the holy water of the Ganges contains no disease germs, and is even beneficial to health, although everyone knows how many corpses, carcasses and refuse of all kinds are continually being thrown into the river. And how close to healthy people do the tuberculous, the leper and those suffering from other skin diseases stand in the waters for hours on end! Cholera, too, claims its many victims on the banks of the Ganges.

How long this mass-suggestion, which now draws over 100,000 pilgrims to Benares each year, many of whom undertake difficult journeys for months to get there, has been going on may be judged by the fact that as early as 500 B.C. Buddha came to Benares to pit his teachings unsuccessfully against Brahmin polytheism at this focal point of Hindu faith. The Brahmins, of whom there are thirty thousand in Benares to-day, proved themselves the stronger, and knew how to preserve the revenue that flows so plentifully from pilgrims—up to the present day. Buddhism spread to Ceylon, Burma and Siam, and travelled by way of Tibet to Japan, but in India it disappeared, except in a very few districts.

Of the trinity of Hindu gods, Brahma, the original creator, Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer, Brahma receded more and more into the background. One no longer speaks very much of Vishnu and his wives, the goddesses Lakshmi and Parvati, except to say that Vishnu, either under the name of Krishna, or as the warrior Rama, still plays a *rôle*. Indra, the god of the air, represented as beautiful (like Baldur or Apollo), has also been forgotten, as has the wise goddess, Maya, of whom it is said, with true Indian profundity, that she recognized reality as unreality and *vice versâ*, and that she pointed out the opposition between the ego and the universe. But the glory and worship accorded Siva, in which his consorts, Durga and Kali, and his son, Ganesa with the elephant's head, share, shines all the more resplendently.

One wonders why Siva, regarded as the destroyer for over

two thousand years, takes first place, instead of Brahma, the original creator, or Vishnu, the preserver. The Indian philosophy of religion gives us the answer : destruction means transubstantiation, regeneration and a renewal of life. The representations of Siva are legion. The one I like best depicts him as a cosmic dancer. I saw such conceptions of Siva of high artistic value in the Indian Museum at Calcutta, and later in Baron von der Heydt's East Asiatic collection at Ascona.

In Benares, "Mahadeva," as Siva is sometimes called (a name used by Goethe), is usually pictured with five faces, four arms and a third eye in the middle of his forehead—the eye of wisdom and wrath. The holy Ganges flows through his curls ; his throat is blue because he once swallowed a deadly poison in order to save the world ; in his hand he holds the Zinoka, the trident ; over his shoulder hangs a doeskin and his companion is Nandi, the bull.

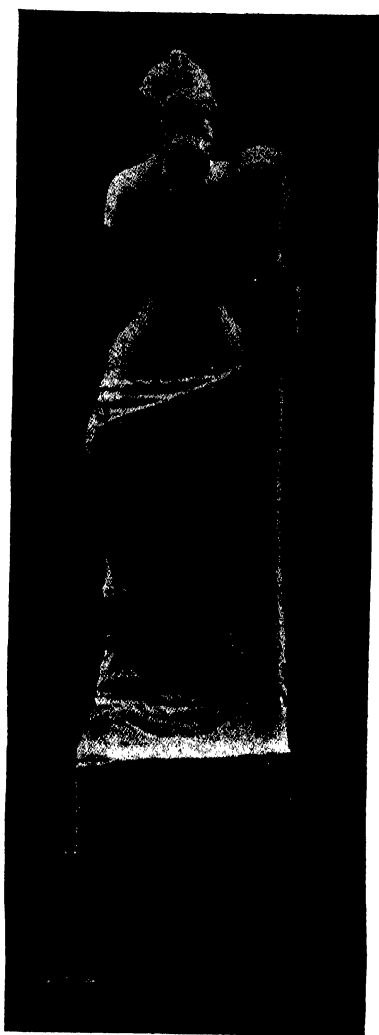
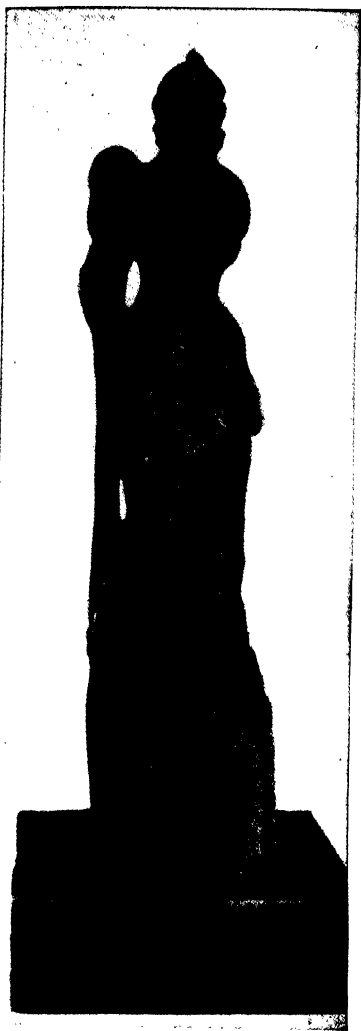
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But in India to-day the highest worship is accorded the Lingam. In Benares alone, ten thousand of these are set up, not counting the hundreds of thousands offered by dealers at every price in the most diverse varieties and materials. In all temples the Lingam, strewn over with flowers, sprinkled with melted butter and loaded with countless offerings, takes the place of the Host.

In Benares I discussed the Lingam cult with many people, especially with professors from the Hindu University. Most scientists assume that this cult is older than the Hindu religion itself—older, indeed, than all religions. An account of it was given in the Books of the Veda. It is very possible that the cult of Siva found the Lingam already in India (according to some opinions, it originated in the interior of Asia) and accepted it as Siva's genital organ. Previously, so experts assured me, the Lingam was worshipped quite generally as the organ of creation.

It is not clear with what idea the believers of to-day approach the Lingam. One has a choice of three views on this subject.

Some assert that women had no idea whatsoever that the Lingam is supposed to be a likeness of the phallus. Already accustomed to its appearance since earliest childhood, they think just as little about it as they do about the meaning of the



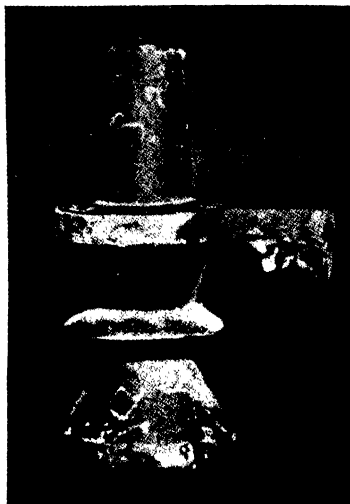
THE VENUS OF PATNA
(front and back)



PHALLIC TEMPLE IN THE ELEPHANT CAVES NEAR BOMBAY



LINGAM, IN THE SHAPE OF A
HEAD, WITH YONI



LINGAM AND YONI

swastika, a widespread ancient Indian sign which some scholars believe to have originally been a sexual symbol connoting the union of the male and female.

A second group says that the form of the Lingam is so distinct that every child knows about it, and is clear in his mind that it concerns a worship of the male organ, but that perhaps some may not know that it is supposed to represent Siva's organ.

The third group, to which my friend, Dr. G. Bose of Calcutta belongs, say that it depends on the subconscious. For in the subconscious everyone would surely have the idea that the Lingam has to do with the male genitals. But only a very few admit it. A European scholar compared it to old Roman bread rolls, the phallic forms of which are still preserved here and there up to the present day—some rolls are female symbols and others male. In this case, too, hardly anyone would think of the original significance of the shape while eating, least of all the baker who has moulded the dough in this form since time immemorial.

Moreover, there is in Benares a temple carved in wood—that of the Prince of Nepal—where many crass erotic scenes are introduced and before which one constantly sees women lost in worship. Beside the picturesque temple of the Cow, and the handsome one dedicated to the goddess Druga, known as the monkey-temple because of the hundreds of monkeys which play on and around it, this temple is one of the few not closed to Europeans.

We were allowed to enter hardly any of the others—not even the famous Golden Temple of Benares. From an architectural viewpoint the most remarkable place of worship in Benares is not a Hindu temple but the mosque that the Emperor Aurangzebe (1658–1707) had built on the site of the oldest and holiest temple of Siva (which he had laid waste), just as in Jerusalem a Mohammedan mosque (the Mosque of Omar) was erected on the same ground as the destroyed temple of Solomon. This mosque surpasses all the temples and churches of the holy city in size and beauty.

How the Aurangzebe mosque dominates the silhouette of the city can best be observed from the Ganges. Like all tourists, I went along the river-front by boat for four miles, and passed the ostentatious palaces of the maharajahs, the huge lodgings

for pilgrims which were being erected near the astronomical observatory of Jai Singh, and the countless temples between which the broad steps to the river's edge, the famous Ghats, which descend amphitheatrically to the Ganges, where they continue as small wooden floats upon which the pilgrims undress for their baths.

The life enacted upon these stairs is so vibrant with colour, and so incredibly characteristic, that one understands the sentiments of the globe-trotter who wrote that there were only three places on earth worth seeing and that Benares was one of them. Ten thousand men in white robes, and women clad in beautiful bright cashmere shawls and laden down with ornaments, camp under broad sunshades and listen to the priests who read to them from the scriptures, sing hymns to the accompaniment of monotonous instruments, or climb up and down the stairs with ceremonious step, bearing brass pots in upraised hands.

At two places on the bank one sees a quantity of funeral pyres blazing on the slope, upon which the bodies of those who come to Benares to die are burned. They are the bodies of those who believe that the road to Heaven is shortest from Benares. But occasionally the path to blessedness is also shortened for quite young children, as some assert, by entrusting them to the holy Ganges alive.

As a conscientious investigator, I was not satisfied by observation alone, but took a bath in the Ganges myself. An elderly lawyer from Calcutta, in whom the Indian mixture of wisdom and mysticism, of shrewdness and superstition, was especially pronounced, escorted me from his house, where I had spent the night after my lecture, to the holy stream. There I stood between countless pilgrims who were murmuring their prayers and going through the prescribed motions. They stretched their arms heavenward and filled and emptied the brass bowls. Of course I did not taste the holy water.

The bath benefited me inasmuch as it allayed the pain in my leg contracted the previous night through an accident. For on my way from the lecture-hall to my host's home, the "ekka," or two-wheeled pony-cart, which is still the chief means of conveyance in Benares, tipped over backwards because of my weight and pulled the horse upward so that the animal reared very

suddenly. Since I fell into the soft soil that covers a large part of Benares, I escaped with some shock and slight muscle bruises only. Nevertheless, it was with difficulty that the horse, carriage and myself were set on our legs again.

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He who wants to recover for a few hours from the noise and dirt of the great, blessed "Kasi," as the Indians call Benares, and from the ecstatic fanaticism of the pilgrims, among whom the "holy beggars" cut the most grotesque figures, can free himself from this psychic oppression by making two excursions, both of which take about three-quarters of an hour by motor. The first of these trips leads to Sarnath, the second to the grounds of the Hindu University. It was in Sarnath that Buddha preached his first sermon on Nirvana, the highest degree of bliss, and on Yoga, the road to Nirvana.

The charm of the broad, hilly landscape where this epochal event took place is to-day enhanced by various stupas that have defied the storms of time, particularly those which brought Buddhism to India. Nothing has been preserved of the great Buddhist monasteries containing fifteen hundred priests, an account of which was given by the Chinamen, Fa Hian and Hiuen Tsang, who travelled through India between A.D. 629 and 645. A stupa is a stout octagonal tower built on the top of a hill in commemoration of an important event and often contains relics of some great personality.

I had the luck to visit Sarnath, the birthplace of Buddhism, in the company of two unusually well-informed Indians, both professors at the Hindu University—the young D. O. Kosambi, whose father is Professor of Buddhism in Boston, and A. K. Maitra, professor of ecclesiastical history and philosophy. The four of us climbed the stupa that was the highest and had the best view. From its top we could survey all the places memorable in the history of Buddhism.

In the sexual sphere, Buddha is generally taken to be the founder of the ascetic view of the world. From him, the road leads past Plato, Paul and Augustine, to modern Christian sexual morality.

It is important to remember that in India the fact is emphasized that Buddha demanded a life of renunciation, a denial of the flesh and of sensual pleasures, *only* from his own pupils, the Yogis, somewhat as the Catholic Church only requires the observance of vows of celibacy and chastity from priests. To enforce this requirement upon everybody was very far from Buddha's thoughts ; he understood life and human beings far too well for that. The conception of "sinful lust," coined later by Paul for all men and women, was alien to Buddha.

Even to-day there are supposed to be six million Yogis in India who live in chastity and abstain from meat. They do not work, but are maintained by gifts. Usually they become Yogis between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

An Indian scientist who had often come into contact with Yogis told me that there were only about one hundred thousand genuine ones. All the others were Yogis as a matter of convenience—either idlers or charlatans. In this category belong all Yogis and Fakirs (as the Mohammedan group of Yogis are called), who appear in Europe. For, to a real Yogi, India is a holy land that he may never leave. Buddha himself was Yogi. Just so, according to the Buddhistic concept, the other founders of religions—Moses, Christ and Mohammed—are looked upon as Yogis.

There is no mistake so great as that of judging all Yogis alike. There are far-reaching differences between the three principal forms of Yoga : the metaphysical form which is called Raja-Yoga, the meditative form termed Bakhti-Yoga, and the lowest form known as Hatha-Yoga. Hatha-Yoga is essentially a kind of psychic body-culture in which breathing exercises play the main rôle.

In his book, *India and I*, Hanns Heinz Ewers devotes a chapter to the esoteric doctrines, mysteries and magic of India by means of which so many occultists, magnetists, spiritualists and astrologers do good business in Europe and America. In this chapter Ewers writes : " If I am to translate the fine words Fakir, Yogi, Gosain, or some other word of the Indian language that means the same thing, I find myself in a most difficult position. One might commonly say ' penitents '—but then one must immediately add that very few of them are repenting anything ; indeed, the

thought of atonement is almost entirely foreign to these strange people. What they do they do for the greater glory of some god—just as, in the early or later Middle Ages, pious monks and nuns tortured themselves. Fakir really means the Moham-medan 'penitent'; Yogi, the Brahmin penitent; and Sannajasi, the Jain. Moreover, all these terms, which are employed arbitrarily, are purposefully confused."

Little is known concerning the sex-life of the Yogis. I heard repeatedly that among them homosexuality, real as well as pseudo, is supposed to be widespread. Since woman is "tabu," it would seem plausible that Yoga should possess an especial power of attraction for those who, from the start, are not inclined toward women. On the other hand, it is possible that the hard penances to which these "strange saints" subject themselves—sleeping on a board full of nails, standing on one leg for hours, staring uninterruptedly at the sun, piercing the tongue with a red-hot iron, nailing their sandals to the soles of their feet—have the desired effect of mortifying the flesh.

This statement, however, at the same time pronounces judgment on Yoga. How much good could be done if the same display of energy, here consumed in the negative sense of self-denial, could be expended in positive purposes and tasks! Benares itself offers the best example of the result of such negative practices.

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The Central Hindu College was inaugurated in 1899 by Annie Besant for the purpose of strengthening the Hindu youth mentally and physically. In 1916 Lord Hardinge laid the foundation stone of the Hindu University. Now, thanks to many bequests, it is not only one of the largest but also one of the finest and best universities in the world. On two of its four square miles stand stately college-buildings, office and farm buildings, a library, a stadium, a hospital, huge dormitories for the students where in my time 2,250 were accommodated, and charming villas for the professors. One evening I gave an outdoor lecture on my special subject.

Over and over again I was asked if I spoke Sanskrit. The Hindu professors simply took for granted that I, as a German

scientist, was familiar with that language, and seemed rather disappointed when I replied that in our country only the Indologists and professional etymologists still understood Sanskrit well. Even to-day they absolutely idolize that great German Sanskrit scholar, Max Müller, of Oxford.

An ancient Indian proverb about which we had a lively discussion at the Hindu University demonstrates the ability of the Indian philosophy of religion to build a bridge between polytheism, pantheism and monotheism :

“ Divinity sleeps in stones, breathes in plants, dreams in animals, and awakes in human beings.”

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After Benares, we went to Allahabad, which is also a holy city, only three hours distant. It is situate at the confluence of the three holy streams—the Ganges, the Jumna and the Saraswati. It has a great historical past, in which the names of the Buddhist king Asoka and of the Mohammedan ruler Akbar shine forth.

But for me, the significance of Allahabad did not lie in the past but in the present, because Jawaharlal Nehru was born and still lives there. It is my belief and hope that he will be the first president of the Indian republic.

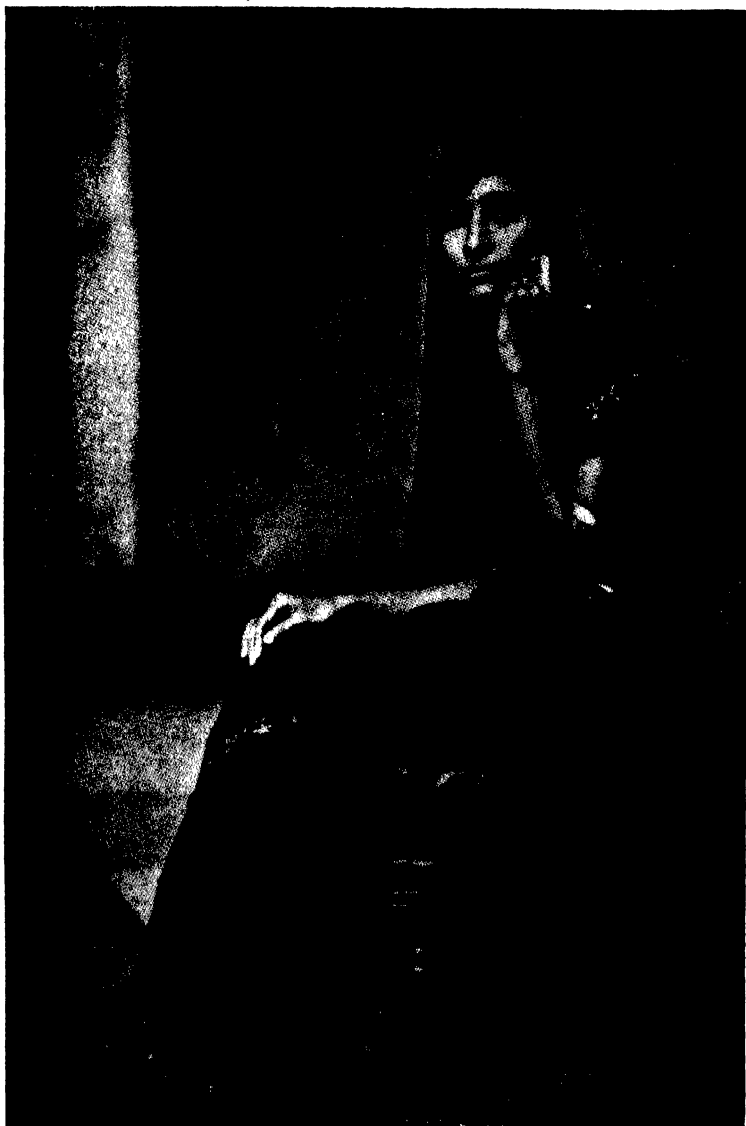
Gandhi, with the honorary title of Mahatma, which means “ Great Soul,” is, in spite of his great services to the Indian cause, and in the last analysis, an unworldly eccentric and perhaps even a frustrated Yogi nature. Nehru, on the other hand, is a perfectly healthy champion of liberty, with both feet firmly planted in the full reality of life. Gandhi’s words, used as a motto on his periodical, “ I pray to God continually that I may either be thrown into prison or shot dead, or that India shall win her independence,” could not have emanated from the lips of J. Nehru.

I already knew Nehru from Germany, and lived in the same room at his house that Gandhi was in the habit of occupying on his visits to Allahabad. Nehru met us at the station and introduced us to the three women of his family : his wife, Kamala Nehru, who, despite her physical frailty, made speeches at many gatherings, particularly in the country ; his highly cultivated



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, LEADER IN THE MOVEMENT FOR INDIA'S
FREEDOM

[Facing p. 186.]



HIS WIFE, KAMALA NEHRU

[Facing p. 187.]

sister, Krishna Nehru ; and his charming fifteen-year-old daughter. We exchanged European reminiscences only for a short time in order to pass on immediately to a full discussion of "Swaraj," the Indian term for freedom and independence.

In India I met no one who was not convinced that present conditions are untenable. But there are differences of opinion as to the most useful kind of independence, and the best way of attaining it.

Gandhi's fiery thought and his wish to put into practice the theory of "non violence," advocated by Leo Tolstoy, is no longer the general viewpoint, perhaps not even the most widespread. I interviewed many, particularly the young, who believe their aim cannot be achieved through passive resistance, boycott of goods, refusal to pay taxes and evasion of the salt monopoly. According to them, the belief that these means would ultimately compel the English to give up India is based on an illusion.

In Delhi, especially, prominent Indians told me that violence could no longer be avoided ; every day it finds more supporters. One of these gentlemen added : "In India we lose far more than a million citizens a year through epidemics because our sanitary regulations are inadequate. This loss of lives is quickly replaced, so why shouldn't we one day sacrifice a million—it surely would not be more—in our highest interest, emancipation ? "

How uncompromisingly the British confront India and how little they have attempted to bridge or fuse the differences of the various races has repeatedly been testified to by the English authorities themselves.

Aldous Huxley is quoted by Lajpat Ray in *Unhappy India* :

"A young man goes out from a London suburb to take up a clerkship in the Indian Civil Service. He finds himself a member of a small ruling community ; he has slavish servants to order about, dark-skinned subordinates to whom it is right and proper to be rude. Three hundred and twenty million Indians surround him ; he feels incomparably superior to them all, from the coolie to the Maharaja, from the untouchable to the thoroughbred Brahman, from the illiterate peasant to the holders of half a dozen degrees from European universities. He may be ill-bred, stupid, poorly educated ; no matter. His skin is white. Superiority in India is a question of epidermis."

And Hyndman, an eminent British official, says: "Unfortunately, it is true that the British live absolutely estranged from the people. This estrangement is partly unavoidable and is conditioned by national customs, language, caste and, furthermore, by contempt arising from ignorance. This striving toward exclusiveness seems to be on the increase."

In J. Nehru's house, his father's spirit is present. The father, once president, like his son, of the Indian National Congress, died soon after his release from prison. He was a man worthy of respect, of high culture and great vision: a patriarch and a patriot.

He bestowed a considerable part of his ample fortune upon the party, and his spacious old house as well. Next to it he built the one in which we stayed, with a gorgeous view over the hilly countryside, especially felicitous from the Nehru library, a beautiful, high room completely filled with books. It was my favourite haunt in Allahabad. The composition of this extensive collection of books shows the versatility and thoroughness of their possessor.

J. Nehru had to leave the same day we arrived in order to direct a political meeting elsewhere. Before he went, he wrote in my journal:

"It has been a pleasure to renew acquaintance with Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, whom I met in Berlin four years ago. Germany and India have developed many cultural bonds, and to Germany India is beholden in many ways. A German savant like Dr. Hirschfeld is therefore welcome to our country, and even though we may be engrossed in our struggle for emancipation, we cannot forget that our independence must lead us to a fuller life and to greater contacts with the thinkers of other countries."

Of the sights of the town, only the fort and its immediate surroundings are really worthy of notice. The stronghold, built by the Emperor Akbar in 1575, has been in the hands of the British since 1801. It was erected on the site of a very ancient Hindu town called Prayag, later Pra. The road to the fort is filled with "holy beggars" who are smeared all over with ashes. Tao photographed me with one who spends his entire life squatting and creeping, although his legs are perfectly sound. In the fort itself a faultlessly preserved Asoka pillar thirty feet high (circa 240 B.C.) is worthy of mention, as is a temple deep under-

ground in which among many images of gods—or, to be more correct, of idols—a great quantity of large and small lingams are to be found.

When our hosts took us to the station the following morning, I waved the red, white and green Indian independence flag adorned with the spinning-wheel from the train window in farewell. Then we had an eight-hour trip over Cawnpore to Agra.

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Agra means the Taj Mahal and the Taj Mahal means the noblest and most magnificent monument dedicated to love. Just to look at it is worth a trip around the world. It is unquestionably the most sublime work of art ever created by human hands. In comparison to the Taj Mahal, the Milan cathedral, also made of glimmering white marble, appears clumsy, and the Cologne cathedral stiff.

All the other mausoleums of the world, including the pyramids, shrink to nothingness. It exceeds the highest achievements of the greatest poets, musicians, painters and sculptors in the course of their long glorification of love. And what great works of art were not born of love? Before the Taj Mahal the most critical sceptics fall silent in admiration.

Some distinguished European travellers attempt to get rid of their unconscious impulses of jealousy and astonishment over the fact that the Taj Mahal has arisen on Indian instead of European soil. They say that the plan for the Taj Mahal originated in Europe. In substantiation they mention as possible sources Austin of Bordeaux, or the Venetian jeweller, Geronimo Veronese.

The tradition that Sháh Jahán, the builder of the Taj, had craftsmen come not only from Persia and Arabia but also from European countries is entirely feasible: the assumption that Italians and Frenchmen and not the Indians created the Taj has never been proved. Who would attribute the glory of the building of the pyramids to the Jews because it can be proved that the Pharaohs employed Israelites among the labourers?

I visited the Taj in the evening shortly after my arrival, and again the next morning, and the following day and the day after

that—and, with every visit, I realized more clearly that the whole impression can only be belittled by an attempt to describe it.

It will always remain a mystery to me how one of the most famous German architects, whom I met at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay, could answer my question as to how he liked the Taj Mahal with the remark that he had had no time to see it. He had been summoned to India by cable to help finish a maharajah's palace !

Of the throngs, consisting primarily of Hindus and Moslems who year in year out make a pilgrimage to the exquisite little sarcophagus in the Taj, there is one group that fills us with deeper emotion than the others—the barren women who beg for children at the burial-place of the mother of fourteen, who died in childbed.

And this brings me to the story of the romantic love that found its everlasting expression in this miraculous image, a story that is based on historical fact.

The great Mogul Sháh Jahán was the grandson of the emperor Akbar the Great, who for fifty years was a wise and respected ruler in Agra. Akbar's son and successor was a drunkard who had no less than six thousand women of all nationalities in his harem. In the year 1592, one of these women gave birth to the child which became Great Mogul and Emperor of India under the name of Sháh Jahán, in 1628.

Sháh Jahán had been married to Mumtázá Mahal (literally translated, "the chosen one of the palace") since 1615. At the time he ascended the throne she had borne him thirteen children in their fourteen years of marriage—eight sons and five daughters. He loved her beyond reason, for she was truly as beautiful as she was kind and clever. Then, in the second year of his reign, an insurrection broke out and Sháh Jahán went into battle. His wife accompanied him, became confined with her fourteenth child in a camp tent, fell ill with childbed fever, and died in the prime of her life.

Sháh Jahán's grief was immeasurable. For many weeks he refused to see anyone. It is said that he kept his oath never again in his lifetime to touch a woman sexually. At first he wanted to abdicate his throne and divide the empire among his sons, but eventually he decided to erect a monument in memory of his

beloved wife more beautiful than any that had ever existed on earth, or ever would exist again. Some say he had made his wife this promise on her death-bed.

The building was started in 1631 and completed in 1648. During these seventeen years twenty thousand men are supposed to have worked at it daily. A special town was built for them called Murhtazabad, after the dead empress. For building material, the most delicate marble, containing reddish and yellow veins, and the most precious jewels were collected from Jaipur, Persia and the whole of India—from Ceylon to the Himalayas. The building costs amounted to what in those days was a vast sum—four million English pounds.

Until 1657, Sháh Jahán spent many hours in the bewitching garden that surrounds his beloved's fabulous memorial. On a journey to Delhi he fell ill. His son, Aurangzebe, hoped he would die so that he could bury him beside his mother and at last take the reins of the government into his own hands.

But Sháh Jahán recovered. Aurangzebe thereupon usurped the throne, had all his brothers murdered and imprisoned his father in Fort Agra. I visited the marble cell in which Sháh Jahán lived, until 1666, with his favourite daughter, Jahanara, who had voluntarily followed him into captivity and had remained unmarried.

From the cell and the beautiful marble terrace surrounding it, his eye fell constantly upon the Taj Mahal, or its reflection in the River Jumna, or its reflections in the mirrors with which the marble corner-pillars of his cell were decorated. He saw the Taj in ever-changing light, in sunshine and moonlight, until his failing eyesight surveyed his creation, the monument of his love, for the last time.

He was buried on an elevated pedestal beside his wife.

Aurangzebe ruled for fifty years. In order to appease God he had many Hindu temples torn down and built mosques with their stones. He lived in melancholy and loneliness until he died at the age of ninety.

There are several monumental buildings in the vicinity of Agra whose magnificence is overshadowed by the Taj Mahal.

They recall the memory of the Emperor Akbar. They are the fort, Akbar's mausoleum at Sikandra, and especially Fatepur Sikri, the deserted city, made of red sandstone and white marble. Although 350 years have rolled by since it was built, many of the halls, courts, gates and palaces are still as good as new to-day. This especially applies to the buildings in which Akbar housed his women.

In order to give expression to his impartiality toward all religions and nations, he not only married Mohammedans and Hindus, but also Chinese and Christians, whom his ambassadors had to choose for him. For each he built a special zenana. Later, Akbar founded a new religion himself: "Din-i-Illahi" (belief in God). Its doctrine reads: "There is only one God, the creator of the universe, whose representative on earth is Akbar."

Not only the dead Agra but also the living Agra has its charms. I attended a huge national celebration held on the broad, hilly countryside near Fort Agra. The festival was called "Ramlila." It resembled such a carnival as Goethe described in his *Italian Journey*, a gay and motley procession and thousands of enthusiastic spectators.

Many men were dressed as women. Two youths, who depicted Indian goddesses, looked especially gorgeous. When I tried to explain to my Indian escort that such an external transformation of sex was connected with transvestite impulses, he refused to believe it. Those who portrayed the goddess were not following their own needs and desires at all but were chosen for their rôles by others.

Professor P. Nath Kathju refers to this difference of opinion in his inscription in my journal where he writes.

"I have spent three very happy days with Dr. Hirschfeld. At my request he extended his stay by one day and delivered a public lecture under the auspices of the Agra Scientific Society. I hope more scientists and savants from foreign countries, who are attracted to Agra because of the Taj Mahal, will give us the opportunity to meet them. At the present critical time in the history of our country it is absolutely necessary that we extend our contacts with the intellectuals of foreign countries. We must have more men of Dr. Hirschfeld's type occasionally coming here. I do hope without meaning any offence that the learned doctor

will, while he is in this country, try to be on his guard against reading sex symbolism where none is meant. Wishing him many happy years of useful work in the cause of suffering humanity, P. N. Kathju."

In Agra we visited several Indian families. In every home one sees Gandhi's picture, like Lenin's in Russia, and Sun Yat Sen's in China. Once we were invited to lunch at the home of a leader of the emancipation movement. We sat down in a circle on the floor on white cushions in accordance with an ancient custom, and then the politicians of the town sounded me on the general opinion in Germany concerning India's struggle for freedom.

They also wanted my views on different questions of sociology and sexology. I closed my speech in answer to all these questions with the words: "For fifty years I have been a supporter of India's independence. Since that time (when Beaconsfield proclaimed Queen Victoria Empress of India) I have considered it one of the greatest political injustices in the world that one of the oldest civilized countries, which was and still is a source of wisdom for the whole of humanity, may not freely govern itself. Such a country should grant rights of hospitality to all foreigners, but the latter should not wish to oppress and control it. The Indian leaders, many of whom I have had the good fortune to meet, are entirely able and worthy to govern their own country."

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I cannot attach only pleasant memories to Agra. When our Indian friends fetched us at the station, they suggested that we stay at an Indian hotel. I readily agreed, since it offered me the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with a hotel that was not under European management. But good as such an hotel may be for those who from their youth have been accustomed to the native air, food and living conditions, it is unsuitable—indeed dangerous—for elderly people whose bodies are adjusted to other habits of life.

The malaria germ is transmitted from one person to another by the *Anopheles* mosquito. There is undoubtedly a natural and, in the last analysis, still unexplained immunity against it, just as there is against all infection carriers, as, for example, those of

syphilis and gonorrhœa. But one should really never rely on this assumption, any more than one should count on prophylactic doses of quinine.

There is more safety in draining ponds, pools and swamps in which the larvæ of the *Anopheles* develop. Where this was done—and it was done in many parts of India, but not to a sufficient extent—malaria disappeared. It cannot be disputed that especially among the natives of the tropics, there are many who never sleep under a mosquito-net and yet never fall ill. One need only think of the 200,000 poor of Calcutta who are forced to sleep every night on the ground because they possess neither homes nor beds.

Statistics tell us that in India a few hundred thousand die of malaria every year; but this is low in proportion to the total number of deaths and certainly not much in proportion to the number of those who fall ill. I myself remained immune to malaria, for I often removed the mosquito-net that oppressed me at night and caused nightmares and persecution dreams, and nothing ever happened to me either in the air of Canton, which was full of mosquitoes, or in the nocturnal closeness of Surabaya. This conviction of natural immunity, however, was erroneous.

When we returned from the Taj Mahal to our Indian hotel late in the evening, we heard the low, disquieting buzz of the mosquito. With touching solicitude, Tao once more rushed back into the darkness of the town in order to procure fumigating candles, liniment and sprays, with which, as it seemed to us, he had often successfully combated the mosquitoes in other places. But when he came back it was already too late, since I certainly had the forty stings which are said to be necessary for the development of malaria in a human being. I did not feel it until in Jaipur, a week later, my temperature suddenly rose to over 103 degrees (Fahrenheit).

Even then the Indian doctor whom we sent for thought it might be a sunstroke, and prescribed accordingly. Apparently this helped, for the next day the fever vanished. It returned in the train, however, and appeared at regular intervals. Only then did a Parsee doctor in Bombay take a blood-test, which gave the certain diagnosis of malaria tertiana. This Indian colleague was one

of the most solicitous and sensitive physicians with whom I have ever come in contact.

80

Between Agra and Bombay lie two of the most important stations of my Indian trip : Delhi and Jaipur. The six days that I spent in Delhi, the present capital of India and seat of the viceroy, were among the greatest of my Indian experiences, largely on account of the distinguished Indians I met there.

When after a five-hour journey from Agra we arrived at Delhi in the late afternoon, we were greeted at the station by several Indian doctors. They took us by car to the Maidan Hotel, which is under first-rate Swiss management and is the best hotel I came across in British India.

In Delhi I delivered three lectures on sexual science. The first one for the general public was held in the hall of the Hindu College, largely under the sponsorship of Dr. Ansari, and was overcrowded. This lecture was followed by many questions, which strengthened the observation I had made in Calcutta that Indian scholars suffer not from a lack but from a superabundance of erudition. This hypertrophy of knowledge frequently arises from a peculiar and very complicated mixture of occult and scientific thinking.

Thus after the lecture in Calcutta, a doctor asked me if in our clinics for marital advice we did not use the horoscope, which would surely be more reliable in predicting the future of a marriage than a medical examination. Someone asked me in Delhi if love should grow out of marriage, or whether, in accordance with popular belief, marriage should spring from love. The discussions were particularly lively on the question of the marriage-age. An old Indian doctor was of the opinion that early marriage (child-marriage) saved the woman from hysterical conditions. Another physician retorted that hysteria often occurred in married women also ; and that marriage is no remedy for it. A third said it depended on whether the marriage was a suitable one, and recommended for India the institution of a marriage-age between sixteen and eighteen for the female sex and between twenty and twenty-two for the male.

The most impressive lecture I delivered in Delhi was held at

the Lady Hardinge Medical College, the only women's university in India, where not only the entire audience but also the whole faculty were females. It was a charming sight—the large auditorium filled with good-looking students dressed in their Indian costumes, intently listening to my words. It struck me as a little disturbing—but perhaps only because I was not used to it—that many of the listeners did needlework, embroidery or knitting during the lecture.

The institution was founded in 1914 by the Viceroy Lord Hardinge's wife with the assistance of many maharajahs. Its full title is the Lady Hardinge Medical College and Hospital for Women and Children. It is perhaps the finest structure in New Delhi. This city's many new buildings, such as the royal palace, the parliament, the ministries, and a triumphal arch dedicated to the Indians who fell in the World War, although indeed "very magnificent and splendid," like the Victoria Memorial Hall in Calcutta, seem to the Indian taste, schooled to its old buildings, insolent and ostentatious.

At least this was the opinion I heard expressed many times by the inhabitants of Delhi, which is itself extremely rich in monumental buildings of former times. For it is not the first time that Delhi, in the course of a history extending back for over three thousand years, has been the capital of India. It has been known by other names, such as Indraprastha (after the god, Indra), and Shahjahanabad after Sháh Jahán, the builder of the Taj, who erected many buildings here also, the most important of which is the fort with the royal palace—mightier and more magnificent than Fort Agra.

Delhi possesses the largest mosque in the world, Jumna Musjid, the tallest minaret in the world, Kutab Minar (250 feet high), and the greatest mausoleum, Humayan's tomb, in which are buried a hundred and fifty princes and princesses, including the faithful Jahanara.

In his book, *The Wonders of India*, Deussen calls Delhi the Rome of Asia and says :

"On its broad plains emperors and kings, princes and princesses, generals and ministers, surrounded by their slaves and favourite servants, sleep the sleep of death. Indeed, these sleepers are undisturbed in their loneliness, for the only living beings are

the grey, black-faced monkeys who play among the ruins of the emperor's palaces ; green-gold glistening lizards and beautifully marked serpents glide swiftly around what remains of the temple wall. The blue peacocks, solemnly strutting, spread their iridescent tails, and in the trees the feathered songsters trill and warble. But to us these stones speak a silent and moving language of the origin and passing of all that is earthly."

81

From the Indians who called on me in Delhi I finally learned what they mean by " eunuchs "—a specific group of prostitutes about whom I had already heard in various Indian cities. They sit on the balconies by bright lamp-light just as the female prostitutes do, and they look exactly like women. On the street are touts who inform the passer-by that eunuchs live in the house. These eunuchs are divided into two classes : those who shave and those who do not need to shave. Those who do not shave are obvious dysglandular types who are usually cast out by their parents as abnormal. A great majority of those who do shave are transvestites, but perhaps a few hermaphrodites also belong to this category.

The eunuchs are supposed to have an organization, since they preserve a strong line of demarcation between themselves and female prostitutes, as well as between themselves and the Romalis or male prostitutes, whose headquarters are presumably at Lucknow. But I did not succeed in discovering this organization.

The laws which might endanger these abnormal people are the same as in England, but it is said that they are practically never enforced against natives.

82

Half-way between Delhi and Bombay (which proudly calls itself " urbs prima in Indis ") lies, a little off the main highway, the " rose-red maharajah city of Jaipur." Rose-red because, due to an ancient prince's mood, all the houses in this rather large town have had to be painted the same shade of red—up to the present day ; " maharajah city " because Jaipur belongs to the

seventy-three (formerly 695) Indian States which call themselves independent because each has a ruler whom they address as "Your Highness."

The reddish light of all the houses invests the town with an atmosphere of theatrical unreality. This spectacular effect is enhanced by the richly-caparisoned elephants, cargo camels, bison and whole families of monkeys that run about the streets. The monkeys have settled on the roofs, but here they do not stand in the odour of sanctity, as in Benares. The holy animal of this district is the peacock, the killing of which is punished by seven years' imprisonment.

The manufacture of fine muslin constitutes one of the main industries of Jaipur. It is said that once upon a time a maharajah who reproved his daughter for appearing before him in the nude, received the following answer from her: "Father, you fail to notice that I have seven muslin dresses on."

In order to complete the picture of India, it is necessary to have seen at least one of the countries which, in contrast to British India, are called Indian States. It is true that their independence does not amount to much since all their rulers have a British Resident or agent at their elbow. This is as true of the Nizam of Hyderabad, whose territory is larger than Germany, as of a Rajah whose State is smaller than either Monaco or Liechtenstein. Nevertheless, much has been preserved in these principalities that has been elsewhere relegated to a long forgotten past.

If one inquires about the privileges of the "independent" princes, one learns that they possess their own army of well-equipped soldiers—a kind of toy—as well as an administration of justice of their own which authorizes them to hang ill-favoured subjects at their own discretion. Only a little while ago this prerogative was put to an extensive use.

If, recently, they have become more cautious, it is because of the fear that when India awakens the tables might be turned and this privilege applied to ill-favoured royalties. As a good native judge of the situation assured me, an increasing number of people think the still immeasurably great wealth and luxury of these potentates is all too flagrant in the face of the poverty and dire need of their subjects.

But meanwhile they still feel safe under the repeated promise of British protection and gladly pay considerable tribute to the mother-country—not out of their own pockets, however, but rather out of the heavy taxes levied upon their subjects. There are seventy-two million people inhabiting these Indian States, and the majority of the population basks in nothing more substantial than the splendour that shines down from the diamonds of princely crowns.

In Jaipur I was able to observe with my own eyes to what Byzantine lengths things in India can go. I was fortunate enough to arrive in Jaipur precisely on the day when the birth of a newly born prince was being celebrated. His father was the twenty-year-old Maharajah with whom I sat in the row of honour at the festival held at night in the Public Garden. He was a very handsome, slim youth, dressed in white, silver and gold. He had been married to the mother of the heir to the throne for ten years. Her father, a neighbouring Maharajah, was also present.

The entire city was illuminated by garlands of electric lights strung from tree to tree. Flags bearing the words, "Long live His Highness, our Maharajah," or similar tributes, hung everywhere. There were fireworks and jubilant and enthusiastic people thronged around the young father's seat. For it was, as one heard from all sides, the first time in a century that an heir had been born to a Maharajah and a Maharanee. The children of concubines do not qualify as royal heirs.

At the celebration, the details of the great event formed the sole topic of conversation. It was said that the delivery of the princess, who, according to Indian ideas, had been very late in producing her first child, was brought about by a Cæsarean operation. Long before the time an English woman-doctor from Simla (the viceregal summer residence) had been called to attend the Maharanee and had received a daily recompense of a thousand rupees (about £75). She was paid a correspondingly high fee for the successful operation, and was given a considerable sum in addition because the child was a boy and not "merely" a princess, which would of course have been a sore grief to the Maharajah and his people.

Americans and Europeans have generally had rather romantic notions about the love-life of Indian princes. In reality, it is

neither as romantic nor as ideal as it might seem according to the films and works of fiction of the last few years. The truth is that up to a short time ago, many maharajahs exercised the *jus primae noctis*, and otherwise practised a far-reaching sexual tyranny.

83

In spite of my illness, I delivered six lectures in Bombay. I had to decline many invitations, such as the one from the All-India Youth Congress. Three of my lectures were held in medical circles ; one was given at the Phœnix Club, whose aim is better personal understanding between the peoples of Asia and of Europe ; another was at the German Club, and the last, entitled *Love in the Light of Science*, was given before the Bombay Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association before Indian ladies exclusively.

The enormous attendance proved that the great strain was worth while.

The following questionnaire, which I distributed, offers such proof of the serious scientific direction in which young Indians are turning that I consider it significant enough to quote from.

QUESTIONNAIRE DRAWN UP BY K. T. MERCHANT UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF DR. G. S. GHURYE, M.A., PHD., FOR THE PURPOSE OF EXAMINING A FEW SOCIAL PROBLEMS SUCH AS MARRIAGE, THE FAMILY, ETC.

This questionnaire is strictly confidential and no name needs to be given. Its aim is the investigation of certain important social problems and the views of modern youth on these problems. I hope that you will gladly support me by answering the questions frankly and accurately, especially where reasons for their answers are necessary.

1. Date of birth.
2. Present age.
3. Caste.
4. How many brothers and sisters have you ? Give their ages.
5. Education.
6. Business.

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7. Are you married ? At what age did you marry ? Give your wife's present age.
8. Have you children ? How many ? Give each child's date of birth.
9. If you are married : was your wife chosen by you, your parents, or by elder relatives ? In the last case, was your consent asked ?
10. Would it have been better in your opinion if you yourself had chosen your wife, or if at least your consent had been asked ? If so, why ?
11. Are you engaged ? At what age did you become engaged ? Give also your fiancée's present age.
12. If you are engaged : when do you wish to marry ? At what age ?
13. If you are engaged : was your fiancée chosen by you, your parents or elder relatives ? Was your consent asked ?
14. Do you consider a marriage contract absolutely necessary ? Give reasons for your answer.
15. What are your views on selecting a wife ? What details in choosing would you place in the foreground ?

Of the three hundred ladies present at my last lecture on Indian soil, given before the Ladies' National Indian Association, about a third were Mohammedans, Hindus and Parsees. One can only judge the significance of these figures if one knows the composition of the population of Bombay. The population, which scarcely amounted to 150,000 at the beginning of the nineteenth century, reached a total of 1,175,914 according to the census of 1921. Of this figure 839,690 were Hindus, 184,685 Mohammedans, 52,690 Parsees, 24,000 Jains, 49,000 Indian Christians, 14,700 Europeans, 47,000 Anglo-Indians (of mixed English and Indian blood), and somewhat more than 7,500 Jews.

My lecture to these women was given in the palatial home of a distinguished Mohammedan at "Gulshan," the residence of Mrs. Cassumally J. Peerbhoy. The lecture hall was quite separate and looked out over a magnificent garden to the sea. The élite of Indian society was present. Not many of the women looked as though they had ever spent even a part of their lives under Purdah in the zenana. They were adorned with jewels

worth many thousands of pounds, and the automobiles in which they arrived vied with each other in elegance. The president was an eighty-three-year-old Indian who had an amazing gift for oratory.

Several of these bejewelled and cultured women made entries in my book—entries which I like to think not only characterized the spirit of the meeting but also a universal need. One Indian woman wrote: "Love is indestructible." Another, very grave and beautiful and wearing jewels beyond the reach of even Americans, wrote: "Love is divine."

The Parsees are comparable to our Huguenots. Just as the latter escaped from France because of Catholicism, so the Parsees, pursued by Islam, fled from Persia. And just as the Huguenots formed a valuable portion of the German Empire, the Parsees became a culturally and economically significant part of the Indian Empire.

I became personally acquainted with many Parsees, who are shrewd and good-looking, men and women alike. They are fond of sports and are supposed to have introduced cricket into India. Their readiness for sacrifice far transcends the confines of their own community-life. The chief commandment of their religion does not read "Love thy neighbour as thyself," as in the Christian and Jewish dogmas, but simply "Think well, speak well, behave well," and is perhaps the better precept, since the love of a human being for himself is by no means always good, but often the reverse.

There are in India altogether only 101,775 Parsees, of whom 83,019 live in the colony at Bombay. As a consequence of inbreeding (that is, of marriages among relatives), quite a few have weak lungs and eyes, are tubercular and short-sighted, and many have no real desire for marriage, which means that before very long they will die out. This would be a great pity.

The Parsees have remained faithful supporters of Zarathustra (Zoroaster) up to the present day. If the Mohammedans looked upon them as "Fire-worshippers," and in Persia tried to wipe them out completely, in which they succeeded fairly well—it

was because they did not understand the doctrine of Zarathustra. The Parsees do not worship fire as a god, but consider it holy and nurse the flames in their temples because, to them, fire and the sun—warmth and light—are the most direct and living expression and proof of the existence and strength of God. In addition to fire, earth and water are also hallowed possessions. In order not to defile these three gifts of God, they neither burn nor bury their dead, whose bodies have lost their cleanliness through decomposition and any illness preceding death. Instead, they consign them to the vultures.

In Bombay this strange method of burial takes place in the Towers of Silence, which no foreigner fails to visit. They are situate on the city's most beautiful spot—on top of the 180-foot Malabar hill, which commands the most magnificent view of the bay that was named Bom Bay (the good bay) by the Portuguese under Vasco da Gama in 1498, the first conquerors of Bombay's neighbouring island, Salsette.

These cylindrical towers are of different sizes—the one for suicides is smaller than the others. There is also a still smaller one for private families. All of them are in an immense garden. Overhead, hundreds of dark birds, with widespread wings, fly noiselessly through the air. They are those very vultures which, in two hours, can strip every corpse of its flesh. The remaining bones are soon dried by the sun, and turn to dust. "Earth" sinks into earth in a great hole in the middle of each tower.

This tower, which no stranger or relative of the deceased may enter (our guide informed us that not even the Prince of Wales had been admitted) has, as one can observe on a small model set up in the office, three concentric, sloping ledges, the top one for men, the middle one for women and the bottom one for children.

At the Towers of Silence I was asked what I thought of this method of interment. I replied that here the birds only do to humans what humans do to so many birds: they eat them. It seems to me almost a debt of gratitude that we, who enjoy the flesh of so many dead animals, should consign our own bodies to beasts. Also, there is no sweeping difference between vultures devouring swiftly and worms and bacteria slowly.

But, on the basis of more exact information, I want to rectify this conception. It is often stated that large morsels of human

flesh fall from the beaks of these greedy birds of prey. Even if this is not the case, there is a danger of transmission and infection when the vultures, having stilled their hunger on victims of typhus or cholera, either quench their thirst in some water tank, with bloody beaks, or alight on the ground with besmeared feet. Therefore, in spite of the absolute cleanliness that reigns in other Parsee ceremonies, I do not consider this form of burial, in the middle of a city where millions live, hygienically and æsthetically unobjectionable.

In this ceremony too, we once more come across cow's urine. The road over which the body is carried is besprinkled with this because it possesses disinfecting qualities. Still, it seems to me that here, too, are ideas closely allied to the cow worship lying dormant in so much of the Asiatic subconscious. Else why should not other disinfectants, easier to procure, and of more certain effect, be used ?

85

In addition to the Parsees, I wish to mention two other parts of the population of India—the Jains and the Jews—both relatively small in number, for there are only 1,178,596 Jains and 21,778 Jews. Yet despite their peculiar way of living and the fact that they are in the minority, the members of both groups are not only recognized as fully authorized citizens but occupy a position of high esteem.

On the way to Calcutta, I had already noticed people in the stations wearing white cloths over their mouths. At first I thought they were suffering from sore throats, but then I learned that they belonged to the Jain sect and kept their mouths covered to avoid breathing in insects unexpectedly. For, according to their teachings, all animals have souls and are holy, and whoever causes their death commits a great wrong. Therefore, they eat only by daylight, for moths attracted by artificial illumination fall into the food and suffocate. They have also built hospitals for every kind of animal. But they do not seem to consider that with every step they take they destroy the tiniest of living beings.

The founder of this ancient sect was Mahavira. He lived at the same time and taught his code of ethics in the same district as

did Buddha, *i.e.*, between Patna and Benares. The two reformers never came into conflict. The Jain temple which I visited in Calcutta, while comparatively new, is the most splendid and noblest in this city. For a long time the Jain architecture has been specially distinguished.

On the evening of the day I visited the Jain temple, I became acquainted with an ancient Jewish custom in its highest perfection—the Succoth. I had been invited to this feast of tabernacles by Sir David Esra, who had heard my lectures at the Asiatic Society. It was held in his princely home with patriarchal solemnity. In this place of worship, which was a horticultural work of art of the first order, I became clearly aware of the fact that our German word *Laub*, or “foliage” is related to the word *Laube* or “tabernacle.”

Ornithology is Sir David's hobby. In the spacious garden surrounding his house, he had assembled a collection of birds in which scarcely one is missing—from the African ostrich to the Brazilian humming-bird. Like his handsome and stately wife, Lady Esra, *née* Sassoon, he is a descendant of the same Baghdad Jews whom I have already discussed in my descriptions of Shanghai and Hongkong. Some of their forbears came from the River Jordan by way of Spain to the Euphrates and Tigris, and from there wandered on to the banks of the Ganges and the Yangtze-kiang.

Like the Parsees, whom they resemble in many respects, particularly in diligence and perseverance, the Jews have adapted themselves to their new countries, although they have preserved their racial habits. Most of the Jews side with the Indian champions of liberty. But the aristocrats and plutocrats among them seem to be predominantly pro-English, for the same reasons as are the maharajahs.

Mixed marriages between Jews and Mohammedans are not altogether rare. A Russian Jewess who was happily married to a Mohammedan, whom she had met when they were both studying at the University of Berlin, gave me the following characteristic explanation: “But the Mohammedans are three-quarters Jewish.”

The dark-skinned Jews make a particularly strange impression. They resemble the sleek-haired Indian type. In Bombay, I had

the opportunity to converse with a coloured Jewess from the South of India. Opinions differ concerning the origin of these black sons and daughters of Israel. Some say they reached India a long time ago by way of Abyssinia, where dark-skinned Jews also exist. Others believe they arose from a mixture of Indians and Jews, and the third view, which to me sounds the most plausible, is that many centuries ago, Indian tribes were converted to Judaism.

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Whereas the Parsee, Jewish and most of the Mohammedan holidays take place in the home, those of the Hindus are celebrated in the most public fashion possible. I attended one of their chief festivals : Divali, the Hindu New Year. A crowd of people dressed in holiday attire thronged the streets—their homes and places of business were crowned with garlands and illuminated at night. The shops are not closed, but, instead, are open wider than usual in order to receive customers who appear for congratulations, entertainment and shopping. On this day it is customary to start new account-books, with pious wishes, after the old ones have been balanced and closed the day before, the Hindu New Year's Eve. Everyone should start the New Year free from debt, if possible.

Divali is celebrated even in Kamatipura, the prostitutes' quarter of Bombay, not only by the Indian women, the poorest and lowest class of girls, but also by the better-situated, graceful Japanese women, many of whom are called " Ajama " (flower) and by the European adventuresses who, after an extended career finally end in Kamatipura. Everywhere there is candlelight and hope for improvement in business. Many of the " ground-floor girls "—those who live on the higher floor constitute a somewhat higher class—are never in the position to buy themselves beds with the proceeds earned from their bodies. Their entire room-furnishings consist of a cord stretched crosswise on which hangs a sheet that may have once been white. When a customer comes the curtain is drawn and when he leaves it is opened again. The numerous red spots in the room are not bloodstains but are caused by saliva dyed red with betel, which the girls chew and then spit out. With this they try to calm their sensitive nerves,

which are in constant agitation, just as higher-class girls do through cigarette-smoking.

The Hindu New Year was on November 10th, which date far exceeded the time by which I had expected to leave India. I had planned to travel north from Bombay to Karachi at the end of October, and from there either to fly directly to Palestine in a few hours or to travel through the Persian Gulf to Basra and arrive in Jerusalem in three days.

But my malaria made it necessary for me to change both time and route, chiefly because the travel bureaux of Basra and Karachi still reported danger of cholera and small-pox with quarantine difficulties. On the last Sunday before I left India, I made one last excursion—to Elephant Island. It was November 15th, 1931, the anniversary of my departure from Europe. Although I once more had to pay for this venture with an attack of malaria, I did not want to miss the trip, for I cannot conceive of a more worthy and fitting end to a journey through India than a visit to the Elephant Caves.

From my sick-room in the Taj Mahal Hotel, situated at the "Gate of India," I had had Elephant Island daily before my eyes; and I frankly admit that this wonderful view was the real reason why I spurned the doctors' advice to move to a hospital.

Like the British colonies of Hongkong and Singapore, Bombay also lies on an island separated from the mainland by a strait—incidentally, quite similar to New York's situation on Manhattan Island. Many smaller islands lie in front of Salsette, upon which Bombay is located, and to these belongs the rock-island of Garipuri, called Elephanta Island by the British.

It takes Cook's motor boats from an hour to an hour and a half to get there from Bombay; but I had been invited by Mr. Raymond to fly over in his hydroplane, which took a little more than fifteen minutes.

From the landing-stage, a 250-foot stairway leads to the Elephant Caves. One can be carried up from the boat in a comfortable sedan-chair. The grotto-temple, built presumably in the eighth century, is of gigantic size and stupendous beauty.

It is understandable that it takes men years of labour to collect stones, beams and all the materials needed for the building of pyramids, skyscrapers or other huge edifices; but how should one

regard those craftsmen who, with hammer and chisel, hewed these enormous halls, pillars and countless figures from the hard rock itself, and who, out of this unyielding mass, produced these elephants, lions, giants, dwarfs and decorative pieces of sculpture? Even one who is not well versed in the cult of Indian gods is carried away by this eloquent beauty. Most of these figures represent the god Siva in diverse forms, with his wife Parvati at his side.

To the sex expert, two objects in the Elephant Caves are of special interest. The first is the androgynous god Arahanaśvara, who represents Siva in a hermaphroditic form. The right side is male and the left has the female breast and hip-formation.

The second is the fact that a Lingam shrine stands in the centre of each hall, hiding a high Lingam, the most holy emblem. Erect and upright, it seems to call to the crowds of worshippers: I am the organ and the symbol of Siva, the destroyer of all—Siva who brings destruction, war and death to humanity. But I am also the organ of perpetual regeneration, the emblem of eternal renewal of life through love—the “Die and Become.”

The Lingams on Elephant Island were the last I saw in Asia. But once we emerge from Siva's sphere of power into the lands of Allah's rule, the Lingam loses all its significance.

When I once again walked down to the sea from the ancient rock-temple, it seemed as though on this spot I had said an eternal farewell to India, and I thought: “May India win her complete liberty—but then, may she not in her effort to conduct herself like occidental nations allow her original force and innate spirit to be voluntarily crushed by America's and Europe's prohibitions and prudery!”

The example of Japan is alarming. Of course, along with external servility, many internal servilities must disappear too. For instance, the caste system, Purdah, contempt of widows and pariahs and some of the other handicaps. But what should be preserved and further developed is tolerance of thought, the pensive, philosophic mind, the æsthetic pleasure of the Indian nation, the beautiful costumes of her men and women, the care of her native art, and, above all, her love of peace and of humanity.

INDIA

The latter is India's most characteristic tradition, alive to-day in men like Gandhi, Tagore, Raman, B. C. Roy and Ansari, and in families like the Boses, Dases, Nehrus and Naidus—to cite but a few examples—the noblest flowers of humanity ! Many roads lead to God and eternal blessedness.

Europe can learn just as much from a free India as a free India can learn from Europe.

PART IV
THE NEAR EAST

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No sooner had I bade farewell to my Indian friends, who according to their custom had brought flowers, wreaths and gifts on board the *Pilsna*, and had waved farewell greetings to the Taj Mahal Hotel which our ship passed at close range, than I was suddenly overcome by a fresh attack of fever. Consequently I quickly retired to my cabin, and there discovered that my temperature was almost 104 degrees (Fahrenheit). I at once summoned the ship's doctor. With a liberal quinine injection, he dispelled the malaria germs so thoroughly that I was able to get through the voyage almost without inconvenience.

Upon closer acquaintance, the steamer's Italian crew turned out to be predominantly German-speaking. Nearly all its members were former Austrians from the vicinity of Trieste, as was the ship's surgeon—a sun-tanned, dancing, well-informed child of nature—whose vigour and friendliness had an effect healing in itself, in contrast to the surliness of many of the doctors on other liners. Despite his Italian name, he was an absolute Nordic type.

On the fourth day after our departure from Bombay, we arrived at Aden—an Indian and therefore really an English colony—and then we rounded the southernmost point of Arabia, entering the Red Sea, whose sultry calm now settled on our limbs for several days, like a crippling weight. Asia to the right, to the left Africa—but no refreshing breeze either from Mohammed's Arabian desert or from the Libyan waste, out of which Moses went forth nineteen hundred years before Mohammed!

One location was pointed out to us, where Moses led the Jews over the Red Sea (supposedly about 1320 B.C.). But it is as completely unauthenticated as the place where Pharaoh's daughter found Moses and took him with her after he had been left among

the bulrushes of the Nile by an unmarried—or at any rate—by a lonely and unhappy mother. The spot is much sought after by American tourists. The Egyptian dragomans, who are able to answer all the questions put to them and to gratify every wish, can point out the very spot from the centre of Cairo.

We also passed the most important show-place of the Moses legend—the peninsula of Sinai—where God Himself disclosed the ten commandments which constitute the foundation-stone of European morals. Still, before we had time to become absorbed in this Biblical past, our minds were wrenched away and filled with thoughts of de Lesseps, the builder of the Suez Canal. Through his genius he shortened the sea route between Europe and India by nearly half, in both distance and time. Remembering this, the French rebuilt the canal some sixty years ago, but like nearly all the world's strategic key-points, it has now been a long time under British sovereignty.

On a slow, eighteen-hour journey, with endless sand on either side, over which camel-caravans move picturesquely in inimitable dignity, we passed through the narrow strait between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Toward evening, Port Said loomed into view, and after our baggage, health, passports and hand-luggage had been examined for hours (travellers from Asia are more closely inspected than those from Europe), we were finally allowed to land on Egyptian soil. No less than four medical students felt my pulse.

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Port Said has a bad name. In 1869 Said's successor, Ishmael Pasha, proclaimed the opening of the Suez Canal as a world wonder. He commissioned Verdi to compose *Aïda* especially for the occasion, and made of it an event for which the Egyptians are still obliged to pay taxes. From that time on a reputation for immorality has clung to Port Said, the population of which has meantime increased to more than 100,000. This reputation is in my opinion unjust. For the picture that confronts us here is exactly the one we find on a larger or smaller scale in almost all of the world's seaports. The same sexual drama, as I had the opportunity to observe, occurs in every harbour—from Hamburg, Amsterdam and Marseilles to Hongkong, Yokohama and San

Francisco. The sex-starved pack of turbulent young seamen, as well as the tourists and passengers lusting for adventure, precipitate themselves upon the girls who are waiting for them and who keep themselves posted on the exact hours of the ships' arrivals and departures.

It appears that circumstances like these are especially likely to arouse atavistic impulses of latent promiscuity. As far as the attempt at a better solution of sexual problems goes, the erotic life of the sailors constitutes a chapter in itself very similar to that of prisoners.

In Port Said I was faced with the question: Jerusalem or Cairo? I decided upon the latter because the mild winter climate of Upper and especially of Lower Egypt (in the course of a whole year Cairo averages two rainy days and Luxor and Assuan none at all) offered better prospects for the alleviation of my still uncured malaria.

Cairo greatly resembles Peking. In consequence of a mixture of civilization four thousand years old, a magic charm which has an irresistible hold on people of a cosmopolitan temperament, invests both cities. Like the mighty wall of China, the pyramids, in their artlessness and artistry, form a background before which pass races and dynasties, epochs of art and civilization, free men and slaves.

In Asia, the question is often raised as to which of the three great civilizations is the oldest: the Chinese, the Indian or the Egyptian. Synologists tell me that the Egyptian, and Egyptologists that the Chinese, is the most ancient. Indologists decline to commit themselves. Asia, Europe and America bear the same relation to one another as do grandmother, mother and child. In spite of some ties with these continents, Africa is a world in itself and in Egypt has its only connection with these others.

Cairo (el Qāhira in Arabic), the present capital of Egypt, is a relatively young city, founded by Arabian conquerors in A.D. 700. It was built in the immediate vicinity of Memphis, the ancient capital of the Pharaohs, of whose vanished glory there remain only a fallen Rameses statue of gigantic proportions, a wonderful alabaster sphinx and the huge cemetery stretching from Gizeh to Sakkara.

In the graveyard of Sakkara (in ruined Memphis) stands the

oldest pyramid—the step-pyramid which King Zoser (2789–2720 B.C.) had erected as a monument and domicile after death. Also the vaults—the so-called “mastabas” of the high court officials—built between the fifth and the seventh dynasties (2560–2270 B.C.), which are far more interesting. They are subterranean dwellings for the dead, with suites of rooms for the men, harems, nurseries and store-rooms. The mastaba of the Mereruka contains no less than thirty-one apartments.

This mastaba's painted wall-reliefs depict with astonishing vitality and clarity the life and activities of the people who lived from four to five thousand years ago, reveal how they worked and amused themselves, fed their animals and slaughtered them, sowed and reaped their grain, sawed logs and built ships, settled their accounts, made sacrifices, danced, played, dressed and—circumcised.

Yes, this operation, too, is reproduced with perfect clarity, irrefutably proving the remarkable fact that the ancient Egyptians performed genital surgery long before the Jews and Mohammedans had affixed a religious significance to it.

Great importance is still given this minor operation in Egypt. Indeed, not only do the followers of Moses and Mohammed undergo circumcision, but also the Christian Copts, who are considered the direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians. Their name is a Greek mutilation of the word Egypt. The purest representatives of early Christianity, they are still rather widely distributed throughout Egypt and Abyssinia.

The following incident shows to what extent these people take for granted the practice of removing the foreskin. A Copt with whom an acquaintance of mine was discussing circumcision, was firmly convinced that all people were circumcised except the English. My friend tried to talk him out of this opinion, but in vain. Strange as the story sounds, it fits in with the observation that axioms about sex life are everywhere the ones most tenaciously adhered to, no matter how absurd they may be. Thus the South American Indians still cling to a belief, which has prevailed among them since time immemorial, that two children born at the same time cannot spring from the same father. They therefore look upon twins as a disgrace and do away with one of them as quickly as possible.

An ancient Egypto-African tradition requires not only the circumcision of boys but also that of girls. Unlike the Jews, the Mohammedans adopted this custom. In Egypt, women are still considered only half as important as men. The midwife is paid twice as much for delivering a boy as for a "mere" girl. The little girls are circumcised between the ages of four and ten years.

At my lectures, and on other occasions too, I have often been asked what I thought of the circumcision of girls, and I did not hesitate to say that I look upon it as a senseless, heartless cruelty. I was able to give vent to my opinion the more freely when Egyptian colleagues assured me that there is no reference in the Koran to these African folk-customs of pre-Islamic times, although the people seem inclined to assume that not only male but also female circumcision is based on religious commandments and rites.

Male circumcision is a much more solemn ceremony than the female rite. It is no longer celebrated in as sensational a manner as it was thirty years ago, when, during my first Oriental journey to Asia Minor, I had the opportunity of attending the ritual. It still belongs to the most elaborate and costly of family festivities. To-day, out of economic considerations, the circumcision cortèges are often added to a wedding procession.

The boy who is to be admitted to the League of Men is usually six or seven years of age, sometimes even older. Sometimes several boys will have one ceremony in order to reduce expenses. In a stately public cavalcade, seated upon a horse, or in a decorated cart, the boy is led through the town with music to the spot where his circumcision is to take place. The procession is headed by a man who carries a small cupboard called a "heme," which contains the circumcision instruments. He is followed by the musicians and the man who performs the operation—usually a barber. Behind him comes the boy, dressed in gaudy girl's clothes and decked out with various female ornaments and necklaces. He wears a turban of red cashmere and carries an embroidered handkerchief with which he covers half his face.

I tried to fathom the deeper significance of this disguise. But in reply to my question as to why boys are dressed as girls on this occasion, these people, from whose ken the underlying cause of such customs had long since vanished, could only inform me that it all had something to do with the "evil eye," from which a child must be protected.

This "evil eye" ("mal occhio") plays a large rôle in the superstitious imagination of the Orientals—and of the Italians, too. In order to avert it, charms are worn next to the skin. So are small bags with magic words sewn inside them. The composition of these is the duty of the dervishes. The thresholds and doorposts of the houses are smeared with blood, often in the form of hands with spread fingers. Stuffed lizards and alligators are hung over the entrances—all these and many other curious devices are used out of fear of wicked spirits and the evil eye. Again and again we are faced with the fear impulse in man—uneasy fear of the unknown, of the future.

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To-day reasons of hygiene are usually given in the Orient to explain the circumcision of either sex, and the scientists of the West have adopted this viewpoint without contradiction. The circumcision of a man is supposed to be a protection against inflammation and infection, while that of a woman is supposed to mitigate the intensity of sexual feeling, because the Oriental desires no subjective, active participation on the part of the woman in the sexual act. In Egypt, this theory of sex hygiene has a very long history. Thus, as early as A.D. 100, the scholar Philo, a Greek Jew who lived in Alexandria, collected a long series of explanations of a custom which he already describes as ancient. He introduces six points which we shall quote from Felix Bryk's book *Die Beschneidung bei Mann und Weib* (Male and Female Circumcision).

"First, circumcision was undertaken to prevent a very serious illness difficult to cure, accompanied by burning pains and inflammation, and called carbuncles.

"Second, for complete bodily cleanliness which befits the priesthood, wherefore the highest priests of Egypt nurse their

bodies with care, for accumulated dirt sticks under the hair as well as beneath the foreskin, whence it must be removed.

" Third, so that the glans penis may clearly bear a certain resemblance to the heart : for both organs act in the service of generation. Indeed, the spirit that dwells within the heart is the organ of knowledge ; the genitals of living beings are organs of carnal knowledge. Therefore, the ancients held it reasonable to make this visible part, from which the bodily and the sensual originate, similar to that nobler and hidden organ, the source of the spiritual and intellectual.

" The fourth and most urgent reason of all is that circumcision is conducive to fertility and abundant posterity. Care is taken that the sperm can be ejaculated straight and without disturbance and that it does not flow into the folds of the foreskin. Therefore, the circumcised nations teem with fertility, and it is for this reason that they are the most prolific of races.

" These are the explanations which reached my ears through the words of godly men who had made a thorough investigation of the teachings of Moses.

" But beyond the reasons for circumcision already mentioned, I consider it necessary to note two more because of their great significance.

" First, to remove through this operation, once and for all, the lust that burdens the soul. For since among all attractions and desires, intercourse between man and woman occupies the highest place, the lawgivers have ordered that the instrument which serves this coition be mutilated. They point to the fact that this powerful longing must be restrained. They believed they could guarantee that by this measure, not only the one lust but also others could be held in check through the control of the mightiest urge.

" In the second place, they believed that this measure would exhort them to know themselves and to put aside presumptuousness, that dangerous malady of the soul. Some glory in themselves as creators, and believe themselves capable of producing the most beautiful living creature. Proud of this achievement, they pass themselves off in their arrogance as gods, and even deny that God is the original progenitor. Had they contemplated the other question with which they busied themselves, they could have

rectified this error. Many of the men among them are sterile, as well as many women barren, and because of impotent, incompetent coition, they go childless to the grave."

In my opinion, it is most improbable that medical and hygienic ideas lie at the root of circumcision. It is much more likely that such interpretations were subsequent rationalizations and explanations. Naturally, these viewpoints could have been important considerations in the cases of Moses and Mohammed, who, after all, not only taught laws of rest and nourishment, but also important rules of hygiene. However, this does not apply to those people who invented and performed this operation thousands of years earlier, as we must conclude with certainty from the reliefs of Sakkara.

Quite different reasons must have been decisive, and nothing is more natural than to think of the widespread concepts of sacrificial rites among these primitive peoples. The exertions of the men of those times were unceasingly concentrated on either dispelling or appeasing the evil spirits, whose interferences, punishments and vengeance they constantly feared. This required offerings. And what sacrifice, except the surrender of one's own person—human sacrifice—could be greater than that of pieces of one's body and, furthermore, from those very parts that provide mankind's greatest pleasure? The Biblical story of Isaac's sacrifice at the hands of Abraham is connected with circumcision and points toward this explanation.

Among the many writers who have upheld the sacrificial theory of circumcision, I shall at least quote one, Richard André. He writes :

"The opinion that the removal of the foreskin was a sacrifice to the gods—indeed, even a substitute for human sacrifice—has been expressed repeatedly and seems not without foundation, in America at any rate. In Yucatan and Nicaragua, blood taken from any part of the body was smeared upon the idols by the high priests, just as in Peru the blood of human sacrifices was spread over temple gates and statues. In Yucatan, Nicaragua and as far as the Orinoco, sometimes the tongue and sometimes the genitals were cut; among the Totonac tribes, the ears and sex-organs. In Nicaragua, blood from the genitals was sprinkled over corn, which was then portioned out and eaten with great solemnity.

Among the Aztecs, an incision was made on the breast of one-year-old boys and girls at the high festival of Tzinpochtli, thus consecrating them to this god."

The sexual-hygienic theory of circumcision will not bear unbiased investigation. Scarcely any rite has become the arena of so many—and in part completely contradictory—theories. The psycho-analysts, too—Theodor Reik in particular—have sought to explain it in accordance with their principles.

Circumcision has comparatively few opponents. I became acquainted with one such person on my journey around the world, a colleague who submitted his interpretation to me during my stay in Detroit. He laid great stress upon the fact that circumcision was injurious to the general health of the human being. He considered that the secretions from the female organs, accumulating under the preputial fold during intercourse, are gradually reabsorbed through the capillaries and, by this process, refreshing and invigorating substances are introduced into the blood-stream and body of the man. He also felt that the man's genital secretions, absorbed by the mucous membranes of the female, have a beneficial effect upon the woman's entire organism.

Regarded from a purely biological angle, circumcision seems superfluous to us, to say the least, if we balance the arguments for and against it. Through observation, I was able to determine that it is a practice not without danger, although to-day it is accompanied by more careful asepsis than was formerly the case.

It is far from my intention to utter polemics here against such a rite as circumcision which still bears a religious significance for at least 200,000,000 people. I must only raise my voice as an objective student of sex against the sexual-hygienic necessity and usefulness claimed for it. For surely Nature creates no organs for the purpose of their being cut off, be they ever so small. Furthermore, I found quite a number of people in Egypt, even among the Mohammedans themselves, who expressed opinions against circumcision, especially in the case of women. But, on the other hand, I also heard from reliable authorities that even to-day uncircumcised women have less chance of marriage.

In Egypt as everywhere in the Orient, since time immemorial, husbands and wives are chosen by relatives or agents (in Egypt most of the latter are women), who pick out the bride for the boy and the bridegroom for the girl. Frequently, neither partner has ever seen the other before the ceremony.¹

Up to a few years ago child-marriage also took place in Egypt. The girls were rarely older than thirteen—sometimes hardly ten years of age. We must of course again take into consideration that sexual maturity sets in much earlier in Africa than in Europe. As in India, the marriage age was raised, by a State law in 1927, to sixteen years for either sex.

For the present, however, this rule is often circumvented. Since no birth registry exists, one must depend on the assurance of mothers, and, in case of further doubt, on the conclusions which can be drawn from the degree of physical development. In order to make the child appear older, the mothers and grandmothers resort to all kinds of tricks, such as making the breasts appear larger by padding worn inside the clothes, or simulating the evidences of menstruation.

These certificates of age constitute a rather large source of income for doctors. An Egyptian colleague told me that in 1931 he had issued no less than four hundred.

In combating child-marriage, greater success may be expected to-day from a thorough investigation than from prohibitions, the deeper significance of which cannot be understood by the people in general because hitherto life went on without any such restrictions and the parents themselves married at an early age.

Among the cultivated classes, the marriage-age has risen more and more, independently of legislation, partly because of the pressure brought to bear by economic conditions, but also in part because of a more sensible sex education. In these circles, to-day, men rarely marry under twenty years of age or women under seventeen.

Once I was a guest at an Egyptian wedding. It was held in Gizeh, a large suburb of Cairo, on New Year's Eve, 1931. The

¹ Cf. Ploss Bartels: *Woman*, Vol. II., Chap. VII. W. Heinemann (Medical Books) Ltd., London, 1935.

bridegroom received and led us into a large and splendid tent fitted out with coloured carpets and fabrics. On gilded chairs and softly upholstered divans a crowd of venerable gentlemen were already sitting and sipping coffee, for the most part in silence. Outside the tent, a boys' band played Oriental airs. After a half-hour in this rather boring society, which not only lacked women but also youth, I was ready to leave. Then the bridegroom inquired if I didn't want to see the young people. The tent in which I found myself was only for elderly gentlemen and bachelors. The women were assembled in another room, and in a third, the bridegroom's childhood friends.

Here, everything was certainly exceedingly gay. The young men were singing Arabian songs to the accompaniment of a kind of lute. Two of the bridegroom's friends were playing the piano and the violin. But the life of the party was a Negro from the Sudan, a servant in the house. Each one of his apparently very droll remarks was received with roars of laughter.

Dressed partly in women's clothes, he performed a belly-dance with effeminate gesticulations and mimicry. The performance was as grotesque as it was graceful, as is so often the case with the dancing of Negroes. The ecstasy of the dance finally reached a climax, as one after the other the dignified young men joined in the rhythmic movements of the Sudanese, accompanied by the ringing laughter and shouts of the remaining guests.

Although it was more amusing here than among the elderly guests of honour, I again wanted to take my leave, as it was getting rather late. But the party was called into a fourth room, next to the women's apartment, in and out of which veiled ladies glided from time to time, inaccessible and remote.

In this fourth room, a long table had been set up which held no alcoholic drinks, but which was absolutely laden down with all kinds of roasts, fowl, fish, salads, vegetables and desserts. It was the fifth or sixth of such tables that had been set up. About sixty or seventy gentlemen stood around the tables. There were no chairs. I had the place of honour next to a lively old Egyptian military doctor who had taken part in the campaigns against the Mahdi under the British generals, Gordon and Kitchener. It was astonishing to see with what celerity the food disappeared. In a scant ten minutes there was hardly a crumb left on the long table.

Upon departing, I asked the bridegroom, a sympathetic youth of twenty-two, whether he had seen his bride yet. He said yes—he already knew her as she was related to him. But during the wedding the bridal pair had not seen each other. Only at midnight do they become more closely acquainted.

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Marriages between relatives, like this one, are the rule all through Egypt—marriage between unrelated persons is the exception. I received some information about this from the Austrian physician in Luxor, Dr. Hönigsberg, who used to practice in the oasis of Fayum. He did much work in the sphere of sexual customs, particularly in the country among the fellahs, the Egyptian peasants.

Among the fellahs, the features of Rameses, Tutankhamen and Amenophis are still to be seen, and among their women, Nefretiti and Hatshepsut types are not uncommon. Hönigsberg informed me that, according to his estimate, almost ninety per cent. of all marriages among the fellahs are concluded between relatives. This is considered the best way of holding the families and family fortunes together and of avoiding disappointment.

These inbred marriages in Egypt have a very ancient tradition which goes back far beyond the age of the Ptolemies (322–30 B.C.), almost all of whom were married to sisters or brothers. Cleopatra was married to two of her brothers. Hatshepsut, the second most famous queen of Egypt, who lived almost a century and a half before Cleopatra, was the wife of and co-ruler with her own brother, Thothmes III. The Deir-el-Bahri temple which she erected at Thebes (opposite Luxor), with its terraced layout facing the Nile, reminds one of Sans Souci, the palace of Frederick the Great. Even to-day, its remains are astonishing. Their architectural beauty and picturesque wall-reliefs are well worth seeing. Queen Hatshepsut herself is everywhere portrayed with a beard and a short, masculine apron.

Among the common people, marriages between brothers and sisters seem less prevalent than between cousins, which we do not look upon as incestuous either, despite the fact that the blood-tie as such cannot differ appreciably from the incestuous rela-

tionships between brother and sister which are so strictly proscribed and prosecuted.

When one considers that this inbreeding has now been going on for at least 5,000 years in Egypt, stronger signs of degeneracy than elsewhere would undoubtedly be apparent among the inhabitants of the Nile country if there is any truth in what has often been stated regarding the deleterious effects of inbreeding.

I myself have always been an opponent of marriages between close kin and have thoroughly set forth my reasons in one of my books, entitled *Geschlechtskunde*. Nevertheless, I must own that the general impression the Egyptian people made upon me is quite satisfactory from a physical and mental point of view—at any rate, no less favourable on the average than that made in any other country. One even sees many unusually strong and vigorous figures among the men, and the physical condition of the women, in so far as it is observable, leaves nothing to be desired.

The one striking feature is the extraordinarily large number of eye ailments—not only the real “Egyptian” eye disease, the immediate causes of which have not yet been determined, but also functional eye disorders, among which strabismus (cross-eye) is probably the most common.

Once I found myself in the company of twelve Egyptians, of whom ten were cross-eyed—four of them very noticeably. Even if this were an exceptional case, it is certain that the number of cross-eyed people is comparatively much greater in Egypt than in Europe or Asia. But, whether, as is sometimes claimed, this is a sign of degeneracy, is more than dubious, especially when one considers that cross-eyes seem attractive rather than ugly in Egyptian men and women.

In Europe, people smile when they read that the French philosopher, Descartes, was a cross-eye fetishist. In Egypt, this curious inclination loses any comic flavour. I heard the following story from a German oculist who settled in Egypt, which he had formerly visited as a tourist. He was skilful at operating for strabismus and thought he would find a large field for his speciality in Cairo. But hardly anyone consulted him. He learned, too late, that the people not only attached no importance to getting rid of their affliction, but on the contrary, found their

cross-eyes interesting, like freckles, or joined eyebrows. Anyway, the marriageability of either sex is improved, rather than impaired, by cross-eyes.

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By marriageability, we are to understand not the prospects of marriage in themselves but the price that the father can obtain for a daughter. In Egypt it happens very rarely that a girl is "left on the shelf." The price fluctuates between ten and ten thousand or more Egyptian pounds, according to the attributes of the bride and groom. (The Egyptian pound about corresponds to the English.) Widows, "as is the case with used goods," cost less.

Usually, two-thirds of the sum agreed upon, concerning which the parents on both sides have haggled exhaustively, is paid at once. The last third is secured for the woman in case her husband either dies or parts with her against her will. The Christian custom, according to which the father, who has spent a great deal of money for the maintenance and education of his daughter, not only receives no compensation but must also pay a dowry in addition, seems strange and immoral to the Mohammedan.

When the bridal bargain has been made, the bridal procession (Zaffet-el-Hammâm) takes place. The bride is first led through the streets of the city to the baths in a stately cortège. She sits in a carriage beneath a silken baldachin open in front. Before her march her married friends and relatives; behind her, the young girls. At the beginning and end of the procession are musicians, who make a deafening noise with oboes and drums.

Often the entire household furnishings of the young couple—beds, linen, carpets, furniture, pots and pans—are brought along in a row of carts. The women accompanying the cortège utter inarticulate trills of joy called *zagharit*. These form a counterpart to the cries of woe of the professional wailing-women (*naddâbât*) at funerals. The entire bridal procession traverses the streets a second time. Then the bride is brought to the house of her husband.

Woman's marital position in Egypt, as everywhere in the orient, is for the moment in a decided state of fermentation. The prototype of the European and American woman has quite

bewitched Mohammedan women ever since the daring and energetic Kemal Pasha tore down the marital barriers in Turkey which seemed to have been erected for eternity.

The ladies of the harem, often very much spoiled and indulged by their husbands, are well aware that they have much to lose through greater independence ; but here, as in every form of slavery, it is evident that in the last analysis, human beings value personal freedom more highly than any other earthly possession.

In Egypt, too, a great many of the veils have already fallen from the women's beautiful faces, and the harems, which formerly strictly separated the women's quarters from the rest of the house, have been done away with in many places. Not everywhere, of course, for there are still many upholders of tradition.

In Cairo, one can clearly distinguish three groups of women representing these contradictory views of life : those who are heavily veiled, those who wear transparent veils, and those who go unveiled. The middle group, which has found a graceful transitional compromise, is in the majority.

A women's movement striving for complete equality of rights already exists in Egypt. Its leaders, with some of whom I became personally acquainted, belong to the highest class of society. The same type of woman whom I had the privilege of meeting in China in the person of Mrs. Ma, and in India in Lady Bose, is represented in Egypt by Madame Kharoni, president of the Egyptian Feminist Union and editor of the excellent monthly, *L'Egyptienne, Revue Mensuelle du Féminisme*.

The high intellectual level of these Egyptian feminists is another proof that mental capacity depends neither upon sex nor race, but only upon individual endogenous and exogenous factors (particularly upon inherited predispositions and upbringing).

It is by no means so long ago that the Mohammedan woman in Egypt was forbidden to speak to any man except her husband. She was absolutely cut off from public and social life. On board ship, or in the train, she occupied a special compartment behind heavy hangings. She never walked beside her husband, but always behind him. For husband and wife to go out arm in arm in accordance with our custom was considered to be not merely in bad taste, but shameless.

Of course, the Mohammedan husband generally treats his wife more lovingly than does the average European—he showers her with caresses and sweets, with flowers and jewellery when he returns from work. Since they live in two completely separate worlds, almost all the causes for friction, upon which European and American marriages so often founder, are absent.

The Islamic wife had such indisputable discipline enforced upon her that no opportunity was given her to divorce her husband, who, on his part, was justified in effecting a separation as he willed, and without giving any reason for it. Thus, in former days, women who gave birth to girls several times in succession were simply sent away. The husband only had to pronounce the formula of divorce three times before witnesses and the law was immediately satisfied. The original regulation that this should be done at intervals of a month was gradually overlooked. It sufficed when the husband gave utterance to the divorce formula three consecutive times.

This Egyptian life of woman under the domination of man—one might also say as his prisoner—is surprising, for in the ancient Egypt of the Pharaohs, woman was fully man's equal. Recently, these restrictions and limitations have perceptibly lessened. One not only sees women on the streets, but also at the theatre, at public gatherings and parties beside their husbands.

At my lectures on sexual science held at the University of Egypt, I saw in the audience not only European but also Egyptian ladies, some of whom were heavily veiled in black. I was also introduced to the two first female medical students at the university. I visited the famous Egyptian actress, Fatma Rushdi, who was as charming as she was clever. She was playing the leading rôle in Rostand's *L'Aiglon*. And I made the acquaintance of quite a number of Egyptian women whose culture and behaviour differed in no respect from that of European ladies of high intellectual standing.

Woman's social independence and equality of rights usually has sexual consequences. It is obvious that the liberated woman will no longer allow herself to be married off, but will wish to make her own choice of a husband. She will also no longer want

to bear children defencelessly, but in so far as possible in accordance with her own desire and responsible consideration. She also rejects the double code of morals. Either her husband shall live as she does, monogamously, or she will be polygamous too.

Therefore, the modern Egyptian woman is fundamentally opposed to polygamy, although Islam grants it to men. The Mohammedan may have four wives besides female slaves, with whom he is permitted to have intercourse. But only a few still make use of this liberality of the Koran. Polygamy is exceedingly rare among the middle classes. It is rather to be found in the lower classes—particularly among the fellahs, who use women as labour-power—or in the highest circles, where men can afford the luxury of a larger number of women whom, for the most part, they keep in separate establishments.

At any rate, Egypt is not like China, where a man must have many women for the sake of his social standing and good name. On the contrary, there are a great number of Arabic proverbs against polygamy which Alfred Kauffmann, the former German pastor in Alexandria, quotes in his splendid book, *Ewiges Stromland*. One of these reads: "He who desires peace will only marry one woman." And another: "A home with four wives is like a skiff in a storm."

But, on the other hand, there are said to be some wives (or to have been in former times) who, when they grow older, select and procure a second and a third younger woman for their husbands, from their own families if possible. These women frequently form a sort of alliance against the husband. The man, living either in bigamy or polygamy, buys everything in pairs (or more, according to the number of his women)—two pieces of jewellery of exactly the same value, two cakes of soap, two dresses or petticoats at the same price—so as to give no cause for jealousy.

It will not be easy for most Mohammedan husbands to give up the traditional viewpoint that they should be the masters. Even toward European wives, they preserve the old attitude of enforcing strict orders.

There are many Egyptians, who, during their years of study at European universities, fell in love with women there, whom they then "brought home." I became personally acquainted

with several such mixed marriages. Contrary to the widespread opinion, I was able to determine that, on the average, they turn out favourably—at any rate, no worse—than unmixed marriages. This also applies to their progeny.

Nevertheless, no woman who follows a man belonging to a nation or religion with a different sexual viewpoint should neglect to inform herself most carefully beforehand whether the man who is outwardly so very attractive to her, has an Egyptian or a European outlook on questions of sex.

A Berlin woman married to a Mohammedan who had stayed with her parents during his student days, complained to me that her husband never let her drive alone to the city, which was only an hour's ride from her home. Another, who had married a Russian woman, never let her go out without a maid, and in a third case, after five years of marriage to a French woman, the husband claimed the right to take a second consort into the house. Only the wife's firm resolution to return to Paris made the Egyptian discard his plan.

Marriages between European men and Egyptian women are much rarer, not only because they are prohibited by Mohammedan law, but because, up to a short time ago, European men had no opportunity to become acquainted with Egyptian women, and even to-day it is possible only to a small extent.

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I had the opportunity of looking more closely into an Anglo-Egyptian marriage. A former British officer had married a lively, clever and fiery-eyed Egyptian woman. His dignified taciturnity was in sharp contrast to her bubbling freshness. In spite of this—or perhaps because of it—the marriage seemed to be exceptionally harmonious.

They lived on the Nile in one of the many house-boats called *dahabijahs*, and I was their guest on several occasions. I especially remember one night during the fasting-month of Ramadan, when the lady of the house, or rather of the boat, gave a party to acquaint me with Arabian music and real Arabian dances. There were about forty Egyptians present. Among the ministers and higher officials was the prefect of Gizeh. Everyone was

waiting for a famous belly-dancer. Finally, after eleven o'clock, she appeared on the top deck, where we had been listening to melancholy tunes played on Arabian instruments. She was received with great applause. We had already heard that she had been "belly-dancing" that night for a minister.

As she entered, the awkward movements and bows of the famous artist disappointed me. But when she threw off her cloak and sat down beside one of her admirers, she showed a great deal of charm after all, and when she stepped into the middle of the aisle, between the benches which were arranged along the wall in Arab fashion, and, accompanied by a muffled beating of drums and the jingling of her bracelets and necklaces, began to move—slowly at first and then more and more impetuously—the experienced onlookers fell into an increasing state of ecstasy. They emitted enraptured sounds and clapped for minutes at a time. With the result that the layman, unaccustomed to the sight, was carried away.

For me this celebration had the drawback that, like most Arabian feasts, it did not begin until midnight. When toward one o'clock, after having partaken of the usual assorted buffets, I left, the party had by no means reached its height. But I heard that despite the erotic tension which well-performed belly-dances always evoke it proceeded with great decorum until it ended at dawn with much hilarity. Such was also the case with other similar performances which I had the opportunity of observing in the pleasure resorts of Cairo and Alexandria.

The sexual affirmation—the sexual joyousness, of the Moham-medans—which so essentially contrasts with other dogmas and finds its most poignant expression in the fact that to be a monk or a nun has always been forbidden by Islam—clearly indicates that deep religious feeling and sexuality are by no means alien to one another. Islam is not only more deeply ingrained in the people than is any other religion, but it steadily and by no means inconsiderably gains adherents.

In Africa particularly, the number of Moslems grows from year to year without costly and difficult attempts at conversion,

such as proceed from Catholic and Protestant missions. In my hotel in Cairo I became acquainted with an Austrian journalist who surprised me by wearing a tarbush upon his blond head (the head-covering usually known to us as a "fez").

In contrast to Turkey, where Kemal Pasha legally did away with the men's fez simultaneously with the women's veils, everyone in Egypt—from King Fuad to the bootblack—wears a red tarbush which has become a kind of national costume. It is only taken off indoors on special occasions.

The tarbush does not express a definite religious membership, as is often assumed. It is found just as frequently among the Christian Copts as among the Mussulmans, but only among Europeans when they have been converted to Islam.¹ This was also the case of our journalist. The reason he gave me for his conversion was that he was more impressed by Mohammedan ethics and tolerance than by the corresponding Christian teachings. In particular, he considered the easier arrangement of marriage and divorce more just.

On the occasion of my audience with the Minister of Health, Dr. Mohammed Shahin Pasha, who was personal physician as well as one of the close friends of King Fuad of Egypt, I discussed the problem of homosexuality, in addition to the questions of contraception and remedies for reduced potency.

Shahin Pasha was of the opinion that homosexuality was a disease and that, on this account, its indulgence could in no way be punishable, but that it must be treated by doctors and prevented wherever possible. He expressed the fear that the circulation of the precept that homosexuality is a comparatively harmless inclination might encourage it.

In contrast to this view, I impressed my opinion upon him, which has been proved by over 10,000 cases, that a medical cure for true homosexuality is out of the question, just as much as is its artificial incitement through seduction. I also indicated that from the point of view of producing a healthy generation—in other words, from a eugenic standpoint—the intercourse of a homosexual with a person of the opposite sex is more dangerous than the sex relation natural to him.

¹ This is incorrect. Christian European officials in Egypt often wear the tarbush.

In spite of every courtesy, we were not able to reach complete accord. Consequently Shahin Pasha wrote the following comment in my journal: "I have been pleased to meet Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld. I consider sexual deviation a disease which needs the attention of medical men and prophylaxis to get a sound new generation."

Like my interview with the Chinese Minister of Health, the discussion with the Egyptian again proved the international quality of all human sex problems, from a unified solution of which we are at present still so far away.

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The heavy foreign traffic that makes the Nile the pleasure resort of all nations during the winter months, has evoked a sham eroticism which is just as falsified as are the "genuine" scarabs that are offered Europeans for sale.

The dragomans (guides) and donkey-boys for a long time have had the reputation of negotiating and performing all sorts of erotic services. Their appearance, improved by fine costumes and pleasant manners, seems to predestine them for this purpose. Nevertheless, I believe that many exaggerations are being circulated on this score, especially as the vice squad now watches these people pretty carefully.

Venereal diseases are supposed to have existed in Egypt since the earliest times, and the fact that they generally appear in rather mild forms to-day is explained as follows: The human organism has become accustomed—immune—to these disease germs through generations and produces natural antitoxins in the blood. This is particularly true in the case of syphilis. Dr. Hönigsberg of Luxor and other physicians told me that in many districts it was no longer a real venereal disease, extragenital transmission without intercourse being much more frequent than sexual transmission. But in some places this transmission is so widespread that almost every inhabitant has shown syphilitic symptoms at some time. This accounts for the doctor's question: "Have you had syphilis yet?" Which is just as natural as that of the pediatricist: "Has your child had measles yet?" Gonorrhœa, particularly among the fellahs in the country, is rare because they marry so young.

Impotence, prevalent throughout the Nile country as far as the depths of the Sudan, is feared almost more than venereal disease. Its causes are of a less neurotic or constitutional nature than in either Europe or America. The metabolic disturbances so common in Egypt—such as diabetes and obesity—often cause a sexual weakness. The same applies to bilharzia, an ailment which occurs almost solely in Egypt and from which seventy per cent. of the population suffers, according to Khalil, professor of tropical diseases. The germs of this disease, finding a breeding-place in snails, penetrate into the urinary tract when one is working in water or bathing. They cause bloody urine and also more far-reaching disturbances. I saw a whole series of mild and serious cases of bilharzia in the hospital at Luxor, a model institution, beautifully equipped.

The constant tobacco and hashish smoking is also supposed to have a deleterious effect upon the potency of the Egyptians.

Very strict measures have been taken during recent years against importing and indulging in hashish. Yet there still seems to be a lot of hashish-smoking and, because of the prohibition, the abuse of opium, cocaine and other narcotic poisons seems to have increased. For this reason many physicians now recommend that hashish, "which isn't quite so bad," should be permitted in limited quantities—a misguided notion, in my opinion.

I visited a hashish house. There I did not get the impression that the stuff was harmless. It was a small square room with benches round the walls. Upon these seats men sat, one next to the other, beneath tawdry chromo-lithographs. I saw both young and elderly people, many with glassy eyes and distorted, grinning faces. A gramophone played—at short intervals either the host or his son went from one to the other, passing the hashish pipe. They all used the same pipe. Some of them only drew on it for appearance's sake, but most of them took a deep draught and then exhaled a thick cloud of smoke behind which they were invisible for several seconds.

A forced gaiety prevailed. Here and there someone went to

the middle of the room and performed awkward rhythmic movements to the gramophone music. Then they played with trained dogs. These people, who were mostly strangers to each other, were strangely united through the hashish. From time to time one of them would reel out of the place, vomit and sink to the ground. On the whole it seemed to me a poor way to avoid reality.

No form of prohibition will solve the problem as long as the basic causes of drug addiction have not been thoroughly understood, and as long as people are threatened with punishment instead of being educated and instructed. The prohibition of alcohol established by Islam is also said to have substantially slackened since the War, and to be often altogether disregarded. Yet it is certainly respected by the vast majority of the people.

At social functions in Mohammedan houses where I have been a guest, lemonade, perfumed water and other non-alcoholic beverages, mostly Turkish coffee in great quantities, were served. The same can be said of the large official parties, where a child-like gaiety contrasts advantageously with the mood induced by alcohol in our countries, where social gatherings are so often accompanied by boisterousness and quarrelsomeness.

Which has the most harmful effect upon sexual and spiritual life—alcohol, hashish or opium—is still an open question.

The League of Nations, by the Treaty of Versailles, was commissioned to take over the international campaign against habit-forming drugs. It has failed in this respect, in spite of the fact that the head of the Anti-Opium Information Bureau, founded in 1928, is waging a vigorous fight against the production of dangerous narcotics. Since the War, drug addiction has considerably increased. The amount of opium, morphine, cocaine, etc., actually required for medical purposes for the entire population of the world would be amply covered by six thousand kilograms, yet China consumes forty-five million, India ten million, the United States four million, Egypt, Asia Minor and Europe five million, and Japan one million kilograms.

It is impossible that these tremendous quantities are produced and reach the consumers without the knowledge of the respective Governments. Yet monied interests invariably achieve their

purpose, and the Governments refuse to restrict production on the grounds that an abrupt curtailment would be equivalent to an economic catastrophe.

The Egyptian delegate recently made the League of Nations an offer to advance the entire expenses for the programme of restriction. A great part of the Egyptian population is endangered by the morphine and hashish plague, and for this reason Egypt is especially interested in preventing the production and importation of these poisons. His motion, however, was not declined, but adjourned. Obviously these are the same capitalistic counter-interests which set themselves against the abolition of drug addiction, just as they do against disarmament.

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Nowhere does one find so much "fear of one's own courage" as where human beings have arrived at an inner conviction that the current sex conventions require objective proof.

Therefore, those who are scandalized and offended have a much easier time than those who swim against the current. We must take this peculiar mixture of courage and fear—this whole psychological background—into account if we want to apprise correctly the caution almost bordering on apology with which organizers and directors of organizations so often introduce lectures on sex.

Before my course of lectures on sexual science, which the Egyptian Medical Association, in connection with the Extension Division of the American University of Cairo, had invited me to give at the Evarts Memorial Hall, the eminent authority on parasites at the University of Egypt, Professor Khalil, in his introductory speech stressed the fact that on no account did he wish to touch upon the hallowed customs and morals of Islam, but only wanted to hear how a European scholar regards such an extraordinarily important field of human sex-life and how he looks into it scientifically.

My course of five lectures was entitled *Love in the Light of Science*. After each lecture an Egyptian university professor gave a *résumé* of my English speech in Arabic for the benefit of

many of the listeners who only understood Arabic and French. The individual titles of the lectures, each of which was illustrated with photographic slides, were :

1. *Introduction to Sexology—a New and Important Science.*
2. *Natural Laws of Love.*
3. *Love, Sex and Marriage.*
4. *Sex Pathology.*
5. *Sexual Reform on a Scientific Basis.*

The great interest inspired by the lectures was shown by lively questioning and many written statements.

The level of Egyptian science has unquestionably risen considerably since the beginning of the century. This has in part to do with the general efforts toward independence. As everywhere after the World War, efforts are being made to further the possibilities of native activity and to make foreign achievements more difficult. European doctors are also sensible of this.

They were formerly allowed to settle anywhere in the Nile country and did not even have to pay an income tax as foreigners. Consequently, men of every nationality arrived, among whom were many Germans, Austrians and Swiss. They soon had a thriving practice.

At that time, freedom from taxes still existed, but it is not nearly as simple as it used to be for foreigners to settle in Egypt. In the Egyptian Press I repeatedly found articles and letters which not only applauded such difficulties, but helped to bring them about. They pointed to the fact that among Egyptian doctors, many of whom were educated in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and especially in London, there are now excellent specialists in nearly all branches of medicine. The university professors likewise, they stated, compared very favourably with European scientists in their pedagogic capacities.

I was able to prove the truth of this statement by my repeated visits to the Medical School of the University of Egypt and to the University Hospital at Kasr-el-'Aini, and also at my reception by the dean of the medical faculty, Professor Ibrahim Pasha, who lives in a gorgeous villa decorated with creations of Arabian handiwork, splendid " arabesques " of rare beauty, and more than two hundred Oriental rugs.

Unfortunately the smooth course of my academic activities was greatly disturbed by unexpected attacks of malaria. It was necessary to postpone my engagements, and, on one occasion, Dr. Khalil had to read the text of my lecture because of a sudden attack.

The *Egyptian Gazette*, which has a large circulation throughout Egypt, reproduced the lectures almost word for word, thanks to its clever editor, Geoffrey Hoare. The same applied to an Arabic daily as well as to the monthly medical review—published in both English and Arabic. This paper printed a large portion of my lectures.

Furthermore, the French medical journal of Cairo, *La Pratique Medicale*, also carried an article: "L'Institut Magnus Hirschfeld à Berlin."

Of course it is very instructive for a physician and scientist to study a disease in his own body, particularly when the pathological picture is as interesting and as comparatively little known in central and northern Europe as is genuine malaria, with its sudden first attack, its high and mounting temperature, and the rather swift decline of its fever, accompanied by profuse sweating. But I would have gladly foregone increasing my knowledge in this field which lies so far from my special subject.

But from an Arabian poem which was brought to my sick-bed by a kind Egyptian colleague, I gathered that it may not be altogether unrelated to sexology. In this poem an Arab poet, who lived hundreds of years ago, compared an attack of malaria to the visit of a woman who embraced and aroused him until he was no longer in possession of his senses, and then left him exhausted, after having robbed him of his vitality and strength.

How deadening the sudden appearance of malaria can prove! The German Ambassador, Herr von Stohrer, was kind enough to give a luncheon for me, to which he had invited several Pashas and other important people. The list of guests included the aforementioned Shahin Pasha, the most prominent professors on the medical faculty and the most eminent European doctors—such as Dr. Max Meyerhof, who for decades has been the leading oculist in Cairo, as well as one of the foremost students of Arabic.

There were also present the Greek professor of surgery, Papayanu, who was head of an excellent sanatorium with a staff of German doctors and nurses ; the Italian professor of medicine, Alberto Mocchi, who was the author of profound psychological and philosophical works ; and my old boyhood friend and Dutch colleague, Dr. Henk Rogge, who, after a long medical career in Java, had settled in Cairo as a neurologist.

The meeting was arranged for December 10th, 1931, at one o'clock. On December 8th, after an interval of three weeks, I had my first attack of malaria in Egypt which forced me to cancel my public lecture that evening. On the morning of the 9th I was feeling perfectly well, and consequently when, on the 10th, the Ambassador inquired after my health, I could say that I was quite well again and would attend the gentlemen's luncheon. But as I began to change my clothes, I was seized with a violent attack of shivering, and when, shortly afterwards, Dr. Rogge arrived to fetch me, my temperature had already risen so high it was impossible to get up.

I was forced by this painful experience to recognize my need for the regular malaria cure. An examination was made that very day and showed "a great many parasites in the blood and a marked enlargement of the spleen." The German Ambassador had told Professor Mocchi of my illness. He had treated many cases of malaria in the Italian colony south of Port Sudan, and invited me to go into the big Italian hospital. (Italians and Greeks are most numerous among the Europeans in Cairo.)

Some colleagues took it amiss that I had not gone to the German hospital ; but I think most made allowances for the fact that I was in such a condition that one attaches less importance to the nationality of the person rendering aid than one might do if one were well. In that hospital I was given every care, especially by Dr. Stoloff, whose kindness and patience never failed. I was no easy patient, and the daily injections of plasmochin, insulin and camphor were certainly more unpleasant for him than for me.

Although I could not rid myself of the feeling that the cure weakened me more than the disease, I should strongly advise anyone suffering from malaria not to hesitate, but promptly to undergo methodical treatment with the quinine preparations, which still hold first place in the treatment of this form of fever.

Incidentally, the diagnosis should be reinforced by a microscopic examination of the blood.

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Although debilitated by malaria, I still had enough time left during three unforgettable months to become acquainted with the matchless beauties of nature and art in both Lower and Upper Egypt, and especially with Cairo and its exceedingly interesting environs.

In the automobiles of my new friends I made many trips through the undulating yellow sand and stone of the Sahara Desert; no less than twelve journeys to the pyramids, which have a different aspect every hour of the day; and to Heliopolis, a settlement erected on the edge of the desert above the famous ancient Egyptian sun city. This town is built in the highly modern style of the French Riviera. We also visited Helwan, which is likewise named after the god, Helios. This town was once a place of pilgrimage for the wealthiest sufferers from kidney trouble and tuberculosis in the world. Now it is a somewhat destitute and ruined health resort. The sanatorium of old Dr. Glanz seems to be the only functioning remnant of the former activity.

Sometimes we drove to Mena House, named after Menes, the earliest known king of Egypt (circa 3200 B.C.). It is an elegant rallying-point for the international sport and pleasure-loving world. Our last visit was an excursion to the Delta Barrage, situated about twelve miles beyond Cairo. The dam is more than half a mile long. It was built in 1835 by Mohammed Ali, the Albanian founder of the present dynasty. This piece of architecture, with its extensive bridges and gardens, is still remarkable from a technical and scenic viewpoint, in spite of the construction of the Assuan Dam.

I spent New Year's Day, 1932, in the country—in Tukh, about fifteen miles from Cairo, where I was the guest of the district physician, Dr. L. Karargy, who had studied in Germany and brought back a wife—a blonde Berlin woman. The issue of this harmonious marriage was two fine German-Egyptian children.

Mrs. Cara Karargy told me a great deal about the life of the fellahs among whom she has been living for many years. These

people, whose name is derived from *falah* (field), form ninety-two per cent. of the population of the Nile country, and have not only preserved their racial type but also the ancient morals and usages, including the erotic ones, through thousands of years.

In ancient Egyptian pictures the fellahs are portrayed in red, their wives in yellow. Even to-day, the colour of the skin of both sexes differs in this way. There might be a natural explanation for this: that the woman works mostly in the house and her husband in the field.

Her beautiful black hair is considered the most sexually attractive part of a woman's body. Therefore, after she is married, she tries to keep her head more than her face from the lustful glances of men. The custom preserved by pious Jewesses to-day of hiding their own hair by wearing a wig, or "scheitel," in all probability goes back to the time of their ancestors' sojourn in Mizraim (Egypt).

If a man's eye chances to rove in the direction of an Egyptian woman, one sees her automatically pull at the kerchief upon her head. The fellah wears his thick wavy hair close-cropped and also shaves his pubic hair. His beard is of a naturally weak development.

Care of the skin played a great rôle among the ancient Egyptians. This is proved by the many pictures which have been preserved, and also by the large number of cosmetic utensils found in ruins and graves—boxes, little spoons—some of which are real works of art made of the finest materials.

The entire body-culture—from breathing exercises to perfumes and robes—was consciously put into the service of Eros, "the most blessed of all gods." Hans Much draws a clear picture in his deeply contemplative book, *Ägyptische Nächte: die Reise eines Biologen* (Egyptian Nights: the Journey of a Biologist). He writes as follows:

"Harmonious bodies must be prepared with harmonious instruments, so that the human being shall be capable of one of his noblest ceremonies—that of mating. Anointed and prepared to the last detail, the bodies of the lovers are ready for their high responsibility—their souls are cloaked in a noble resolve. On the house-doors smoke the perfumes of Punt and of Arabia—in

a far room harps and cymbals sound when the bridegroom, wrapped in a fragrant white robe, his forehead crowned with lotus, slowly proceeds through the rooms of the house to his waiting bride, as a priest might march to the high altar, the sacrificial bowl in his hand."

Mating—"one of the noblest ceremonies"! How far removed is this conception from that which sees in this act a "defilement," "base fleshly lust," or a "necessary evil"!

I should have liked to visit the remote oases of the Sahara desert had the strain of such a journey not been too much for me. Many sexual-ethnological curiosities are supposed still to be preserved there. Von Wagner-Jauregg, the brave daughter of the Viennese psychiatrist, tells of the Tuaregs, a tribe of nomads living in Hoggar, among whom not the women but the men hide their faces behind veils. The woman not only possesses the right to speak to strangers but also to administer her fortune as she sees fit. A legation attaché in Cairo told me that in another oasis solemnly contracted marriages occurred between men—even to-day.

One of the questions often asked me by Egyptian colleagues concerned artificially inducing male births. Thus I once again encountered the under-estimation of female children still so prevalent in Asia and Africa.

An Egyptian doctor recently made a strong plea for the theory that it is not possible either to predetermine or to influence the sex of a woman's first child, but that one can calculate from the sex of the first child in what month the woman discharges a male or female ovum, through the fertilization of which the sex desired may then be produced. Through a lack of personal observation, I was not in a position to answer either yes or no to the many inquiries about the correctness of this theory, which, if it worked out, would confirm the much disputed idea which has been advanced ever since the time of Hippocrates, that the sex of a child depends only on the female egg, and not on the male sperm at all.

Sex superstition—particularly fertility magic—is not quite so widespread in Egypt as in India and other Asiatic countries. Obviously, under the influence of the three monotheistic religions of Egypt—the Jewish, the Christian and especially the Mohammedan—belief in good and evil spirits has fallen off more

and more during the course of the centuries. The ever-increasing invasion of European science has also had its effect. Nevertheless, many amulets of fertility are worn round the neck, as well as little bags with charms sewn inside them. Writing these is the chief source of income of the dervishes.

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Of all the sights of Cairo, the Egyptian Museum casts the most irresistible spell upon one. The mosques are worth seeing—the mosque of Sultan Hassan in particular—and so are the tombs of the Caliphs, the Arabic Museum and the Arabic Library which contains the magnificent exhibition of Korans. And the bazaars. Also the citadel that was begun by Saladin in 1176, where, on March 1st, 1811, Mohammed Ali invited 480 Mameluke chieftains to a banquet in order to have every one of them slain after the feast. But the Egyptian Museum is the flower of them all. In it one finds a crowded—alas too crowded—view of every artistic epoch, from that of the Pharaohs up to the beginning of the Arabic period. From this point, the Arabian Museum collection continues the story.

Treasures of an artistry never again to be equalled greet the eye. Four millennia, indeed, do not gaze down upon us but pass before us. This unfolding of past time begins with the building of the pyramids (about 3000 B.C.). But long before, this nation must already have possessed a high civilization, as is proved by the much earlier invention of hieroglyphics (and so of writing), and the division of the year into 365 days.

I was most engrossed by the heritage from the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties (1555–1200 B.C.)—the times of Amenophis and Thothmes, of Akhnaton and Tutankhamen, of Teye and Nefretiti, of Seti and Rameses II, in whose reign of sixty-seven years half of all the temples that are still preserved were built, particularly those of Karnak and Luxor.

For a long time I stood before the mummy of Rameses II—this mighty prince whose weathered countenance combines the facial contours of Frederick the Great and the elder Rockefeller, and sought to appraise his character from this comparison.

Among all the fascinating figures in the history of ancient Egypt,

I think I prefer Akhnaton and his wife Nefretiti. Akhnaton, whose real name was Amenophis IV, ascended the throne of his father in 1375 B.C. He was the only son of Amenophis III, whom the Greeks called Memnon, and of his wife, the shrewd Queen Teye. There are two estimates of his age. According to one, Akhnaton was twenty-five years old when he ascended the throne ; according to the other a mere boy of twelve. He ruled for seventeen years and died, presumably, of consumption, or so his over-tall, sickly build would indicate. There are naturally two estimates of his age at the time of his death—twenty-eight or forty-two.

He did some of the most extraordinary things during his brief rule. He attempted a complete reorganization of religious worship, and moved his capital from Thebes to El Amarna.

At that time there were many deities, each one with innumerable priests. Akhnaton proclaimed that thereafter the sole divinity would be the sun. The ram, the holy symbol of Ammon, was cast off ; so was Apis, the sacred bull of Memphis ; and the sacred dung-beetle, the scarab, portraits of which are innumerable. Likewise, Hathor, the cow-headed ; and Horus, whose sacred bird is the falcon ; as well as Isis and Osiris ; the sacred cats of the goddess Bast ; the shrew-mice, serpents and ichneumons of the goddess Buto ; the ibis and the baboon of Thoth, the god of the moon and of science. Even Seth, whose sacred animal is the groundhog—in short, the whole zoological garden of Egyptian mythology was dethroned. It was a revolution of unheard-of dimensions.

Akhnaton changed his name from Amenophis, and Aton, the winged sun-disk, became the one and only divine symbol. Akhnaton means joy in the sun.

Thus Akhnaton became the first creator of a monotheistic dogma, the forerunner of the three great religions founded in that part of the world—Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. But, no sooner had the young king died, than the whole crew of gods and priests flooded back over the land.

Akhnaton's successor and son-in-law, Tutankhaton, could only keep his throne by changing the end of his name " aton " back to that of the god Ammon. As Tutankhamen, he also changed his residence back from El Amarna to Thebes. The glories of

Tutankhamen, who loved magnificence above all else, were discovered in November of 1922, and aroused the world with amazement and delight. Tutankhamen married Akhnaton's third daughter when she was only ten years old. Her mother was the beautiful Nefretiti, who gave her husband, with whom she "otherwise lived happily, only seven daughters," but no son and heir to the throne.

What Leonardo's "Mona Lisa" is to Paris, the bust of Nefretiti is to Berlin, and its artistic importance increases from year to year.

Nevertheless, or perhaps for this very reason, Germany ought to return it to Egypt. While according to the letters of the law, it may belong to the Egyptian Museum in Berlin, according to the spirit it belongs to the Egyptian Museum in Cairo. It is not worth the profound ill-will and estrangement that has grown up between the art lovers of both countries. The glory of the great German Egyptologists—of whom I only wish to mention Georg Ebers, Georg Schweinfurth and Georg Steindorff—has faded more through the incident of the Nefretiti bust than through the antagonism stirred up between Egypt and Germany and her allies during the World War.

Many German archæologists described to me the difficulties that have been made for them in their excavations and researches for this reason.

When I visited the discoverer of the Nefretiti head, Professor Ludwig Borchardt, in the German House at Thebes, we did not touch upon the delicate topic, but, as I learned from various sides, there is no doubt that the *Egyptian* archæologist who was called in to decide on the divisions of the find between Germany and Egypt (he was supposed to be a representative of the absent director) did not recognize the great worth and unique beauty of the head and, through this lack of knowledge, valued it below Borchardt's other discoveries, which he chose to keep.

To profit by such ignorance may be legally incontestable, but in my opinion it is, ethically, as though someone refused to relinquish a diamond given him in the belief that it was cut glass. For Germany voluntarily to give up this Egyptian work of art, which has such high historic, cultural and artistic value, to the land of its origin, would be a fine gesture of international friend-

ship and magnanimity and probably a gain for Germany's position in the Nile country, against which the loss of the bust might be considered insignificant.

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In the five or six thousand years of Egyptian history there have been several major, dramatic cataclysms which transformed all subsequent events and life. Alexander the Great (332 B.C.) conquered Egypt and founded Alexandria, which was, for many centuries, the centre of world-trade and of Greek civilization. The Persians occupied Egypt in the sixth century before Christ, and the Romans in the first century. But these foreign rules did not disturb the deeply rooted customs and cults.

No, the most important turning-point in Egyptian history was the invasion in the seventh century after Christ of the Arabs, proclaiming the teachings of Mohammed. They founded Cairo, made Egypt a province of the caliphate, converted its inhabitants to Islam and introduced Arabic civilization. It predominates to this day. It has been affected by neither the sovereignty of the Turkish sultans, which lasted from the sixteenth century until the World War, nor by British influence, which has gradually and steadily increased during the last fifty years from Suez to Port Sudan.

The stamp of Mohammed is upon all of the sex morality of Egypt—from woman's subordinate position and polygamy to the ceremonies of birth, puberty and marriage. Islam carried its sex customs, as well as its ethics, to every country upon which it has planted the flag of the Prophet.

In the vista of time such female figures as Hatshepsut, Teye and Nefretiti, take on a kind of nobility. Surely it is not only the silt of centuries which makes them different from the kind of women depicted in the *Thousand and One Nights*. The old romantic era closes with Antony and Cleopatra, or, with an even more poignant example, Hadrian and Antinous. The love of Antony and Cleopatra ended in double suicide; that of Antinous and Hadrian in the former drowning himself in the Nile and his ensuing deification by Hadrian's order. With the Arabs, and Mohammedanism, came the period of rapturous love, overflowing with sensual passion.

In all the world no river so much as the Nile is father and mother, begetter and sustainer, of its country. Ever since my childhood friend, Richard Kandt, who sacrificed himself in the World War, set out to find the sources of the Nile and then wrote his magnificent book, *Caput Nili*, I felt drawn to this stream by a strange longing. But when I saw it for the first time, after I had loitered on the banks of the Yangtze in China and had bathed in the holy Ganges in India, a feeling of disappointment came over me. It seemed to me to be a fashionable river for an elegant world. I watched it glide by crowded with Cook's steamers, past the Hotel Semiramis, past the picture post-card palms of Cairo. But when I was a guest on a Nile boat, this changed; and changed still more when I observed it from the pyramids—and completely changed when I saw in it the reflection of the sunsets that are of unique beauty in the bright desert air of this country, which the British rightly call "a land of light."

But a full understanding of the proverb: "Who once drinks the waters of the Nile must return to drink again and again," first dawns upon one in Upper Egypt, at the cataracts of Assuan, or at the sound of the Sâkiyah, the ancient water-wheels in the shade of the sycamores of Luxor.

When I was staying there I observed something of the devotion of the Egyptian people to their beloved river. The municipality had built reservoirs at great expense which furnished disinfected Nile water. An ordinance was issued that, for hygienic reasons, drinking water could only be brought from these reservoirs. Nevertheless, as soon as the dark had set in, one saw slender Arab women with tall water-jugs on their heads, striding down to the Nile like shadows, in order to draw water directly from it. Driven away by the police, they ran off screaming and crept to another spot on the bank. They persisted in this activity until their attempts were successful. They claimed that disinfected Nile water did not taste as good as water taken freshly from the river and that it lost its cleansing properties.

Like the holy water of the Ganges, supernatural properties for the prevention and cure of disease are ascribed to the Nile, and, as in India, there are doctors in Egypt—not only native ones but also Europeans—who give scientific support to this view. They

assert, for example, that the fewer cases of cancer in Egypt may be due to the magnesium content of the Nile water. The French colleague who imparted this to me, also told me of a princess who, whenever she travels to Europe, takes a quantity of Nile water with her to drink as a preventative against cancer. She is not alone in this.

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In upper Egypt one becomes better acquainted with the inhabitants as well as with the Nile itself. One not only acquires a deeper insight into the unassuming life of the fellahs, which is almost exclusively based on the family, but also into the living conditions of the Copts, who are more numerous in this part of the country than on the lower Nile. Their name is supposed to be a derivation of the word "Egyptians" (*Gypti* in Coptic), the masculine form of which (in Homer, for example) is used for the River Nile, whereas its feminine form is applied to the country.

The Copts, who make up one-fourteenth of the approximately fourteen million inhabitants of Egypt, adopted Christianity many centuries before the existence of Islam, and they adhere to this religion in its original form despite every persecution that Islam perpetrated, and every advantage offered to converts.

Their cult and six hundred churches resemble the Greek Orthodox more than the Roman Catholic. The same applies to their monasteries, of which several, dating back to the second and third centuries, have been preserved in Upper Egypt. From these monasteries come their ecclesiastic heads, the highest of whom—the "Holy Pope and Patriarch of Alexandria"—is also the head of the Abyssinian Church.

I saw him in full regalia when, during my stay in Cairo, the sixteen-year-old Crown Prince of Abyssinia was visiting Egypt with his sisters, and was being received everywhere with a pomp which seemed almost idolatrous when one contrasted it with his insignificant, boyish personality.

Upper Egypt offers a much better opportunity than Lower Egypt for seeing something of the rather few remains of the nomadic peoples, the Bedouin tribes. Their representatives in Alexandria and Cairo, particularly the tent-dwellers and the guides at the pyramids, who call themselves Bedouins, do not give a

genuine, natural picture of this people. They have beautiful physiques, joy in life, and fine taste in dress.

Even to-day these sons of the steppe and desert, moving from place to place on their camels with wife and children, sheep and goats—sometimes here, sometimes there—pitching their tents in whatever pasture offers itself, impress us by their dignity and independent bearing. They themselves look down upon the settled population with something almost of sympathy and scorn, much as a free man looks upon prisoners.

Although they are Mohammedans in name, they adhere but little to the many commandments of the Koran. Alfred Kauffmann draws the following comparison in this connection :

“ There is the greatest conceivable difference in type between the hard-working fellahs who cleave to the soil and the free-wandering Bedouins. This is conditioned by the difference between the nature bred in the desert and in the Nile valley, and by the ensuing differences in modes of life. The sinewy slenderness of the Bedouins and their sharply cut features stand in just as great contrast to the robust build of the fellahs as does the thin, lithe desert animal to the slow, unwieldy domestic animal of the Nile valley.”

Here the surrounding world has gradually had a transforming influence. We have every reason to assume that before they found their homes all those peoples who are now settled—just like domestic animals—once roved about freely without fixed abode, just as the animals did before they were domesticated. Is it not this atavism which accounts for a certain restlessness still very deeply rooted in all men—this longing for far places that is so difficult to check ?

The nomadic tribes which roamed between the river-basins of the Nile, the Euphrates and the Jordan, through Egypt, Babylon, Palestine and Syria—to whom the Jews assuredly also belonged—nearly all hailed from Arabia. Among the Bedouins of to-day, one may still see features that might have existed in the nomadic past of the peoples of Arabia. Nowadays, these features are to be found only occasionally. Thus, the waving white cloak of the Bedouins is reminiscent of the “ talith,” which pious Jews still wear to-day at worship and in their coffins, presumably an ancient heritage of their once Bedouin-like tribal costume. Perhaps the

innate restlessness of the Jews is also a legacy from their primitive nomadic days.

The Bedouin tribe most easy to become acquainted with, because it has for a long time pitched its camp in the vicinity of Assuan, is the Bishârîn. Its members are slim and well-proportioned, and they regard their hair, which is braided in many strands and frames their dark, expressive faces, as their chief adornment.

Neither the men nor the women of the Bishârîn tribe go into domestic service; yet they know quite well how to exploit foreigners. When we asked their permission to take photographs of them, they crowded around and afterwards besieged us for "baksheesh" so eagerly that the eldest member of their tribe had to set us free after we had bought our way out with a lump sum.

The fostering of old Arabic love songs is part of their community tent-life, but in antithesis to this, so is the continuance of the blood feud. Thus, I visited two neighbouring villages near Assuan, the inhabitants of which have long been living in a bloody tribal vendetta. It has already claimed many victims, without the authorities of the two villages being able to put an end to this inherited enmity.

In most cases the origin of seemingly ineradicable hatred lies on erotic territory: jealousy, seduction, or any sexual act of violence, often a mere bit of slanderous gossip; an insult, or a repulse, gives the first impetus. Not infrequently the cause has long since been forgotten, and all the personal participants in the first upheaval have died long since. But the old aversion refuses to be laid to rest and continues to swell, until finally it becomes an erotic event once more—passionate love which breaks out between two members of hostile families and extinguishes the rancour.

From an ethnological—even though not quite from a sexual-ethnological—viewpoint, the markets are among the most enlightening places, particularly in the frontier territories. The market of Assuan, which is situated on the border between Upper Egypt and Nubia, has remained just as unforgettable to me as that of Darjeeling on the frontier between India and Tibet. One

sees every shade of white and black meeting and trading together in Assuan, much as at the market place in Darjeeling. The ebony-coloured ones are the Sudanese, but the skin of the Berbers also shows a very dark pigmentation.

The Berbers come from Lower Nubia, that part of the Nile valley which is situated between the first and the second cataract. Their Egyptian name—Berber—corresponds to the Greek Barbar, and similar to this, is an onomatopoeic word-formation for the benefit of foreigners. It is supposed to indicate the native "brab-beln" (talking), which is impossible to understand.

One finds the cleanly dressed, honest, decent and devoted Berbers everywhere in Egypt, and also in other countries, in the capacity of hotel employees, house and office servants, watchmen, cooks, coachmen and elevator men. I even came across them in the King David Hotel in Jerusalem. They also conscientiously hold jobs that are elsewhere the work of women—such as the care of children.

Yet they never really take root abroad. Spiritually they do not break loose from the inhospitable desert soil they left early in life. Every few years, when they have raised enough to enable them to spend a few months at home, they return to their mother country, marry there, get themselves a second and third wife later on and, when they are old, they settle in their home-villages (which are populated almost exclusively by women, children, old men and cripples), and wait for death.

The Negroes of the Sudan are less sentimental. They are to be found in nearly all Egyptian cities and are a strong, virile race. Many of them become soldiers. Most of those one sees in Egypt were not born in the Sudan, but are the descendants of Negroes once sold to Egypt as slaves.

After slavery had been abolished many of them remained with the families in whose houses either they or their parents had once been slaves. This is particularly true of the eunuchs, who are all Sudanese. As in Asia, their number has greatly decreased since the World War, and it will certainly not be long until eunuchdom, like slavery (in its colonial form as well, let us hope), will be a thing of the past.

I could not prove the truth of the statement which one hears so often, that the Negroes hold the record for every kind of vice.

The hashish smokers and drunkards I saw were white men, and in the brothel districts of Cairo and Alexandria, I only saw blacks who sell their bodies to whites among the lowest class of prostitutes.

The part of the Sudan that borders on the Nubian section of Egypt—a country as large as Central Europe, with enormous natural resources—has been firmly in English hands since Lord Kitchener avenged the death of General Gordon, killed by the Sudanese followers of the Mahdi at the turn of the century. If the British should lose India, they will still have an inexhaustible source of wealth in the Sudan. Among its natural products and exports, which the British turn for business could quickly convert into cash, are cotton, rubber, gold, ebony, ivory, hides, skins, oxen, sheep, salt and many kinds of grain.

The seaport town of Port Sudan—capital of the Red Sea province—has been opened to commerce only since 1906, when it became the terminal of the railroad running from the Red Sea to the Nile. It has grown more flourishing from year to year and will soon be as important at the end of the Red Sea as Port Said is at its entrance. Port Said and Port Sudan are the two arms of the British vice firmly enclosing the Nile territory.

As everywhere, the English also try here to graft their puritanical morals upon the primitive customs of the natives. For it is by no means true, as is commonly asserted, that the Europeans try to leave to the subjugated peoples of Africa their freedom and peculiarities.

For example, the Sudanese have recently been forbidden to go about naked, as they were accustomed to do from time immemorial, because of the hot climate. A British official, and expert on the Sudan, with decades of experience there, with whom I travelled in the train from Assuan to Cairo, told me that their being forced to wear clothes has absolutely destroyed the former simplicity and naturalness of the Sudanese. They used to be free from sexual curiosity and desire, because they were accustomed from early youth to the daily sight of their bodies as Nature made them. Sensuality and lasciviousness, combined with a tendency towards violence, did not develop until certain things were hidden. Their childish imaginations became excited. Thus, the English prohibition did not lessen, but promoted, immorality.

Just as the summer visitors at Carlsbad and Marienbad have been quarrelling for the past hundred years over which of the two health resorts is the more beautiful, so the winter visitors to Luxor and Assuan discuss the comparative merits of these resorts of Upper Egypt—till one is bored to death.

"But, I ask you, my dear," I heard a charming Swedish woman (she rode every morning into the desert on a donkey called Rameses, accompanied by a Nubian donkey-boy, and sailed every afternoon on the Nile between the Elephantine and Philae Islands) exclaim, "how can you possibly compare Assuan with Luxor—surely it's much smarter, more picturesque and more grandiose?" From my seat on the terrace of the Cataract Hotel, I heard the other woman, who was visibly annoyed, answer: "Well then, you simply don't know Luxor—it is much better kept and more entertaining. Its promenade along the banks of the Nile is more interesting than the 'Promenade des Anglais' at Nice. Luxor, with its sunsets at tea-time in the garden of the Savoy Hotel—what has Assuan like it, I ask you!" As a matter of fact, there are probably no two neighbouring towns so different, and therefore less comparable, than Luxor and Assuan.

Luxor's glamour and charm lie in its ruins—gigantic remains bearing witness to an artistic epoch of thousands of years ago, probably the grandest that ever existed on earth. What are the Acropolis, Baalbek and the Roman Forum put together, compared to the spaciousness, boldness and beauty of Luxor's ruins—the great forest of pillars of the sun-temples of Amenophis III and Rameses II right in the centre of the city? Or compared to Karnak's hall of columns, obelisks and pylons, where one can wander about for hours; or the remains of hundred-gated Thebes, as Homer called this city of four million, among whose ruins one can linger for days, beginning with the tombs of the kings and ending with the colossi of Memnon, without ever tiring of its wonders.

Assuan, on the other hand, offers but few remains of what once existed. It has, however, quarries, various gigantic obelisks and statues which still lie unfinished, and all sorts of broken columns on Elephantine Island in the Nile, where a large colony of Jews

settled in the sixth century before Christ. Above all, buildings on the island of Philae, now submerged in the lake of the dam and visible only at low water level : the stately temple of Isis, the charming "kiosk," and the gate that Hadrian caused to be built when he was living there with Antinous in A.D. 130.

Most of Assuan's visitors complain that only the tops of the marvellous works of art on the island of Philae now rise above the water, and that when the elevation of the dam is completed, these, too, will disappear. A legend of my Pomeranian home concerns the sunken city of Vineta, whose bells can still be heard at times at evening, according to some of my countrymen. Just so future races will doubtless muse and dream of the lovely isle of Philae slumbering at the bottom of the Nile.

And yet, lamenting over vanished glories does not in this case seem to me justified, for something equally stupendous here makes up for what has been lost.

When I drove along the dam at the First Cataract, with its hundred and eighty water-gates, for almost a mile, accompanied by the district physician of Assuan and several other Egyptian colleagues, I exclaimed : " But this surpasses the pyramids ! "

Even to-day, I rate this magnificent modern miracle above the pyramids, not only as a technical feat, but also as an æsthetic creation, quite aside from its usefulness. For this work was not constructed vainly for the dead, like the pyramids, but for the living, to whom the taming and the regulation of the Nile assures three harvests a year, instead of one.

Besides the Nile and its characteristic scenic mingling of desert and oasis, Luxor and Assuan have something else in common : beautifully situated, well-kept hotels, from which emanate a Nirvana-like atmosphere of meditation. One really owes a debt of gratitude to the pioneer hotel-keepers of Switzerland for understanding how to let one enjoy the beauties and wonders of the world in such perfected form.

Bähler, a Swiss, created those two rivals, Luxor's Winter Palace and Assuan's Cataract Hotel. He rose from small beginnings in the hotel business to the rank of Egyptian " Hotel King." His latest brilliant achievement, of which he is particularly proud, as well he may be, is the King David Hotel at Jerusalem. Of the

many splendid hotels that I got to know on my trip around the world, I must give it first prize.

Of course, it is pleasant, too, on the forty-second floor of the Hotel New Yorker, the twenty-fifth of the Stevens House in Chicago, or at the Fairmont in San Francisco ; the Royal in Honolulu and the Imperial in Tokio are splendid hostelryes. The Grand Hotel in Peking and the Chinese Hotel Asia in Canton are extremely delightful and attractive, as are the Hotel Manila in the Philippine Islands, Raffles in Singapore, Gall Face in Colombo and Taj Mahal in Bombay. And the man is lucky who can stay at the Mena House near the pyramids, or in one of the other large hotels in Upper and Lower Egypt. Only the famous Sheppard's Hotel in Cairo disappointed me. But so far as position and arrangement go, the crown of them all is the King David Hotel, which combines in a harmony that almost amounts to genius, every contrast between a mighty past and the present.

In Bähler's hotels everywhere one comes upon famous personalities. Names well known from the newspapers suddenly assume definite form. Thus, in the Cataract Hotel, I met the former Viceroy of India, Lord Reading (formerly Rufus Isaacs) ; in the King David Hotel, ex-King Alphonso of Spain ; and in the Winter Palace of Luxor, the most important of all—the Hotel King in person.

Thanks to the centralized management by Mr. Badrutt, hotel manager from St. Moritz, all the hotels of the same class in Luxor and Assuan hold camel, horse and donkey races every week during the season. The camels, with their melancholy, resigned, almost blasé faces, contrast so oddly with the lively heads of the Bisharins and Nubians sitting on and between their humps. When they start off, the impression is particularly picturesque. Dozens of cameras try in vain to catch the full effect. To the amazement of everyone, my companion, Tao, won the donkey race, which also requires quite a bit of skill. As I was the only one who had bet on him, my faith in his ability netted me a tidy sum.

To-day Luxor has barely 20,000 inhabitants, instead of the four million of antiquity, and Assuan only 12,000. Only the winter

visitors lend an air of cosmopolitan life to these cities. The native physicians of both places gave an afternoon tea in my honour, where, after a speech of welcome by the Government physician, I delivered a lecture on the nature and significance of sexual science in response to a suggestion from their central organization in Cairo.

In Luxor I spoke in the beautiful new Government hospital, after the physician in charge had demonstrated for me, macroscopically and microscopically, the bilharziosis cases so common there. During my lecture, I noticed that my listeners frequently looked at their wrist-watches, ran to the balcony adjoining the room, and soon returned again. I could not explain this and became embarrassed, for I could only interpret their restlessness as meaning that I had not managed to hold the attention of my audience. So, I stopped in good time and asked an Austrian colleague in confidence if my lecture had been very boring. "Why," he answered, "not at all! You don't seem to know that to-day is the first day of the fast-month of Ramadan. On this day, from sunrise to sundown, the poor Mohammedans must abstain from eating, drinking, smoking and also from love. Even among the intellectuals, there are few who do not observe this religious rule, if only to avoid becoming unpleasantly conspicuous. You can imagine with what longing they look at the sundial or the clock towards evening."

My colleague had hardly finished telling me this when the cannon-shot sounded which had been awaited with ever-increasing eagerness. Everyone now rushed to the sandwiches, tarts and other tit-bits on the table that had caused the guests to suffer the tortures of Tantalus which my lecture had not been able to appease.

I often had occasion to watch this spectacle during the month of Ramadan, until the rising of the new moon and the Feast of Bairam. I observed many people who sat before dishes filled with food and covered with napkins—a cigarette in one hand and a water bottle in the other—waiting for the liberating shot which they greeted with sighs of relief and the words "Al-hamdu lillāh" (Thanks be to Allah). What they forego during the day, they make up for doubly at night. They carouse and indulge in all physical pleasures from sunset to sunrise, and sleep as much as

possible in the daytime. An outsider cannot really decide whether Ramadan is a month of fasting or of feasting.

When the days are long and the nights short, as during the hot summer months, the pain of renunciation is much greater. Many Moslems described the thirst and the abstinence from smoking as particularly torturing, but if Ramadan comes in winter—as it did while I was there, when it lasted from the middle of January to the middle of February—it is not so bad.

The Mohammedan holidays have no set dates. They run through the whole year, since the year is calculated by the moon. The moon year is eleven days shorter than our sun year. It begins with the date of Mohammed's departure from Mecca to Medina—the so-called Al-Hijrah (Flight) on July 16th, 622, so that the year 1932, when I was in Egypt, was 1352 according to their calculation. No holiday falls on the same date any two years in succession.

This mutability of dates renders an orderly relation and observance of fixed state and municipal terms rather difficult, but the people cling stubbornly to this custom, handed down from nomadic times. Yet the ancient Egyptians were the first to reckon time according to the sun year, now used almost everywhere in the world for practical purpose. The Government is making every effort to have Arab Egypt accept this ancient Egyptian calculation of time.

In the land of the Nile and other Mohammedan lands, the day does not begin at midnight, nor with the rising of the sun, but with sunset. It may be some of our holidays begin on the evening before—like Christmas Eve, the "Polterabend" before a wedding, and perhaps even the beginning of week-ends on Saturday—because of similar conceptions which associate the preceding sundown and the beginning of the next day.

The ecstasy of Ramadan reaches its climax on the twenty-seventh night of the fast-month—Lelat al-kadr—the night on which Mohammed is supposed to have received the Koran from Heaven. On this night all the mosques and minarets are illuminated and shine more brightly than usual. Everyone looks forward to the first day of the month of Shauval on which begins the Feast of Bairam, lasting four days. Bairam is the gayest and nationally the most characteristic of all Egyptian festivals.

People pay visits, congratulate each other, and give one another presents ; friends embrace each other in the street ; they put on new clothes and shoes, don their best tarbushes and feast the whole day without any thought of obesity, diabetes or apoplexy—the three most widespread diseases in Egypt.

The Khedive holds a great reception and the dead, too, are involved in the celebrations. The jolliest sort of doings go on in all the cemeteries. Vendors set up their stands between the graves and sell sweetmeats there. Here the ancient Egyptian idea that the souls of the dead still cling to life's possessions (as is shown by the utensils and food brought to the graveyards and funeral vaults), finds renewed expression. There is no atmosphere of mourning—only the utmost joyousness prevails. It never degenerates into coarseness, chiefly because no one uses alcohol. This may also be the reason for the absence of accidents, stabbings and brawls, such as regularly fill the columns of our newspapers after Sundays and holidays.

It is obvious that in the ecstasy of the holiday spirit, love, too, is not a loser. The four days of leisure (recently only three) during which offices and many shops are closed, take care of that. The curve of births on the charts is said to show a decided rise 280 days after the Bairam festival.

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While I was in Upper Egypt I received requests to lecture from many cities as a result of the articles about my university lectures in Cairo, which had appeared in the Arabic, English and French Press. I should have liked particularly to accept Dr. Galat's invitation to come to Asyut, the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, situated on the Nile halfway between Cairo and Luxor. Its main industry to-day is the making of tulle shawls worked with silver and gold threads, so popular with European women. But I had to decline because of the necessity of completing my malaria cure in Cairo.

One honour rendered me by my Greek colleagues in Alexandria gave me particular pleasure. They showed me the hospital and laboratory where Robert Koch, as director of the German cholera expedition which travelled to Egypt and India in 1883, had dis-

covered the cholera germ. In the little laboratory, the present director, Angélique Panayotatou, the first Greek woman professor, led me to the portrait of that brilliant research scientist, Robert Koch, and to the microscope with which he tracked the deadly germ.

Through this work Robert Koch became for Egypt the worthy counterpart of that other German scientist, Bilharz, who, some time before, had found in Cairo the parasite or worm of the disease so widely disseminated throughout the Nile country which is now named after him *bilharzia*. This worm is a separately-sexed blood parasite, *Schistosoma hæmatobium*, *Bilharz*, the male of which lives constantly in a fold of the stomach of the female, whose total length is only 1.5 centimetres.

The Greek colony has a very ancient tradition in Alexandria.

From 331 B.C., when it was founded by Alexander the Great, pupil of Aristotle, it became the centre of Greek culture for three hundred years, and still remained so when the Romans succeeded the Greeks, and Queen Cleopatra there bore the conqueror, Julius Cæsar, a son named Cæsarion. As a centre of world trade under Roman rule, Alexandria maintained its scientific and literary ascendancy until A.D. 641, when the Arabs conquered it, allowed it to decline and founded Cairo. Only a century ago, Mohammed Ali, the ancestor of the present Egyptian dynasty, awakened Alexandria to new life. Though it had then sunk to an insignificant little town of 5,000 inhabitants, its present population already exceeds a half million.

Only a few stone witnesses of its ancient period of glory remain. Of the two "Needles of Cleopatra," the famous obelisks that once stood before the Roman imperial palace in Alexandria, one was sent to England in 1878, the other to America in 1880. Travelers who have seen them on the Thames Embankment in London and in Central Park in New York, will have realized with regret how insignificant they seem in a northern climate, how they crumble away from year to year, hardly receiving the honour of a glance from the millions of people who rush busily past them. Like the Nefretiti bust, they should be returned to modern Egypt, for the removal of the Needles of Cleopatra to New York and London was as tasteless as would be the removal of our *Siegesallee* from Berlin to Alexandria.

The only column in Alexandria that still gives evidence of vanished glory is the Pillar of Pompey, built of the red granite that we saw in Assuan. Another column, long since fallen to ruin, once counted among the Seven Wonders of the World, was the lighthouse tower on the little island of Pharos, whose name later became a synonym for lighthouse in many languages. It is not so probable that the shape also served as the prototype of the minaret, as Hermann Thiersch held. I could see only scanty remains of the Pharos tower from my room in the Hotel Cecil, which is opposite the spot where it once stood.

Gone, too, is the Alexandrian library, which included no less than 900,000 rolls when it was burned down by order of the Caliph Omar in A.D. 640 ; gone, too, the Museum, model for all later museums in the world ; the Academy, where Hadrian held open debates ; the university, whose lectures were attended by Marcus Aurelius ; the prefecture, where the Greek satirist, Lucian, author of the *Amores*, was employed.

At that time, one-third of the population of Alexandria consisted of Jews who, from neighbouring Palestine, had migrated in hordes after the destruction of the temple of Solomon. Two thousand years ago Alexandria was the gathering-place of the largest number of Jews in the world, just as New York is in our day.

Here—and not in Athens or Rome—the Hellenistic-Roman and Jewish-Christian spirits of culture clashed most strongly, partly consuming, partly enriching each other. The sparks kindled by this clash lighted another Alexandrian Pharos for the world, but only for the few whose unprejudiced spirituality made them receptive to such enlightenment.

The chief figure in this connection, to whom no sympathetic biographer has done justice as yet, is Philo of Alexandria. This Greek Jew, who rejected Hellenic polytheism and excessive Jewish ritualism alike, took the greatest pains in his writings and speeches to bridge the gap between Greek philosophy, practical knowledge and moral teaching on the one hand, and Mosaic monotheism on the other. Only those not entangled in dogma and partisanship dared to tread this path. Recognizing the rarity of such mediating natures, one can understand what Joseph Kastein wrote about Philo in his work, *Eine Geschichte der Juden* (A

History of the Jews): "Thus he remained a man of great knowledge and noble purpose, yet his greatness was futile."

109

The Greeks, Jews and Egyptians, who formed the main stock of Alexandria two thousand years ago, were later joined by many other races from Asia and Europe attracted to Alexandria either as a centre of science or as a metropolis of the cotton trade, or as a gateway to another continent.

Italians, Levantines, Turks, Armenians and Arabs—and in the last century French, British, Germans, Austrians, Swiss and Russians—make up, with the indigenous inhabitants, an almost inextricable racial mixture. It is hardly possible now to separate and recognize all these inherited component parts. Even those, who, like some of my acquaintances there, asserted that they could do this, made more mistakes than correct guesses.

Alexandria is basically different from Cairo. It gives the impression of an absolutely modern Mediterranean city, in which the harbour life of Marseilles, the folk life of Naples, and the resort life of the Lido, on a small scale, are melted into one. Alfred Kauffmann, long the principal of the German school in Alexandria and pastor of the Lutheran congregation there, made the following contrast: "Cairo is the city of the Orient, of officials, of pleasure, of foreign trade and of high society. Alexandria is half Europe, the city of the sea, of the Greeks and Levantines, of business and merchants. In Cairo, ministries and hotels predominate—in Alexandria, stock exchanges and banks."

This contrast is expressed more precisely by Ewald Banse in *Wüsten, Palmen und Bazare* (Deserts, Palms and Bazaars) where he writes: "Alexandria is the city of receipts, Cairo the city of expenditures. In Alexandria, the week has seven working days, in Cairo seven Sundays. Alexandria is the city of the Cyclopeans and of factory chimneys, Cairo that of the Phæacians and of prayer towers. In Cairo, one strives for a favourable appearance, in Alexandria for a favourable balance."

I should not subscribe to all of the comparisons drawn here: especially as regards the possibilities of entertainment. Alexan-

dria is in no way behind Cairo, but the amusements in Alexandria are more European and alcoholic and more eroticized in the European manner—therefore, louder, more hurried, more indiscreet, and more open than in Oriental Cairo.

During the summer months especially, the inhabitants of Cairo flock to Alexandria in droves, for there they can amuse themselves better and more agreeably. The expensive seaside life, with all its modern appurtenances, is of course the chief attraction. The beautiful street along the beach, almost twenty-five kilometres long, which runs from Alexandria to Abukir (the ancient Canopus) forms the background of this gay, stirring picture. It was at Abukir that Nelson defeated Napoleon Bonaparte on August 1st, 1798, thus deciding a supremacy of the British over the French in Egypt which has lasted to the present day. Now, the Royal Egyptian Automobile Clubhouse and a British flying field are situated there.

Nine kilometres along the coast road from Alexandria to Abukir lies a city of 52,000 inhabitants—Ramleh (the word means sand in Arabic). It is the favourite summer resort of Alexandria and Cairo, where, even on Christmas Day, which I spent there, many people were bathing in the open. There, in the Hotel Casino San Stefano, the preliminaries of love take place with dances, games, flirtation and jazz—very much like those of Cleopatra's time, two thousand years ago, when the merry Alexandrians also went eastward through the classic Canopic gate to the sea, to give themselves up to the intoxication of the holiday mood in the open air.

110

I had to hasten my departure from Alexandria because of particularly important engagements during the last days of the year. On the morning of December 29th I was invited to visit the former Egyptian president of the ministry, Mustafa el Nahas Pasha, leader of the Opposition (the Wafdists), who hold the same attitude toward the English Government in Egypt as do the supporters of Mahatma Gandhi in India. Therefore, when the Mahatma (on December 17th, 1931) wanted to stop at Cairo on his way home from the Round Table Conference in London to attend a reception given by Nahas Pasha (to which I, too, was

invited), the British managed very cleverly to prevent his landing in Port Said.

As a supporter, on principle, of the independence movements of all nations, it was of great value to me in Egypt to have an interview with the personality who is the chief exponent of the watchword: "Egypt for the Egyptians."

My visit took place in the home and work-room of Zaghlul Pasha, where Nahas Pasha is now continuing the work of emancipation of the "Father of the Fatherland," who died in 1927 at the age of seventy-six. On entering the room, my glance fell on a portrait of Bismarck hanging on the wall. Zaghlul was one of his admirers, and this offered a starting-point for our conversation. Since Nahas spoke neither English nor German, and only a little French, we conversed with the help of an interpreter—Achmed Abdul Hamid, the engineer, whom I already knew. Nahas used his Arabic and I my German mother-tongue.

At that time Zaghlul's name was once more on all lips. The gorgeous mausoleum in the ancient Egyptian style which had been erected for him by a resolution of the former Government, had been completed. The present Government did not wish to convey him there alone, but planned to have it serve as a general Pantheon for great Egyptians. When Zaghlul's widow refused to agree to this, the Government arranged that the mummies of the family of Rameses and other of the Pharaohs now lying in the Egyptian Museum should be placed there.

Zaghlul's personality always seemed to me, with Dr. Sun Yat Sen and Ghandi, to be conspicuous among the many fighters for liberty who tried to cast off the European yoke from their countries after the World War. Of fellaheen descent, educated at the Mohammedan University of the Asher mosque in Cairo, he pursued his life's work with unswerving consecration until he was arrested by the English. When he was about to attend the European peace negotiations with his own delegation, to demand the complete independence of Egypt, he was seized, taken to the island of Malta, and banished from the country for three years.

Because of increasing unrest, England decided to declare Egypt an independent hereditary monarchy, and did so on March 15th, 1922, under its present ruler, King Fuad, a distant relative of the Khedive who was deposed during the war for his pro-German

sympathies. Zaghlul then returned in triumph and became first president of the ministry of the new constitutional State. Egypt was finally liberated, it seemed, but, as was soon proved, its freedom was only apparent.

At first, I myself believed in this deception. But on the first day of my sojourn in the Egyptian capital, while driving to the citadel—the fortress built by Saladin in 1176, from which one has an enchanting view of Cairo's innumerable minarets, towers, and cupolas—I saw British soldiers, just as in all the Indian forts !

Napoleon, too, once unfolded his work of destruction from here. It is characteristic of the present situation that the lower parts of the citadel have "graciously" been left to the Egyptian army, but above them all the Union Jack waves proudly. We who remember the feelings with which we saw a foreign flag flying for years from Fort Ehrenbreitstein, can understand the helpless rage the Egyptians feel as they pass the citadel.

What annoys the Egyptians most is the fact that, at any time, the British, through their control of the dams, are in position to shut off Egypt's life-blood—the Nile. They can do this from the Sudan, whence they removed all Egyptian troops in 1924.

III

If one happens to discuss the question of Egyptian independence with the British, they raise exactly the same objections as in India, Palestine, and elsewhere. The nation is not yet mature enough to govern itself ; if the British were to clear out of the country, serious internal confusion would arise. Then other Powers would very soon break in and rob the natives of the liberties which the British granted them.

Nahas, and the overwhelming majority of Egyptians supporting him, dispute the soundness of these arguments. Actually, as far back as I can think, the statement that a nation is "not yet mature enough" to guide its own fate has always been repeated as a justification for a small group of native or foreign rulers suppressing the rights and freedom of the great masses. This has been the case everywhere, including Europe. But in reality, it is usually a matter of the overestimation of the

ruling class and the underestimation of the passive, governed people.

With regard to the Egyptians, it is my unquestionable opinion that their average moral and intellectual level is not inferior to that of European countries. Many of them possess a high grade of intelligence that makes them absolutely capable of holding leading positions in all departments, particularly if they are given an opportunity of obtaining the necessary preliminary knowledge.

In many capacities, in which it was formerly believed that European scholars were indispensable (a view in which the scholars themselves, including Germans, concurred), Egyptians are now working with good results. I shall only mention archaeologists as an example, and among them, Selim Hassan, who was kind enough to take me through the excavations at the pyramids, undertaken several years ago under his direction.

The statement that if the British removed their garrison serious internal confusion and unrest would immediately arise, is also hotly disputed. On the contrary, say the natives, we cannot help thinking that the foreign Powers have an interest in keeping up internal opposition, and even in deepening and adding fuel to it. This is quite comprehensible logically and psychologically.

Besides, there is the frightful phantom hovering before them that the evacuation of Egypt would cause serious danger of war, for if England left the Nile country, Egypt, although free of her, would surely at once become the sport of the other Powers which threaten her economic and political life. If another Power actually should be planning this, England could easily prevent it herself.

Perhaps my readers are wondering what this digression into high politics really has to do with the love-life of the nations. More than appears. The feeling for freedom which is determined biologically, and deeply anchored in the souls of mankind, extends first to personal individuality, then directly to sex and the sexual influence on a person as embodied in the family, and thirdly, to the families bound closely together through marriage, language, the home and many common living conditions. By comprehending such factors as these we can come to some accurate conception of the nation—the very word *nation* is derived from

nati, that is, a group of people who have become a community through their birth and places of birth.

Consequently the individual, family and nation are fundamental facts, the needs of which are everywhere the same. This does not exclude, but rather includes, the idea that in the course of time still other unions will be formed as further consistent stages of development, as, for instance, the League of Nations. Even though it is still merely an experiment, such a union of nations forms a transition stage to the ideal state of humanity, of which so many have dreamed, from Plato to Kant and Forel. For Pan-Europe, too, there is sociological and biological justification as a step toward Pan-humanism.

I cannot agree with the optimistic closing sentences by Major E. W. Polson Newman in his instructive book, *Great Britain's Struggle for Egypt*: "These questions interest only a comparatively small part of the inhabitants of Egypt and cannot be regarded as the foundation of the happiness of the majority. As long as the Nile produces enough water, and the cotton harvest is good, and as long as taxes are not too high, happiness and satisfaction will reign in the country in Egypt. Political observations fill the columns of the Egyptian press, and also provide headlines for the London papers, but these things are unimportant to the simple fellah. He thinks that his countrymen are making 'much ado about nothing.'"

To impute such trains of thought to the "simple fellah" is indicative of the intellectual underestimation of the masses and overestimation of the Powers about which I spoke before.

Nahas Pasha, who, as the successor of that offspring of the fellahs, Zaghlul, is enjoying far-reaching sympathy among the fellahs, was put aside by King Fuad in June, 1928, and replaced by Mahmoud Pasha, who still holds the office of president of the Ministry. He had followed Zaghlul into banishment at Malta in 1919, but, after his death, he turned more and more to the side of the British and, as their supporter, after taking over the government, he at once dissolved the Parliament for a period of three years. The new Parliament chosen quite recently by a different method does not express the real will of the people, the Wafdists assert.

In Egypt, too, under an apparently smooth surface, mighty and

explosive forces are bubbling. Their elemental outburst cannot long be prevented and many human lives will be sacrificed unless "the boiling soul of the nation" is released from the weight of oppression.

112

To most tourists, Palestine to-day means a three-day, or, at the utmost, a five-day excursion from Cairo or Alexandria on the Palestine Express. But to a wanderer around the world, through realms of time and space, who reacts and reflects more deeply, it remains a bright point, from the radiant illuminating power of which he cannot readily tear himself away so quickly.

I was allowed to roam over this little piece of earth for only five weeks, but I confess that it was more difficult for me to leave Jerusalem than any other city I visited on my world trip. I was never so sorry to bid farewell to any country as to Palestine.

Of course mightier events have taken place in China, India, and Egypt, but this little province, which seven hundred million people, Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, call their Holy Land, has, compared with these vast empires, the same effect as a fine, delicate ivory miniature beside a gigantic marble statue.

Up to a few years ago, a trip to Jerusalem deserved to be called a pilgrimage, quite as much as a religious journey to Mecca, Benares, or Rome. And the journey was more difficult than these. Such a journey by carriage over extremely bumpy roads, lasting for days, to say nothing of riding on uneven, stony paths, was no pleasure. Only one full of determination and eagerness, and as venturesome as the Crusaders, enjoyed undertaking such hardships. Nowadays, one can get from Egypt to Jerusalem in comfortable railway trains equipped with sleeping and dining cars almost overnight. It would be even shorter if, at the nightly crossing of the Suez Canal, the stop at Kantara was not so long, purposely made so because of customs, passport, and money examination by officials hungry for baksheesh.

On the magnificent automobile roads which were built during and after the war under British military supervision, one now gets from Jerusalem to Jaffa or Haifa, to Hebron or Jericho, to the Dead Sea or Lake Kinnereth, in hours, instead of days. The automobile traffic between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem is quite as

smooth and busy as between Potsdam and Berlin. Soon, one will be conveyed directly from Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo to the King David Hotel in Jerusalem by bus, and if one takes an aeroplane, one will be able to lunch at Shepherd's and dine at the King David. It took Moses forty years to cover this distance.

The accommodations as well as the transportation have improved. Where, before the war, one had to be content with monastic hospitality, with inns, boarding-houses or second-rate and often dirty taverns, now the number of first-rate hotels is increasing from year to year. In Tel Aviv I stayed at the new San Remo Hotel, beautifully situated by the sea. All the employees, from the director to the bootblack, are Jewish. The hotel is named after the place where the Balfour Declaration was recognized—San Remo, where the peace treaty between Turkey and England was signed. Only in Haifa were conditions the same as before the war. But I have no doubt that when the owners of the hotel, the kind Gross family, with their four handsome sons, have moved into the new house that is being erected, all will be satisfactory there, too.

In the hall of the King David Hotel I saw once again my German countrymen from the crew of the *Columbus*, on which I made the journey from Bremen to New York one and a half years before. I had met them nine months before with a touring party in Yokohama and Tokio. The members of this touring party—mostly American women who wore spectacles—had landed in Jaffa on their world-trip and wanted to move on from Haifa after a four-day sojourn in Palestine. Meanwhile, on the first day, they "did" Jerusalem and Bethlehem in their own way; on the second, Nazareth and Tiberias; and on the third, the Jordan and the Dead Sea, with everything that went with it.

There is, indeed, one thing to be said in favour of the visitors to Palestine: here, where so many childhood memories and holy figures become living forms for them, the first glance has the effect of a second meeting and the new almost that of a repetition.

Here lay Sodom and Gomorrah—there Lot's wife froze into a pillar of salt. Here is Mt. Moriah, where Abraham wanted to sacrifice Isaac, upon which the temple of Solomon once stood, and the Mosque of Omar stands now. There in the cave of Machpelah lie buried Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca,

Jacob and Leah. Over there is the Mount of Olives ; this is the garden of Gethsemane ; this, Golgotha. Over there Pilate spoke the words " Ecce homo " as Jesus passed. On this spot we see an inscription on the wall about the story of Veronica's handkerchief. Now we are driving past the walls of Jericho ; now through Bethany where Mary, Martha and their brother, Lazarus, lived ; and now we come to Joseph's workshop in Nazareth, where the carpenter's son grew up under the care of his Mother, Mary ; this village is Cana, where the wedding took place. Over there you will see Mt. Tabor, exactly as it was in the time of David and Jesus ; there lie Gibeon and Gilead ; here Deborah struggled, and over there the events between David and Saul, David and Absalom, and David and Jonathan took place. There, far back on the other side of the Jordan, is Mt. Nebo, whence Moses gazed down upon the promised land.

It is indeed more than doubtful whether the " prophet " Moses lies buried on Nebi Musa, twenty kilometres from Jerusalem above the Dead Sea. The Mohammedans believe this is so, and they honour him as a predecessor of Mohammed, and visit this probable grave in long processions on a certain day of the year.

For hours and for days, with every step, such memories rise out of the oblivion of the past. " Stones speak " ; " the dead awaken " ; childhood dreams assume life and form. And it matters little whether this is really the tomb of Moses, David, or Rachel ; whether this is really the spot where the Virgin gave birth to Jesus, or whether this elevation is the genuine Calvary, the hill of the crucifixion.

All these designations are more or less disputed by scientists. They say it never happened that a man condemned to death was crucified within the city wall, and that, therefore, the spot picked out to-day cannot be Golgotha. But all these exact counter-statements fade away ineffectively. For illusion and the stirring of our own imagination are more decisive than scientific precision.

Four-fifths of the inhabitants of the world cling to religious conceptions. Naturally, the fetish of one is the anti-fetish of the other ; the belief of one is superstition to the other. *What* one

loves and believes, however, is not the important factor, but *that* one loves and believes.

At present the supernatural, the unearthly and the metaphysical still possess such great powers of attraction that scientists who call religion the "end product of an illusion," are wishing—not thinking. "They are not all free who mock their fetters."

We still know very little about the basic psychological reasons for religious sentiments. But is there a better place to contemplate the religious needs of human beings than the Holy Land, whose name is inextricably bound up with the birth of three of the most important religions—the systems of Moses, Jesus and Mohammed?

On what road did humanity reach the idea of God? Really only through revelations? And if God did come to them, how did they come to God? There is a very serious and honest psychological tendency that assumes close connections between religion and sexuality: religion is the sublimated sexual instinct, an erotic equivalent, a sexual symbolism, an intellectualized fetishism, the transformation of repressed passion into fervour, the filling of empty spaces in the soul by a higher being through the holy bridegroom, in accordance with the opinions of Count Zinzendorf and St. Theresa. It seems to me in all these, and similar interpretations, it is more a question of metaphors, rather than of genuine explanations.

In my opinion, the origin of the fear of God is not love but fear: fear, not in the sense of veneration, but a quite ordinary physical fear of losing life and love, the highest and most valuable possessions. In this regard, fear of death is the first step toward fear of God.

But close to the fear of losing life, as a source of uncertainty and disquiet—from which all men turn away, to seek endlessly for some haven of security and peace—runs a second urge: the impulse to free the soul from a shock, to release it, to disburden it of a burden. This impulse, so secret within ourselves, so invisible, so deeply buried, is a strange and unrecognizable ghost to the conscious mind attempting to apprehend its nature. Nay, it is almost like a spell that cannot be got rid of. And to try to do so is to flee from one's self—from one ecstasy into another.

These occurrences all take place in the unconscious, and the

human being defends himself against letting them become conscious. He resists anyone who ventures to try to see more behind his expressions of feeling than its superficial appearance.

But the unprejudiced observer, who watches the persistence and the energy, for example, with which people throw themselves hither and thither before the Wailing Wall, to the point of exhaustion, will hardly be able to doubt that this is a state of ecstasy like that of the whirling dervishes. At the Wailing Wall, I repeatedly saw pale youths whose movements grew more and more violent, whose groans and shrieks grew louder and louder, until they rose to the point of passionate frenzy; and then they gradually declined and faded away as their strength finally became exhausted. To an expert, it was obvious that here one form of desire was unconsciously substituted for another.

That the vast problem of religion and sexuality, still so insufficiently studied, and considered with so little calm freedom from prejudice, cannot be completely solved by the motives of fear and flight here mentioned, is obvious. The substitution of ecstasy, and the connection between erotic and religious emotions, is an infinitely more complicated matter, due to the fact that asceticism is by no means a constant companion of religion nor a necessary appurtenance.

On the contrary, unprejudiced observation shows that the majority of religions are not altogether hostile to sex, or even to the body. The enormous difference between Islam and Christianity in this regard stands out. A medium between the two is provided by the mother-religion of both: Judaism: At the left of Moses stands Mohammed, at his right, Jesus.

But within every religious and folk community there are nevertheless the strongest individual differences with regard to the affirmation of life and love. What a contrast, for instance, exists between the sobbing, Chassidic youths along the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem and the fresh boys and girls on the beach of Tel Aviv with "the beautiful divine spark of joy" flashing from their eyes!

The attractive vitality and refreshing simplicity of these healthy young people, who proudly call themselves "chaluzim," that is, "pioneers," were one of the things in Palestine that made a deep impression upon me. In their simple dress—hatless, bare-necked and with bare legs—in the ingenuousness of their manner, appar-

ently strongly influenced by the modern movement of "Wandervögel" and the Boy Scouts, they seem so full of the joy, strength and affirmation of life that they appear to have overcome all the repressions and unconscious feelings of erotic inferiority frequently found at this age.

114

For its spring-like youth alone Tel Aviv deserves its name, which means, literally, "hill of spring."

Tel Aviv was the first town I visited in Palestine, for two reasons. One was that I had repeatedly heard authorities say that of the three large cities of this country, Jerusalem embodies the past, Tel Aviv the present, and Haifa the future. But it was the present that attracted me.

The other reason was that Dr. Chaim Berlin, one of the most faithful pupils of our Sexology Institute, was at the time practising in Tel Aviv, and when he was last in Germany, I had discussed my visit to Palestine with him. He promised to secure invitations and arrange my lecture tour for me there, as my colleague Bose had done in India and Khalil in Egypt, so that I might address physicians and laymen.

A third reason for my visit was the climate. From various persons, particularly from doctors and the travel bureaux in Egypt, I had been warned against going to Palestine as early as February. At this time of year the weather is still very uncertain—often cold, stormy and rainy, especially in the higher part of the country, and above all in Jerusalem, which lies between 744 and 789 metres above sea-level. Indeed, there had been a heavy snowfall there early in February, of which I received glowing reports from children who had thrown snowballs and made snowmen for the first time.

Tel Aviv is close to the Mediterranean coast and between the orange groves of the Sharon plain directly north of the Biblical city of Jaffa (Jaffa means beautiful). Tel Aviv has a much milder climate than Jerusalem, and it is possible for its inhabitants to indulge in sea- and sun-bathing for eight months of the year—an advantage which is freely utilized, as I could see in February, 1932.

Early on the morning of February 14th, we arrived at the

railway station of Ludd, where the track has three branches : the easterly one leading to Jerusalem, the westerly one to Jaffa, and the middle to Haifa. Dr. Berlin met us at Ludd and drove us in his car in little more than half an hour to the long Allenby Street of Tel Aviv, at the end of which is the San Remo Hotel, directly on the open sea. On the way we motored through large plantations of beautiful, big, fragrant Jaffa oranges, past Mikveh Israel, the agricultural school for young Jews of all countries, built as early as 1870 by the *Alliance Israélite* ; past the German settlement of Sarona, one of the model colonies of the community of Württemberg Knights Templar who settled in Palestine in 1868.

Tel Aviv is a very remarkable town. First of all, it is the only modern, completely Jewish city, with about 50,000 inhabitants. From the municipal government to the working-class, from the police to the street-cleaners and chimney-sweeps, all are Jews. If they did not speak Hebrew and if the signs on the houses, the door-plates and newspapers were not in Hebrew, one would not know from the people and the streets that one was in an exclusively Jewish city—unless one arrived on a Saturday when all traffic ceases, all shops are shut, and the men, women and children all go out walking in their best clothes.

Very seldom—much more seldom, anyway, than in Carlsbad or Marienbad—one sees the characteristic “ Struck ” heads or the Oriental beauties as they were painted in my youth by Sichel. The so-called “ Jewish nose ” too, supposedly an Aramaic-Arab characteristic, is hardly more frequent than the pug-nose. Noses of “ western ” or “ northern ” form predominate (to use Günther’s nomenclature), and the formation, too, of lips, hair, eyes and hands is hardly different from the average European type. One even sees, especially among the children, a surprisingly large number of blonde and blue-eyed types. In a kindergarten I counted thirty-two blondes among fifty-four children, that is, more than 50 per cent.

Not pure, but mixed, races are a matter of course biologically. How, then, should there be “ pure ” races among the whites when we consider that every individual possesses and unites in himself a line of paternal and maternal ancestors embracing thousands, perhaps even hundreds of thousands of generations ? How

extraordinarily various must have been the mixture of genes over so long a period !

What gathers together single individuals in larger groups and unifies them depends much less on heredity than environment, which latter becomes stronger the longer it lasts.

This Zionistic experiment—of which I highly approve, assuming certain developments, particularly since I was fortunate enough to study its success right on the spot—has been very instructive in establishing what the factors are that unite or divide human beings.

For in Palestine there is no way of telling at first glance whether a person is a Christian, a Jew, or a Mohammedan. It is not possible either to differentiate definitely between a Jewish American and another American, or between a Jewish and a Christian Englishman, Italian or other European. But comparatively the easiest is to tell whether someone is an American or English, Turkish or German, Yemenitic or Russian Jew.

Just as the Ghetto Jew was and still is a product of external circumstances, a child of his time, in appearance, language, dress, attitude, and education, one hardly recognizes him after he has been two years in America. For this reason, one should not draw a sharp line between Eastern Jews—among whom there are some splendid personalities—and the “westernized” Israelites, as has been done not only by the anti-Semites but also by the Jews themselves. A difference exists only superficially, not primarily, nor endogenously. Life kneads the dough.

115

Among the factors of assimilation, a common speech and a common written and printed word, that is, language, unquestionably plays an important *rôle*. It was therefore an amazing but quite logical thought when, in 1881, a young Jew, Elieser Perlman, (born in 1857) went to Jerusalem from Luski in Lithuania in order to make the Hebrew of the Bible—actually long dead and known only to a few erudite scholars—the general national language of Palestine, not only in place of the “Yiddish” idiom (which a few poetically gifted nationalists sponsored), but also

as an instrument of understanding among all Jews spread over the entire earth.

How, for example, could the Persian and German Jews, the American and Abyssinian Jews, the French and the Dutch Jews, get closer to one another when complete ignorance of their mother-tongue prevailed among them?

Perlman, who later called himself Ben Jehuda (son of Judah), was only twenty-four years old when he first came to Palestine. His mentality must have been similar to that of another Eastern-Jewish inventor of the world-language "Esperanto," Zamenhof, who was born in Bialastok in 1859. Both achieved great success, for they succeeded in overcoming the strongest opposition and bitterest hostilities. Yet, as an old etymologist, who, at the age of sixteen had an article appear in print opposing the world language "Volapük," I doubt whether both were on the right path. Would they not have done better had they exerted the same energy used in fighting for dead and artificial languages to sponsor the adoption of the most widespread modern language?

Ben Jehuda succeeded in introducing the use of Hebrew in one Jewish public school after the other in Palestine. This was followed by the three first-rate high-schools of the country: the Herzl College at Tel Aviv, the Technical College at Haifa and the Hebrew University at Jerusalem. The Hebrew stage supplanted the Yiddish theatre, and a notable Hebrew press arose. Under the direction of the extraordinarily devoted Mrs. Shoshannah Persitz, a Hebrew publishing house was founded in Tel Aviv with modern make-up, an activity as difficult as it was commendable.

But what happened to all this, observed from a higher viewpoint? A new language has been added to the many hundreds already in existence, each one of which helps to render human accord—and therefore human understanding—more difficult, and to increase the misfortune of Babylonian confusion in speech. The revival of the dead language makes it possible for half a million of the 17 million Jews in the world—if we add a few hundred thousand to those found in Palestine—to understand one another.

Experience has shown that linguistic isolation noticeably increases every nationalistic and chauvinistic instinct. We unin-

tentionally look down from a certain height upon those who are unable to understand us—and who do not know our language. This “conceit” is to be found among children especially. The English boy who, upon his arrival on the mainland, called out “How many foreigners!” has his foolish counterpart everywhere. In Palestine, too, I was able to observe among children who were singing Hebrew songs, indications that national pride stood side by side with the fatal national conceit exhibited towards people who could “not even” understand Hebrew.

Had the Jews decided to accept English as the language of social intercourse and instruction they would, in my opinion, have perceptibly lightened the work of rebuilding Palestine, and without any loss to themselves. It is no more necessary to use Hebrew as a language for general conversation in order to be able to read the works written in the original tongue—especially the Holy Writ—as for the modern Indian to converse in Sanskrit, or the modern Italian in Latin, in order to become acquainted with the Vedda or the odes of Horace. Hebrew literature is excellently translated into almost every language, and there is nothing to prevent scholars from still studying the original text.

I met a large number of people in Palestine, especially professors of the Hebrew high schools, who told me that they found it terribly difficult to ask questions and give answers on scientific topics in a language completely foreign to such subjects. They had not been able to overcome a feeling of great waste. Among these professors there were good Zionists.

I also spoke to an elderly American married couple who were touring the country at the same time as myself. They said they would like to settle in Palestine in their declining years, but that they could not do so because the activities which most interested them—reading about the happenings, lectures, theatre, etc., in the daily press—would be impossible since they did not speak or read Hebrew. This would be an important reason in deterring me from spending my old age in Palestine, much as the people, the landscape, the history and the future of this country means to me.

In Tel Aviv and Jerusalem I could only deliver my public lectures with the aid of colleagues who rendered them, paragraph by paragraph, into Hebrew, and who also translated into German

the countless written questions in Hebrew that were set before me.

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Almost as astonishing, even though not quite so unique as the actual existence of a homogeneous Jewish culture in Tel Aviv, is the swiftness of its development.

In 1909—in other words, about a quarter of a century ago—a few Jewish merchants met on the bleak dunes of the Mediterranean, north of the Philistine city of Jaffa, for the purpose of discussing the site of a garden city where they and their families would be able to find recreation after a hard day's work in the sultry shops and streets of Jaffa. At the head of this small gathering stood M. Dizengoff, who still performs his office of mayor of Tel Aviv with untiring zeal. If Tel Aviv is the symbol of the resurrection of "Eretz Yisroel" (the land of Israel), Dizengoff is the symbol of Tel Aviv.

For this reason, he was one of the first people I visited in Palestine. The Hebrew words inscribed in my journal by the seventy-year-old Dizengoff read as follows: "It gave me great pleasure to receive Dr. Hirschfeld in the city hall of Tel Aviv. This visit shows us that the famous scientist is interested in our creative work of reconstruction, and in our national rebirth of which Tel Aviv has become the symbol. May Dr. Hirschfeld, who has dedicated his life to the benefit of the human race, help us in the regeneration of our nation, and may he gaze upon the restoration of Israel and his country with his own eyes."

One decade after its foundation—in 1919—Tel Aviv had grown into a settlement of 200 houses with a population over 3,000. Then, at the end of the World War and the beginning of the English protectorate, various waves of emigration from Europe set in, of which the one between 1923 and 1926 was the greatest. Ten thousand of these hopeful pioneers went to Tel Aviv, which, for the most part, they first saw from their landing-place, Jaffa. They stayed there because they felt they could accomplish something on this virgin soil, untainted by the ruins of thousands of years (ruins of the spirit and of the earth) that elsewhere would first have to be cleared away.

Tel Aviv has become a place of deliverance for approximately

50,000 Jews who had grown weary of persecution and contempt in their native lands. The wide, white bathing-beach at Tel Aviv is quite magnificent. It is as though it were created for an international health-resort—a Palestinian counterpart of Ostend, Biarritz and Miami. When I loitered there during the second half of February, the beach was already very lively—animated by hundreds of swimmers of both sexes. The scenic charm is enhanced by processions of stately camels along the coast, bearing great cases of Jaffa oranges. In the distance is the picturesque city of Jaffa, jutting out to sea like a promontory, a fortress, along whose banks boats laden with men and cargo hurry to and fro between steamers of all nationalities lying in the docks.

There is one other town in Palestine which could become a world resort. This place is Tiberias, whose hot sulphur springs I also visited. It is situated near the tombs of Rabbi Meir and Maimonides. Out of five mineral springs, the warmest of which is 62 degrees Centigrade, only one is used as a spa for curing rheumatism and skin diseases. The other four flow unused into the near-by lake of Tiberias. The ancient Romans were convinced of the curative powers of these springs which contain iron, common table salt, chloride of magnesia, and sulphur. Antique Roman coins are stamped with an engraved image of the Tiberias spring. Here, indeed, with the proper buildings, a Palestinian resort could arise which would rival Pityan, Wildbad or Monte Catini. I saw many invalids, from even distant points, arrive in primitive conveyances.

If every Jewish rheumatic or arthritic in the world who could afford it, took a thermal cure in Tiberias followed by a period of convalescence in Tel Aviv, much money would flow into the land and both the invalid and the country would be helped. And a third group would also be benefited—the physicians in Palestine with the best European training, of whom there are now too many.

Tel Aviv alone has 160 doctors—that is, one to every three hundred inhabitants, or twenty-two houses. There are among these—as I became especially convinced upon visiting the beautifully equipped hospitals—a great many eminent specialists,

some of whom have taken over public hygiene and sanitation work.

I shall only mention the director of the infants' department, Dr. Theodor Zlocisti, who, formerly a well-known Berlin doctor, now dedicates his entire energy to the physical strengthening of the Jewish children in Palestine. The birth-rate among the Jewish population of Palestine is comparatively high—particularly when one considers the decline in births recorded in nearly all civilized countries.

Thus, for example, the birth-rate for Jews in Prussia in 1928 only reached 10·8 per thousand Jewish inhabitants, and since then has declined appreciably. In Palestine that year it was 35·4 per thousand. In Prussia, in 1928, more Jews died than were born. In Berlin in 1930 there were three times as many deaths as births among the Jews. But in Palestine the balance of births among Jews amounted to plus 23·31.

In the central school of the WIZO (the World Organization of Zionist Women) at Tel Aviv, I saw a photograph of triplets born a short time before in the maternity hospital with the amusing comment: "A protest against immigration restrictions!" For, not long before the birth of these children, the number of Jewish immigrants had been restricted by the British Government, just as in the case of buying land, restrictive legislation had been passed. In the same women's hospital, a colleague told me that artificial insemination had been successfully accomplished on a woman who longed for children. Successful instances of this are rare.

In the garden of this hospital stands a somewhat dilapidated but clean wooden building, in front of which was a whole row of young mothers with children. Inside and before this edifice, we saw various tables garlanded with flowers and liberally decked with wine and cakes. Between these loitered a throng of imposingly dressed men and women. It was the circumcision room to which I was being conducted. I attended several circumcisions which were performed with great dispatch beneath the murmur of blessings.

In my capacity of specialist in sexology, I received the attention of many people from the first day that I arrived in Tel Aviv

until my departure from Beth Alfa. They consulted me, for the most part in the company of, or at the instigation of their physicians, but, of course, also from their own urge to fathom their sexual worries and wishes stored up for so long in their minds. Through this I obtained a good idea of what, in this sphere, occupies and depresses these people. In order to anticipate the total result, let it be said that, all in all, their point of view does not differ essentially from that in European countries.

Various young people came who were suffering from defective sex glands, both hypertrophy and infantilism. The latter types had high voices and childish features. In short, the whole arsenal of sexual troubles, all too well-known to me from my experiences in Europe, were brought before me here also. Strangely enough, only one group was missing: the transvestites. But this might have only been chance, for, apart from the fact that I encountered Jewish transvestites often enough in other countries, there is even mention in the Bible of women who wear men's clothes and do men's work and of men who dress as women.

Many interesting questions were asked me at my lecture. As, for example, "Are the *tefillin* (phylacteries) and the *mezzuzah* (cases hung on house and doorposts containing rolls of parchment inscribed with certain sections of the Books of Moses) sexual symbols, as is stated by psycho-analysts?" Or: "What is the explanation of the custom that a woman must beat the brother of her deceased husband who refuses to marry her with a shoe in the presence of a rabbi (the so-called *Levirate marriage*) in order to absolve him from his duty?"

Of the lectures I delivered in Palestine, five were held in medical organizations, two in Tel Aviv, two in Jerusalem arranged in collaboration with the Hebrew University, and one in Haifa. The lectures given in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem were held in very modern buildings—the Nathan and Lina Straus Health Centres—which had been built by the New York philanthropists of the same name. They were models of hygienic work. The Palestinian-Zionistic insistence upon health is fostered by America in a very generous way, particularly through the Hadassah Medical Organization.

I delivered three extra lectures before the Culture Commission of the Palestinian Workers, in connection with the Jewish Workers'

Youth Movement—one each in Tel Aviv, Jerusalem and Haifa. In all three towns the attendance was so enormous that neither the cinema in Tel Aviv, the gymnasium of the Italian school in Jerusalem, nor the large auditorium of the Technical College in Haifa (one of the handsomest modern buildings of Palestine and the work of the deceased architect Baerwald), was able to accommodate the vast audience. This congestion was the more pleasing as the entrance fee to the lectures was being completely turned over to the Workers' Culture Commission.

The themes of the medical lectures dealt with *The Present Status of Sexual Pathology* and *Sex Ethnology*; those for the workers were entitled, *The Most Important Sexual Problems of Our Time*.

In the middle of my lecture in Haifa, the chairman, my old colleague, Dr. Weinschall, president of the Palestinian Jewish Medical Association, got up and requested the gathering to rise silently for a minute in memory of Aristide Briand who, according to the latest radio report, had died in Paris half an hour before. So closely welded is the world to-day in spite of its antagonisms!

I gave my two last lectures in the settlement of Beth Alfa in the Emek Valley—and furthermore, at the request of the intellectual leader of the colony, I spoke on *Sexual Enlightenment and the Soviet Solution of Sexual Questions*.

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At this point I want to make a few reflections upon the colonies in the Emek. A visit to this district is particularly instructive and worth while to those who are interested in the close connection between sexual and social community life. One can well say that tourists who do not see the Emek have missed one of the main sights of modern Palestine. It is not included in the itineraries of the usual travel agencies.

The Emek runs for about 40 kilometres from the Carmel promontory at Haifa to the Jordan at the south end of Lake Tiberias. In Biblical times it was called the plain of Jezreel. It was very fertile and the site of many battles—from the age of Gideon and the seeress, Deborah, up to the days of Napoleon and Allenby, Palestine's British conqueror in the World War. But, in

the course of the centuries, the soil has been impoverished and neglected.

The fellaheen and Bedouins who settled there were seized by swamp fever, as were the herds of cattle which they pastured. When the German Templar orders founded a colony in the vicinity of Nahalal (near Haifa) in 1860, it had to be abandoned. In 1911, in accordance with the plans of the famous national economist, Dr. Franz Oppenheimer, whom I met in Tel Aviv, the Palestine Land Development Company built a settlement not far from Afule. This venture also failed. But in this case, to be sure, there were other reasons besides the unfavourable quality of the soil.

The chaluzim, who started their sanitation work soon after the World War, were not frightened by these bad conditions and failures. The words spoken by the former English High Commissioner of Palestine at the end of 1924, when he paid special attention to the pictures and postcards depicting the draining of the swamps in the Emek, are fully justified: "This is the most significant work undertaken in Palestine."

Apart from the danger of malaria, how extraordinarily difficult must have been the filling in of these great marshlands! The inhabitants consisted mostly of the intellectual and well-off classes—young people (often higher academicians) who had gone into the swamps for months at a time. With backs bent, they chopped, hacked and dug holes from one to one and a half metres deep and half a metre wide in the scorching sunlight of summer, in the cold fog of winter. But the work was worth the trouble. In Nahalal, nine per cent. of the workmen contracted malaria in 1922, hardly one per cent. in 1923, and none at all in 1924. In the district of Beth Alfa, thirty-five per cent. sickened with malaria at the beginning of the drainage operations in 1922. Only five per cent. in 1923 and, when I was there in 1932, some of the young inhabitants no longer knew what malaria was. That is what I call colonization.

Consequently, farming and cattle-raising advanced greatly. As early as 1927, thirty-one agricultural settlements existed in the Emek, of which twenty-six stood on Keren Kayemeth soil. Keren Kayemeth Le'Israel is the Zionist fund for the purchase of land. According to the Palestinian agricultural census of 1926,

the number of draught and domestic animals in the Emek amounted to 2,860 oxen, 972 horses and mules, 1,400 sheep and goats, 73,500 fowl besides 874 beehives. More than half of the ground, which five years ago was almost lying fallow, is sown with grain. Numerous vineyards have been started, and plantations for olives, almonds, bananas, oranges and other fruits.

The settlements are either on the small farming scale, such as Nahalal which I visited (which possesses an agricultural school for young Jewish girls, a companion piece to the economic boys' school, Mikveh Israel, near Jaffa), or in communities called *kwuzoth*. (In the singular, *kwuzah* means community.) A league of several *kwuzoth* is called *kibbuz*.

The *kwuzoth*, which I studied in Ain Charod and particularly Beth Alfa, are often designated as communistic colonies. Even the settlers defend themselves against this term and prefer the name of "communal" or "collective" settlements, mainly out of fear that the funds provided by support in Europe and America might be curtailed if the people there were to hear the word "communistic" in connection with these settlements.

The *kwuzah* is unquestionably an experiment of great value, even if one takes into consideration that only a relatively small number of people are involved in this attempt at a new economic order: namely, that of paying money in and out of a common till.

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At the central point of every *kwuzah* stands the children's home—usually the largest and prettiest structure in the whole settlement. One of the colonists said to me: "Our children come first, then our land, then us."

This sentence shows that allowing children to live apart from the parents is not due to an impaired feeling of responsibility, or even a lesser degree of mother-love or fatherly inclination. In some colonies, like Beth Alfa, the children sleep in this home; in Ain Charod and other towns, many of the parents take the little children home for the night. If the children spend the night in hygienically perfect dormitories, one sees the parents sitting at their bedsides for a longer or shorter time in the late afternoon (usually about seven o'clock). Apart from this, parents have

many opportunities to be with their children in the daytime too. Mothers of infants come to the children's home to nurse them.

In the children's homes there are special rooms for the different age-groups: for the infants, the "crawlers," the little ones between two and four years, and lastly for children at the playing period (four to six years). They are cared for medically and hygienically as well as educationally.

I asked women whether the children became estranged because of not living at home, or whether their own maternal needs did not suffer. They vigorously denied both these notions. For them it is a great relief to know that from the day they are born until puberty their children are under expert care. A somewhat elderly nurse—none of the nurses had produced any offspring of their own—had the viewpoint that the maternal instinct is a general feminine quality and can extend just as much to strangers' as to one's own children.

The fact is that the mortality rate among the children who grow up under communal education is strikingly lower.

One advantage of communal education in children's homes is that if parents no longer get on well together, or are separated or divorced, the fight for the guardianship of the child, which often assumes such ugly proportions with us, is completely suppressed. The child's rearing—its care and custody, its competence, development and education—do not undergo the slightest change. The questions so hotly debated in our country: "Who is to have custody of the child? Is the mother or the father better fitted to bring it up? Who is going to provide for its maintenance?" are done away with, and the child is hardly aware of the separate life and disputes of its parents.

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Numerous falsehoods are circulated about married life in the Palestinian settlements. It is not in the least true that women there are the common property of everybody, that they are exchanged, or that promiscuity and polygamy are prevalent. Monogamy in the settlements of the Emek is just as much the custom and rule as elsewhere among the Jewish and Christian population of Palestine.

This is the more remarkable, for the statute-books of the land in no way prohibit polygamy, which not only occurs among the Mohammedans but also, though not as frequently, among the Arab, Moorish, Yemenitic, and even the Sephardic (Spanish and Portuguese) Jews, particularly if the first wife has either produced no children or has only brought girls into the world.

During the Middle Ages the highly respected Rabbi Gershon decreed monogamy among the Jews for a period of several hundred years. But only the Ashkenazic (German and Polish-Russian) Jews followed him. Even when this era had expired, the Ashkenazim did not return to polygamy, which probably had been Rabbi Gershon's purpose. But the Jews in other countries did not follow this precept—for neither the Old Testament nor the Talmud prohibited polygamy, and the sage Solomon with his numerous consorts seemed much wiser to them than Rabbi Gershon.

If two colonists in a *kwuzah* wish to get married, the most important circumstance is the fact that they are to live together, and for the purpose of carrying out this union, go through the requisite steps provided by the Government of the settlement. From that time on, they both count as a couple—as man and wife—and are looked upon as such by their friends who congratulate and entertain them. The providing of household furnishings is the business of the authorities, and the question of the marriage-portion is thus done away with, since the necessities of life are amply cared for. Consequently, the reasons for a marital union lie more in the field of pure erotic-biological attraction and genuine mutual inclination than in the external motives of “a good match.” Marriage is based upon the wish and the conviction that the one suits the other, that the two understand each other well, and that their life together will be a harmonious, mentally satisfying, happy one. The result of this foundation is that the marriage generally lasts. Divorces are by no means more frequent than under the ordinary marriage *régime*. Divorces, like marriages, are also formally concluded by going to the government of the community.

The registrar's entry of the marriage is not important. But it is often employed, especially before a journey to a European home, or because of some personal consideration, such as inherit-

ance. Many of these considerations do not operate in the *kwuzoth* because there is no private property, and one has nothing to inherit except a good name.

Ceremonial religious marriage services performed by priests are more rare, although there is no fundamental objection to them.

But one would go astray should one deliberately try to impute anti-religious tendencies to the settlers. I was able to observe, for example, the care with which a 1300-year-old temple floor was dug up some time ago and preserved.

Some intelligent workmen struck a stone while cleaning out an irrigation ditch. Instead of throwing it on the rubbish heap, they examined it and discovered that it must belong to a mosaic. They reported this immediately to the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, shifted the irrigation canal to another spot and, upon digging further, found an extensive, very richly ornamented mosaic floor, surrounded by benches, mural decorations and Hebrew and Greek letters and figures, beneath which stood the date 602. These were all parts of a synagogue of the Byzantine era.

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The days I spent at and around Beth Alfa belong to the most memorable and elevating experiences of my stay in Palestine. In the first place, it was naturally the first practical realization of the theory, "Children are the property of the State—marriage a private matter," that I had seen, and it interested me profoundly in my capacity of sex expert. This doctrine had occupied me often since the time, forty years previously, when I heard it defended by one of its most zealous supporters, my friend Ellen Key, the Swedish writer.

But, apart from this, the community life as a whole held my attention. To most of the colonists, especially the younger people, money was quite an unaccustomed sight. All the necessities of life were provided by the proceeds of community work. The surplus was used for building new homes and offices, new machines. All this developed with amazing ease.

Supper consisted of home-made victuals: excellent bread, vegetables, fruits, eggs and particularly, dairy products. After it

a circle of comrades retired to plan the division of labour for the next day.

Most of the inhabitants of Beth Alfa looked flourishing. The majority of them are German-speaking Czechoslovaks from Prague, Teplitz, Carlsbad, etc., and Austrians. Recently, they were joined by a group from Bessarabia. Similarly, I found in Ain Charod *chaluzim* who had mostly migrated from Russia. They were heavily tanned, supple and swift—the men as well as the overwhelmingly beautiful women, all worked in trousers and came to the table in them. I noticed the lack of so-called racial characteristics. Most of the pioneers, judging from their external appearance, might just as well have sprung from an Aryan as from a Semitic origin.

Many of the inhabitants of Beth Alfa struck up a warm friendship with me during the short time I was there. This was also extended to my companion, Tao Li, the sight of whom particularly fascinated the children, who had never seen a live Chinaman before.

In Jerusalem the director of the Keren Kayemeth, Ussishkin, told me the following anecdote: He was driving with a British Government official to a distant colony. On the way they saw a big flock of sheep at pasture, the shepherd seated on a stone engrossed in a book. He did not notice the passers-by. The Englishman said: "We must see what the old shepherd is reading." They got out of the car and Ussishkin asked him what the book was. "It is only Schopenhauer's *World As Will And Imagination*," the old man answered, and handed him the book. "It is not so easy to carry on colonial politics with such people," remarked the British official.

Between lectures, I spent a morning at Ain Charod, which is one of the largest and most beautiful colonies in the Emek Valley. The two *kwuzoth* of Beth Alfa comprise between 30 and 35 families. In Ain Charod, 120 families consisting of 250 adults and 150 children, have established a communal organization. The view from the broad terrace of the spacious new dining-hall of Ain Charod is a wonderful panorama of the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul battled against the Philistines and fell with his son, Jonathan. Instead of the church-steeple and pagodas elsewhere in the world, the towers of the children's homes here rise sky-

ward. They are supposed to serve as fortifications against invasions, and, as experience has shown, have been so used.

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On the eve of my departure from Palestine the people tried to please me by giving a party. They danced the boisterous ancient "horra," which is supposed to have been the Jews' favourite dance in ancient times. But it is not specifically Jewish, for it is native to the whole of the Near East, since time immemorial.

Twenty years back I had seen the horra danced on an Easter Monday in a public square near the Bulgarian capital, Sophia. From three to five persons hold hands, form a circle, and spin around in an ever madder whirl, to the sounds of stimulating music, stamping their feet the while. One spectator after another steps forward, separates the hands of two of the dancers and joins the circle. By twitching muscles and limbs among the spectators, it is possible to guess who will soon rise and join the dance.

Thus the circle broadens and, if the dance is taking place in a hall, it finally occupies the circumference of the entire room and the audience gets pushed back more and more. As people tire they withdraw, the large circle divides into smaller circles, until, in the end, every one exhausted and lamed, the horra is over.

When I first saw the horra in the Balkans, it was only danced by men. The women stood and sat around, beating time with their hands. Another time, the girls and women formed a circle and whirled around to the rejoicing of the male spectators. But in Palestine both sexes participated.

An aged Bessarabian woman remarked, shaking her head the while, that in her youth, the dancing together of the two sexes was as completely unknown as family bathing.

The lengthy horra was accompanied by melodious singing from the Hebrew text (*im en ani li mi li*, which means, "If I am not for myself, who is?") in which everybody joined. It was followed by folk-dances from the colonists' homelands, such as a very fast polka, the krakoviak, the mazurka, Russian squatting dances, and wound up with the Viennese waltzes of Strauss and Lehar. Quite contrary to my habit, I stayed past midnight. We

were "lighted home" with a lantern over the dark, uneven fields of Beth Alfa.

When I was in bed, I thought how, once at a dance performance, I had seen a quite similar picture of increasing impetuosity on the part of the audience, somewhat as in the horra. But, where was it that also one person after another was seized by the rhythm and mingled with the dancers as though electrified and intoxicated? I recollected that it was in Berlin, when I saw the "Dybbuk" with Rovina and the Habima Hebrew Players.

In their production a few of the wedding guests opened the dance and one observed how gradually the limbs of single individuals, who at first seemed quite unconcerned, were arrested by the rhythm. They began to stamp their feet, clap their hands and then arose, and joined in—every one—the men sitting on the bench who had been engaged in eager conversation, beggars of both sexes, cripples, the bride possessed by the Dybbuk in her wedding-dress, and finally, the rabbi.

In Palestine I came across the Habima Players and Rovina once more. During the World War (in 1916) some Jewish amateurs in Moscow founded the "Group of Free Actors," which was the prototype of many similar theatre movements in Berlin and elsewhere. After they had completed their triumphal tour of the capitals of Europe and America, they made Tel Aviv their headquarters. Here in the Tel Aviv theatre, opened recently—a handsome ultra-modern building very original in style—I saw an extremely impressive performance of the Russian drama, *Chains*. Every square inch of the theatre was filled.

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I stayed in Jerusalem about two weeks. My impression differed greatly from what I had imagined, after reading books and stories. I expected to find a maze of distorted people and streets; avid fanatics and sects of three religions in narrow, dirty, over-filled quarters. Yet the sight that greeted me from my balcony was a magnificent and vast panorama, a view of compelling beauty. Close beneath me was the old city wall starting from Jaffa Gate and the Tower of David and lovingly embracing Zion. Far away were the Moabite mountains, and, in the middle ground

the Mount of Olives. Chains of hills rose on the one side, above Gethsemane and the Kedron Valley and, on the other, stretched gently to Mt. Scopus, upon which the stately buildings of the new university and library are a crowning beauty.

Four highways lead from Jerusalem to Jaffa, Haifa, Jericho (the Dead Sea) and to Hebron by way of Bethlehem. I especially enjoyed the last. A few years ago it was an unpaved path, difficult to traverse. It is now the broad, stately, asphalted King George V Avenue, along which you see a stranger mixture of types than it would seem possible to bring together.

Among donkey- and camel-driving fellahs, Bedouins and the elegant automobiles of tourists from America and Europe, walk stately priests, monks and nuns of all faiths—Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic, Russian, Copt and Protestant—distinguishable by their robes and particularly by their head-dress rather than by their faces. They are often accompanied by school children. Also turbulent Arab effendis and Jews of every kind—from old and young Chassidim in caftans, with curls hanging from their temples (*peyoth*), to the ultra-modern dress of the youths of Zionism. This throng is further increased by numbers of young English soldiers walking to and from their barracks, swinging their swagger sticks. On either side of the highway shepherds rest with their flocks as though they had remained there undisturbed since Biblical times. It is claimed that on this identical spot young David slew the Philistine giant Goliath.

My first visit in Jerusalem was to the Hebrew University and the National Library on Mt. Scopus. The situation is beautiful and the view (particularly from the amphitheatre, hewn into the live rock of the mountainside, extending over the Dead Sea to Transjordan) is a "constant inspiration for the students." But for the purpose of using the college as a place of research and instruction, a more central, convenient location such as most European universities would choose, or an arrangement modelled on the American campus system, would be more advantageous. The wind up there on the heights, I discovered, can be so violent that one walks about with difficulty.

The university, dedicated with great ceremony on April 1st, 1925, by Lord Balfour, is still in the making. On that occasion all the world's major universities sent representatives and con-

gratulations. There is no medical faculty whatsoever at present, and the physical sciences and philosophy departments are also as yet inadequately covered and equipped. So far, the departments of mathematics and Judaism seem to be in the best position to carry out their programmes.

The professors and instructors who showed me about and talked with me made an excellent impression as human beings and as scientists. These included the zoologist, Professor Fritz Bodenheimer, Ussishkin's eminently capable son-in-law from Cologne, the Berlin instructors Pflaum and Reiffenberg, Franz Oppenheimer's son, also from Berlin, who heads the botany department, the directors of the bacteriology and parasitology departments, Kligler and Olitzki, and many others. It is an impressive fact that these entirely German-trained academicians teach their special subjects in Hebrew.

What interested me most in the National Library was the large collection of autographs and portraits of Jewish celebrities from every country and every age assembled at a great personal sacrifice by Abraham Schwadron. Up to then I was quite ignorant of the Jewish origin of many great men represented, and I am sure that many people would be as surprised as I.

The Pan-Islamic Congress, which met in Jerusalem in 1931, decided upon the erection of an Arab university with three faculties: one for Mohammedan theology and Arabian literature, one for medicine, and one for technical and industrial sciences. The plan was to build part of it in the old section of Jerusalem near Temple Square and the other part on the Mount of Olives, the majority of the students to live on the premises.

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Nothing opens that most dangerous wound, Jewish-Arab opposition, so much as the erection of this Islamic college in the heart of Jerusalem. For it will no longer be a case of the masses, roused by unscrupulous propaganda (as when they believed the Jews wanted to drive the Arabs out of their homes). Hereafter it will be a case of well-trained minds actively aiming at nothing less than the cultural and economic independence of all Arabian countries—Egypt and Northern Africa, the true Arabia, Hedjaz,

Yemen and Irak, Transjordan, Syria and Palestine—and their union.

Shortly after the Pan-Islamic Congress in Jerusalem, while I was still in Cairo, I had a talk with an influential member of the Arab emancipation party—Istaklal—(whose main headquarters are in Jerusalem under the direction of Anni Abdul Hadis). I was amazed at what I heard. The seriousness of the danger threatening Zionism from this side is not to be underestimated.

In fluent German, the gentleman represented the historical claim of the Arabs to Palestine and Jerusalem as running quite parallel to that of the Jews. He set forth the claim that, just as King David won the city and the land from the Canaanites, so the Caliph Omar acquired them when he conquered the Byzantine rulers. And just as Judas Maccabæus freed Palestine from the hated Syrians, so did Saladin deliver it from the Crusaders in the battle of Haffin in 1187. Between these lay many other conquests, among which the best known are those of Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B.C., Alexander the Great in 332 B.C., and Titus in A.D. 70. The country passed from hand to hand, but the nation which has been there permanently for more than a thousand years is Arab. If, after the World War, self-determination had been practised in Palestine as elsewhere, the inhabitants would have voted neither for Christianity nor for Judaism, but for Islam.

Up to five years before the Balfour Declaration, according to the census of 1922, there were only 83,974 Jews among the 757,182 inhabitants of Palestine. Almost all the rest were Arabs. Between that date and the census of 1931, the number of Jews rose to 175,006.¹ Meanwhile, however, the remaining, essentially Arab population has grown, and in 1931 it comprised 860,000 of the total one million inhabitants of Palestine. Therefore the Jews do not compose a fifth of the population. According to the Jews' own statements, only one-twelfth of the arable land is in their hands.

For these reasons, the Arab continued, it is quite unjustifiable, judging from the figures, to call Palestine a Jewish country, especially since the 175,000 Jews in Palestine are but a small

¹ Since the above figures were compiled, the population of Tel Aviv has grown to 110,000, and the total number of Jews in Palestine to 305,000.

fraction of the sixteen to seventeen millions outside Palestine. More Jews are living in such cities as Warsaw, Vienna, Berlin and London, than in the whole of Palestine—not to mention New York, where there are over two million.

The Arabs, and particularly such of their leaders as the still youthful and powerful Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, Mayor of Jerusalem, are particularly offended and provoked when the Jews, to make up for their weak numbers, call attention to their higher civilization and intelligence. One of the leading Arab newspapers in Cairo wrote: "The Jews are treating the Arabs just as high-handedly and despicably as the Europeans treat them."

Through the long centuries of Turkish domination, our Arab continued, Arabs and Jews lived on the best of terms. They felt themselves blood relatives (particularly in their attitude towards Christians), since they claim Abraham as a common ancestor. The old-time Jewish inhabitants, descendants of those who stayed in the land through the centuries following destruction of the Temple, never had cause for complaint. The same can be said of the "Jews of the Baron." By this name the Arabs mean several thousand Jews who settled here after the Russian pogroms in 1882, under the protection of the Parisian, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, and were known as Chovevei Zion (Lovers of Zion).

Mutual tolerance changed only under the English protectorate and since the arrival of 100,000 Zionists. The Zionists want to take the land away from the Arabs—it is an indifferent matter to them whether they accomplish it by dispossession, conquest or purchase. But the Arabs will only sell it for coin of the currency with which they bought it—blood. The Mohammedans would handle the chaluzim of Theodor Herzl, in the last analysis, just as they did the Crusaders.

One should also not forget that, during the World War, the British made promises to the Arabs, similar to those made to the Jews. Indeed, those promises were still more far-reaching. If they left Turkey in the lurch and fought on the side of the Allies, in case of victory the Arabs of Palestine were assured they would be united with their brothers in a big Arabian kingdom.

They did leave Turkey and stood by the English, and now——

By reflecting on these arguments, which it would be criminally thoughtless to ignore, one at last sees into what an exceedingly

difficult situation Zionism has placed Judaism in Palestine. To solve this fundamental problem peacefully demands more than goodwill—it requires the highest diplomacy.

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In face of the Arab claim, the fact that the Jewish pioneers—old as well as young—are not despondent or disappointed, is very admirable. Of course, some ruefully turn back, but nearly all are courageous, cheerful and confident. One, with whom I discussed the communal fights, said to me: "But that makes no difference—they fought us in Europe—we ourselves shall fight here." Another wrote in my diary: "The land is ours, and no power in the world will take us away from here."

This man, a Viennese, had led a detachment of machine-gunners in 1929, in order to defend one of the suburbs of Jerusalem, Talpioth, against the "sons of the prophet" who, with cries of "Death to the Jews! The British Government is on our side!" came storming, daggers in hand.

Surprisingly enough, the slaughter did not begin in the Zionist centres of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, but in the remote, traditional places of talmudic scholarship—Hebron and Safed. Here, the fellaheen were called together and told how dreadfully the Jewish invaders had ravaged between Jerusalem, Jaffa and Haifa, raped Arab women, spread poisoned candies and fruit among Mohammedan children, unfurled the blue and white Zionist flag upon the Wailing Wall (this untactful incident actually did occur) and were planning to destroy the holy Mosque of Omar and the Al-Aksa mosque. Perhaps the spreaders of these tales were also victims of those lies which, with fear, are the immediate cause of most wars. Aroused by such horrible falsehoods, the fanatical crowd marched for vengeance with the ancient battle-cry:

*"The faith of Mohammed
Protects its rights with the sword!"*

Anyone wishing details of these ghastly events, which happened a decade after the World War and which recall the most frightful Russian pogroms, should read the description by the

eminent French travel writer, Albert Londres, in his *The Jew Has Come Home*.

The fact that in massacres, and also in single terroristic acts, quite innocent and unconcerned people often fall victims to the lust for murder, which is obviously based on sadism, is proved by an occurrence that happened during my stay in Haifa.

A young Pole, who had not been in the country very long, was sitting at table with his wife, in his home in a chassidic settlement near Haifa after a holiday. The man was reading a newspaper by the flickering light of a lamp while his wife sewed for the babies whom she had just put to bed—a simple family picture. Suddenly, out of the darkness outside, a bullet fired by some unknown, never discovered hand, came through the open window and stretched the man on the floor. His wife, who was slightly wounded, screamed. The whole episode lasted but a second.

The following morning the pioneers of the Emek bore the corpse silently through the streets of Haifa in a procession past the closed shops of Jewish merchants. "Yes," said a doctor, with whom I had witnessed this touching sight, "here we all constantly live as though on top of a volcano. The situation will not change until a peaceful agreement has been reached between the Arabs and the Jews, such as exists in Belgium between the Flemings and the Walloons, or in Switzerland between the Germans, French and Italians. Force will not make us successful."

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The first Hebrew word that every newcomer learns in Palestine, be he tourist or colonist, is SHALOM. The Jews greet one another with this word when they meet or part at any time of day or night. Smiling children say "Shalom"; the young people repeat it cheerfully; the grown-ups ceremoniously and earnestly; and the aged with tremulous longing—Shalom and evermore Shalom.

It is the same as the Arab "es-salâm alêkum"—peace be with you—no greeting in the world contains more wisdom, dignity and sincerity than this one. "We wish you peace, happiness and contentment—inner and outer peace."

At present, the Jews in Palestine are absolutely thrown on their own resources, for the Gentiles, the Roman as well as the Greek Catholics, to say nothing of the Protestants and the horde of small sects, are not friendly toward them, but rather suspicious, or at least indifferent.

The often quoted, all too quickly spoken words with which the Zionist leader, Chaim Weizmann, answered the Balfour Declaration, "Palestine is going to become as Jewish as England is English," caused uneasiness to many. Also, there are numerous Arab Christians who, in the course of time, have helped bridge the gulf between Arab and Christian. This circumstance, stimulated by the recent sudden increase in the number of Jews, has caused many Christians to become more friendly to the Arabs, and many Arabs more friendly to the Christians—than to the Jews.

Nevertheless, on one point the Jews and Arabs are at one in all their disagreements, namely, that the behaviour of the British authorities is inconsistent and even double-faced. They are reproached on both sides with playing a double game, and are accused of doing it not only with regard to their promises, but also during the course of a single policy.

Though a few Jewish and Arab politicians infer that without the British an understanding could be reached sooner, their deduction is premature so long as both sides continue to harbour, under an externally smooth surface, as much explosive bitterness as at present.

That the English are interested in preserving, rather than in doing away with this tension, is easy to understand. For, as long as these sporadic disturbances continue they are needed "to restore peace and order." To give up Palestine would be for the English to deprive themselves of a key station on the quickest route to Mesopotamia, Transjordan and especially India. The highly organized system of British colonial politics would not permit this.

One of Jerusalem's most prominent Arab Christians, the superintendent of the German Hospital, Dr. Canaan, arranged a reception in my honour. Arabs, Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Christian Scientists were guests. The conversation dwelt on the great past and the fascination of Jerusalem, and ignored every bone of contention.

Upon my return from this kindly, peaceful gathering, I sat a long time that mild March night on my balcony at the Hotel looking out at Jerusalem's silhouette bathed in pale moonlight. For a long time I clung to thoughts which reached far back into my childhood. Finally I halted at an experience which had left its unforgettable stamp upon me. It must have been almost fifteen years ago that I attended a big Zionist meeting in Berlin's municipal auditorium. The huge hall was decorated with blue and white flags and filled to the very last seat by a solemn but deeply excited throng. At last the speaker appeared, the lawyer Klee, well known to me through many court cases, a man of sharp intellect and the highest humanity. He opened with words which rang through the hall like a bugle call: "Jews—we have a country!" The joy evoked by this sentence is hardly describable. Never before or after have I witnessed such a tumult of mass happiness. The audience screamed, sobbed, clapped, and buried their heads in their hands.

Since then much water has flowed down the Jordan. Do the Jews really have a country—*their* country? Do they have a native land? (As Lord Rothschild declared in the Balfour Declaration of November 2nd, 1917.) Has the "Jewish State," the principles of which were set up by Herzl in his book of the same name in 1896, been realized? To affirm these questions would be to confuse a dream of wish-fulfilment with reality.

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Of course, the achievements of the Zionists in Palestine are quite extraordinary, and some of their accomplishments are absolutely magnificent. Yet Jewry does not rule over an independent national state and native land in Palestine, but rather over a governmental organism not unlike that which the Vatican represents for Catholicism. I am aware of the defects in this comparison, but up to the present not much more than that has been accomplished, and will only be attained with difficulty.

If, in the first wave of enthusiasm, at least one million Jews out of the sixteen million residing in Europe and America had migrated to the ancient land of new promise, things would be different.

This, however, does not mean that Zionism has either failed as an idea, or that it has been a fiasco. But one must face the fact that, in the last analysis, the problem is a purely psychological one. Longing for Zion is much more of an emotional than a cerebral matter.

This has already been proved by the indignation with which all offers for colonization outside of Palestine—in South America, Africa, Siberia or Russia (negotiations were also made with the English over Cyprus and the peninsula of Sinai) were turned down by the Jews. An old and important Zionist told me how he had informed Herzl at the Basle Congress of 1903, not without a certain satisfaction, that Lord Lansdowne had flung back the word "traitor" to the High Commissioner's proposal to put British Uganda at the disposal of the Jews as a land for colonization.

Albert Londres describes the tumult that arose at the sixth Zionist Congress when they wanted to give Uganda, "the Negroes' steppe," in place of the "promised land." "The Jews," he says, "tore their clothes, wept cowering on the ground and gnashed their teeth." When Herzl, standing erect with pale face, tried to calm them with soft words, they repeated the oath loudly with upraised hands which once their fathers had sworn when they were led into bondage: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand wither."

But the noble associate and friend of Herzl, Max Nordau, was greeted in Paris with cries of "Death to the African!" and fell wounded by two revolver shots.

Of the 112,000 Jews who migrated to Palestine between the years 1919 and 1931, according to the statistics published by the Zionist Information Bureau, 46,000 came from Poland, 28,000 from Russia, 5,000 from Rumania and 4,000 from Lithuania. That is to say, not less than 83,000 came from Eastern Europe in addition to those who also originated in Eastern Europe but came *via* America and Western European countries.

The number of Jews who have migrated during the last decades from Russia and Poland to America far surpasses those who have gone to Palestine. A strange antagonism of inclination and aversion exists between these two groups of emigrants.

At a colony in the vicinity of Jaffa I met a venerable Jew,

already well up in the seventies, who had come to Palestine fifty years before, following the pogroms of Kishniev, and since made the country his home. He told me the following story :

He had a childhood friend to whom he felt inseparably bound. When Jewish persecution in Russia grew worse and worse, like many others they determined to leave. But they could not decide—one wanted to move to the land of the past, Palestine, while the other wished to go to the country of the future, America. So they wavered, like most of their comrades. Finally, one day, David set out for Jerusalem and Joshua for New York. For forty years they did not hear from each other. Then, five years ago, there was a knock at the door of David's counting-house, where by hard work he had slowly risen to the position of office manager. And who stepped in, but Joshua ! As a merchant he had amassed great wealth "over there," married a German-American Jewess, and was the proud possessor of many children and grandchildren who spoke only English and were completely Americanized.

The two old men had scarcely recognized and greeted one another when they started afresh their old argument as to whether America or Palestine deserved preference. Indeed, their opinions were now reversed : David thought *he* would have gone further in America, and Joshua believed *he* would have felt more at home in Palestine.

This little story discloses more than would appear at first glance. It bespeaks the fate of this "restless and fugitive" nomadic nation.

But what do the pro-assimilationists think of it ? These are of two kinds : those partly in favour of assimilation and those wholly in its favour. As with Zionists, the attitude of those partially favouring assimilation is emotional.

The number of mixed marriages between Jews and non-Jews has steadily increased during the last fifty years. In Berlin between 1881 and 1928, there were approximately 30,237 pure Semitic marriages and 16,502 mixed ones. In Hamburg between the years 1921 and 1924, in 71·04 per cent. of all Jewish marriages, the partner was a non-Jew. From my own experience I can say that no noteworthy differences are demonstrable in the progeny of mixed and pure marriages. Usually in the second generation,

and unexceptionally in the third generation, a complete assimilation takes place.

But there is a higher form of assimilation. I mean the assimilation of humanity as a whole, which dissolves national differences and believes in the United States of the World. There have been times in history in which the supporters of such pan-humanism could truly profess themselves to be citizens of the world. It is not necessary for such a man to relinquish national, familial, religious, linguistic, genealogical or any other ties altogether. Only he must not consider such things more important than humanity.

If we could only be human ! To overcome the present contentions between men and nations needs only one bridge : human love, of any kind, provided it is mutual, constructive love. This only can restore the lost paradise, the golden age ; this only can make a reality of Freiligrath's words of hope :

“ In spite of all, in spite of all—the time will come when man will reach out his hand to his brother, all over the world.”

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE SEXOLOGICAL APPROACH

OF the five branches of sexology—physiology, psychology, pathology, sociology and ethnology—the last, which has to do with the erotic and sexual customs of various peoples, countries and times, is the oldest so far as content goes, but it is the newest in its approach.

Why has a large part of this subject remained in obscurity for so long? The chief reasons are fairly obvious: on one side the natives' shyness about exposing their "most intimate" concern to foreigners, on the other the travellers' equal hesitation to touch upon these "most private" matters, and, upon both sides, the fear of being falsely suspected of obscenity.

This anxiety is obvious in the attitude of the museums toward folklore, in Europe and America as well as in Asia and Africa. They conceal and shut away all ethnological objects of a sexual nature that have been brought to them, so that, as far as possible, no visitor will be reminded of the "shameful" fact that people are possessed of sex organs.

In addition to this subjective desire to run away from knowledge there is the objective ignorance of most explorers in the sexual field, whether it concerns birth-rites, feasts celebrating puberty, marriage and wedding customs, genital surgery, pathological sex aberrations, or any sexual manifestations whatever.

The result of this negative attitude has been that exact research in sex ethnology has, until recently, been very meagre, except for the valuable contributions of Westermarck, Ferdinand Baron von Reitzenstein,¹ Friedrich S. Krauss, Ferdinand Karsch-Haack and a few others. It is only in the last few years that some special studies worthy of notice have appeared, of which I want

¹ In *Woman: An Historical, Gynæcological and Anthropological Compendium*. By Herman Heinrich, Ploss and Max Bartels. Wm. Heinemann (Medical Books) Ltd., London, 1935.

APPENDIX

to mention three as being ideal examples of objective research into sources, based on personal observation :

B. MALINOWSKI

The Sexual Life of Savages in Northwestern Melanesia. An Ethnographic Account of Courtship, Marriage and Family Life Among the Natives of the Tobriand Islands, British New Guinea. 1929.

FELIX BRYK

Neger-Eros. Ethnologische Studien über das Sexualleben bei Negern. Mit 85 Abbildungen im Text. 1928. (*Negro Eroticism.* Ethnological studies on the sex life of Negroes. With 85 illustrations.)

J. WINTHUIS

Zweigeschlechterwesen bei den Zentralaustraliern und anderen Völkern. Lösungsversuch der ethnologischen Hauptprobleme auf Grund primitiven Denkens. 1928. (*Bisexuality Among the Central Australians and Other Tribes.* An attempt to solve the chief problems of ethnology on the basis of primitive thought.)

One experience will indicate how unwilling the students of folklore and the sex ethnologists were to have anything to do with one another. The incident took place in Tokyo in April, 1931, when the German East-Asiatic Society, which has existed there for over half a century, invited me to lecture on my special subject. The gentleman who brought me this request told me that the choice of a topic was not altogether simple, as sexology really had very little connection with the work of their Society, whose object was to report folklore and native customs. "Well," I answered, "then the best thing for me to do will be to lecture on the very topic of the relation between folklore and sexlore, because I am of the opinion that you can't have sexology without folklore or folklore without a knowledge of sexology."

Let us admit once and for all that sex is the basic principle around which all the rest of human life, with all its institutions, is pivoted.

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